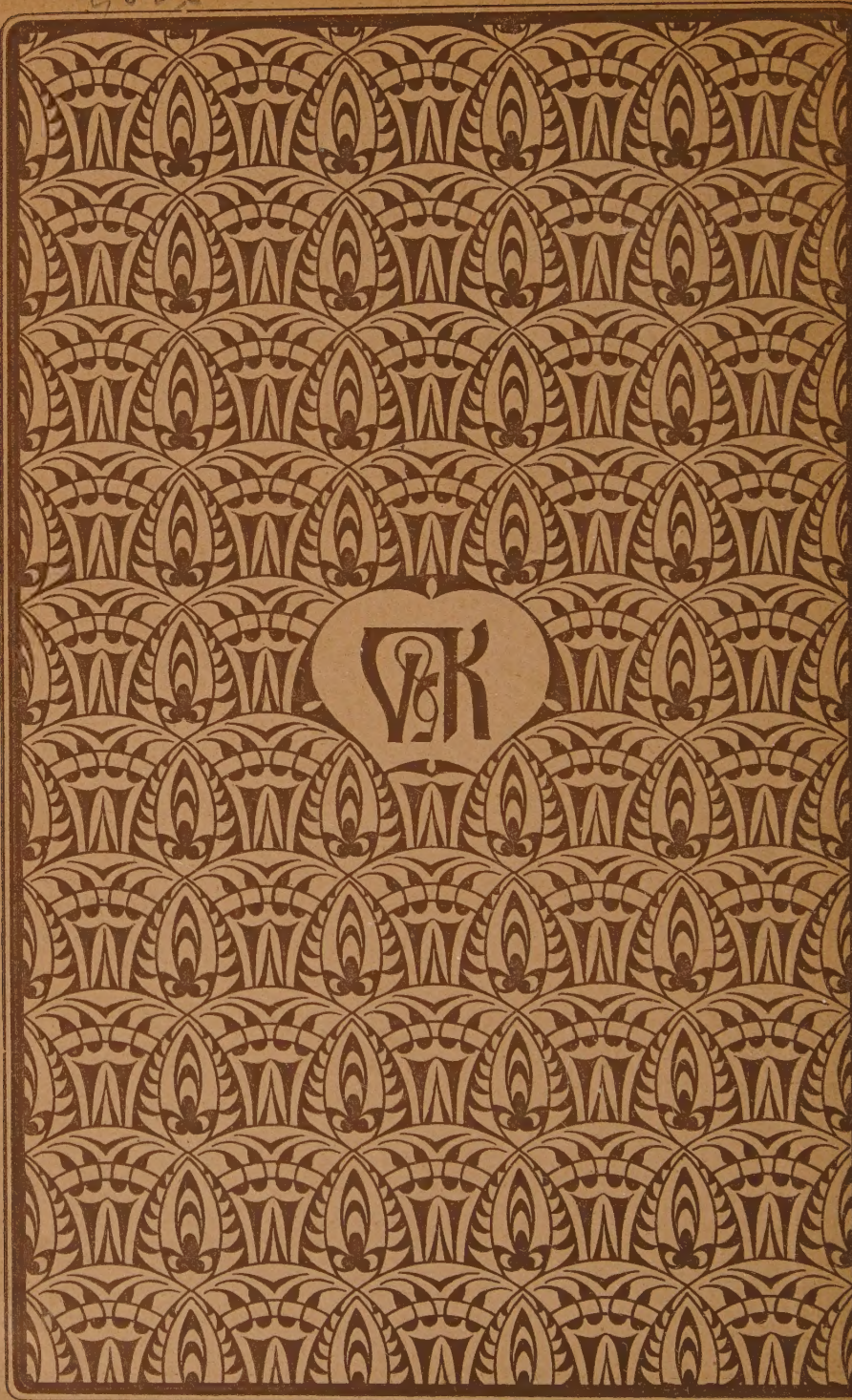
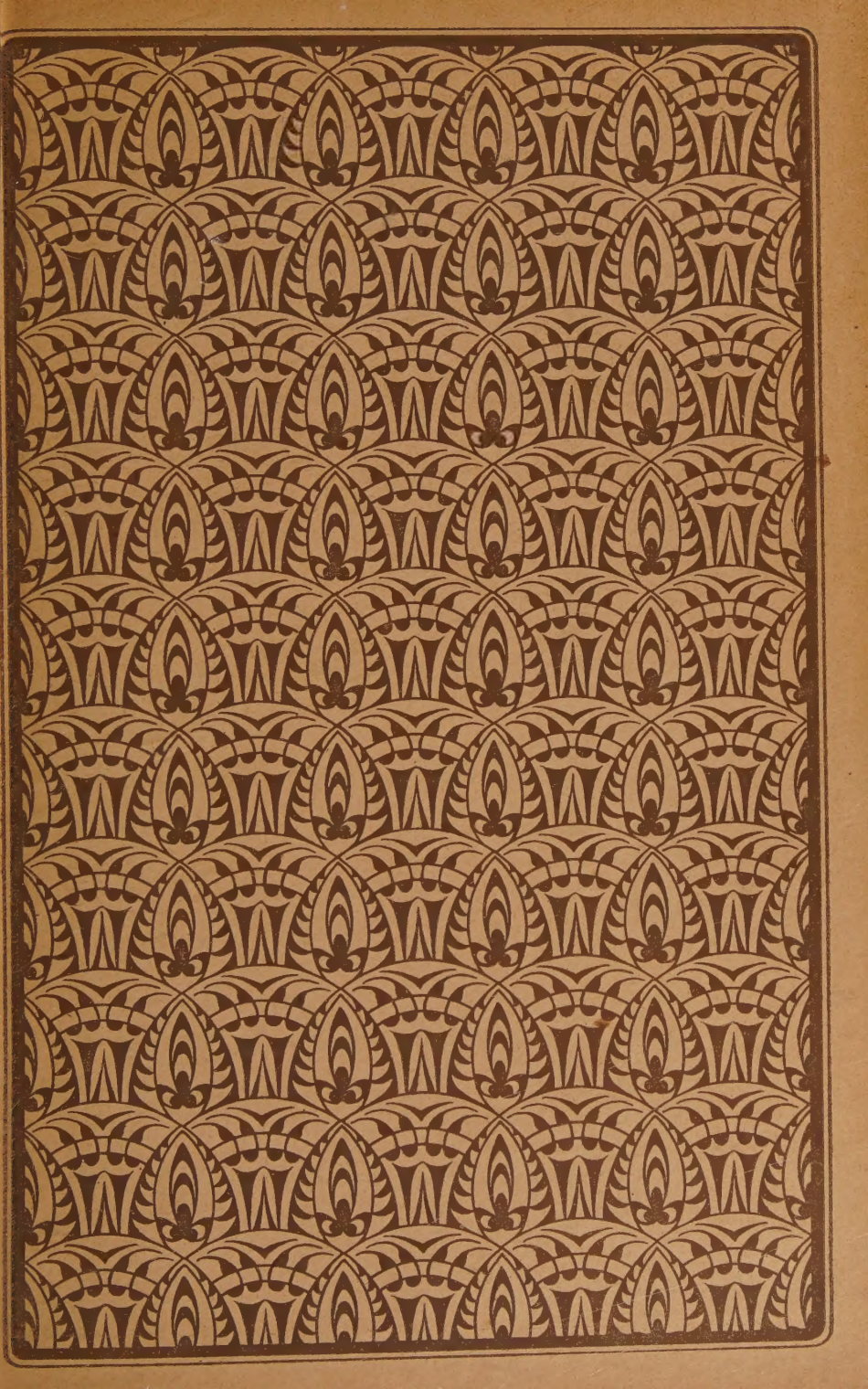
Dr. Ferdinand Schmidt

Lehrbuch

der

Englischen Sprache





Lehrbuch

der

englischen Sprache

auf Grundlage der Anschauung.

Von

Dr. Ferdinand Schmidt
Direktor der Oberrealschule zu Hanau.

Mit vielen Abbildungen, einer Karte von England
und einem Plane von London.

Achte Auflage.

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Vorrede.

Das Lehrbuch der englischen Sprache, das ich hiermit der Öffentlichkeit übergebe, ist nach denselben Grundsätzen bearbeitet wie das im gleichen Verlage erschienene Lehrbuch der französischen Sprache von Rofsmann & Schmidt.

Bei der Zusammenstellung des Stoffes habe ich vor allem danach gestrebt, solche Stücke zu wählen, die geeignet wären, die Schüler zu geistigem Leben, zur Vielseitigkeit der Interessen, wie Herbart sagt, anzuregen.

Wie natürlich habe ich hauptsächlich aus den besten englischen Lesebüchern geschöpft, dabei manches für die Zwecke der Schule abgeändert; anderes, wie z. B. die Beschreibung mehrerer Bilder, A Journey to London, ist von Engländern eigens für das Buch verfafst worden.

Die Stücke Buying Curiosities, Rightly served und A Birthday Present, Nr. LIIa, LV und LVI habe ich mit freundlichst gewährter Erlaubnis des Herausgebers, wofür ich auch hier bestens danke, aus P. H. Junkers französischem und englischem Lern- und Übungsblatt, Verlag der Rengerschen Buchhandlung in Leipzig, entnommen.

Aus der grofsen Menge schöner englischer Lieder habe ich einige ausgewählt, die sich hoffentlich als angenehme Zugabe erweisen werden.

In der Grammatik habe ich mich auf die Hauptsachen beschränkt. Wer die Sprache durch lebendige Übung erlernt, eignet sich damit auch alle nötige Grammatik an, die man aus dem angeeigneten Stoffe leicht zusammenstellen kann; alle auf andere Weise erworbenen grammatischen Kenntnisse sind meines Erachtens für die Jugend ein gänzlich wertloser Besitz.

Allen denen, die mich bei der Abfassung des Buches und der Korrektur der Druckbogen unterstützt haben, spreche ich auch hier meinen verbindlichsten Dank aus.

Hanau, April 1894.

F. Schmidt.

Vorrede zur zweiten Auflage.

In der vorliegenden zweiten Auflage ist der Inhalt des Buches um einige Prosastücke und Gedichte erweitert worden, so dafs er für drei Jahre ausreichen dürfte; auch sind einige neue Illustrationen hinzugekommen.

Da das Wörterbuch hauptsächlich bei den häuslichen Arbeiten gebraucht wird, in der Schule also nicht stets zur Hand sein mufs, so hat es die Verlagshandlung für gut befunden, dasselbe hinfort getrennt erscheinen zu lassen, um eine unnötige Belastung der Schüler zu vermeiden.

Die Grammatik ist bis auf einige kleine Zusätze unverändert beibehalten worden. Die in dem Buche dargestellte Methode will die fremde Sprache nicht durch **Übersetzen** aus dem Deutschen, sondern durch **Übung** in der fremden lehren, dazu sind aber die grammatischen Regeln, wie sie in den üblichen Grammatiken stehen, die eben dem Übersetzen dienen wollen, durchaus entbehrlich.

Auch bei der Herstellung dieser zweiten Auflage bin ich von verschiedenen Seiten freundlich unterstützt worden, wofür ich auch hier verbindlichst danke.

Hanau, Mai 1895.

Der Verfasser.

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THE SCHOOL-ROOM AND THE OBJECTS TO BE FOUND IN IT.

I.

1. What is this? This is a wall.
What is that? That is the ceiling.
What is this? This is the floor.
What is that? That is a window.
What is that? That is the door.
What are these? These are walls.
What are those? Those are windows.
This room is a school-room.
We are in a school-room.
Where are we?
Show me a window, a wall, the ceiling, the floor, the door, the windows, the walls.

2. I am going to the window.
Where am I going? You are going to the window.
Go to the window *(speaking to one scholar)*.
Go to the window *(speaking to several scholars)*.
Where are you going? I am going to the window.
We are going to the window.
Where is he going? He is going to the window.
Where are they going? They are going to the window.
Where are you now? I am at the window.
We are at the window.
Where is he now? He is at the window.
Where are they now? They are at the window.

3. Open the window. What are you doing?
I am / We are } opening the window.

What is he doing? He is opening the window.
What are they doing? They are opening the window.
Is the window now open or shut?
It is open. Shut it, please.
What are you doing?
I am shutting the window.
Now the window is **shut** or **closed.**

4. Go to the door.
Where are you going?
I am going to the door.
Where is he going?
Where are they going?

5 a. Go to the door. Stop! Are you going to the window? No, I am not going to the window, but I am going to the door.

b. Go to the window. Stop! Are you going to the door? No, I am not going to the door, but I am going to the window.

c. Open the window. Are you opening the door? No, I am not opening the door, but I am opening the window.

d. Open the door. Are you opening the window? No, I am not opening the window but the door.

e. Go out and knock at the door. *Speaking to the class*: Do you hear? Somebody is knocking at the door: *or:* There is a knock at the door. Say: Come in!

A. Grammar.

1. The window. Walls.
A window. Windows.

2 a. I open — we
you open — you
he, she, it opens — they
} open.

b. I shut — we
you shut — you
he, she, it shuts — they
} shut.

c. I go / you go / he, she, it goes — we / you / they } go.

d. I do / you do / he, she, it does — we / you / they } do.

e. I am / you are / he, she, it is — we / you / they } are.

f. I am doing opening etc.
you are ,, ,,
he is ,, ,,
she is ,, ,,

B. Writing Exercises.

The pupils write out, what is indicated by the teacher.

II.

1. Look at the door.
What is it made of?
It is made of wood.
Look at the lock. Is it also made of wood? Is it made of wood too?
No, it is made of iron.
Look at this key. It, too, is made of iron.
Who makes locks and keys? (I make, you make, he, she, it makes etc.)
The locksmith makes them.

2. Look at the windows.
Let us look at the windows.
What are they made of?
They are made of glass, wood and iron.
The panes are made of glass, and the frame is made of wood and iron.
What are the panes made of?
What is the frame made of?
Who makes windows?

The carpenter makes window frames, the glazier puts the glass in.

1. Let us count (I count, you count, he, she, it counts, etc.) the panes: One, two, three, four, five, six. How many are there? There are six, eight, *(as the case may be).*

2. Let us count the boys: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty, etc.

Each pupil (boy, girl), stands up saying according to his (her) place: I am first (1st), second (2nd), third (3rd), fourth (4th), fifth (5th), sixth (6th), seventh (7th), eighth (8th), ninth (9th), tenth (10th), eleventh (11th), twelfth (12th), thirteenth (13th), fourteenth (14th), fifteenth (15th), sixteenth (16th), seventeenth (17th), eighteenth (18th), nineteenth (19th), twentieth (20th), twenty-first (21st), twenty-second (22nd), twenty-third (23rd), *and so on.*

3. Seven days make a week. The names of the seven days are Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. Sunday is the first day of the week. Which is the second? the third? Two weeks make a fortnight, which means fourteen nights. Four weeks make a month, and fifty-two weeks make a year.

There is a **nursery rhyme** about the days of the week.

Solomon Grundy,
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday:
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

There are twelve months in the year. Their names are: January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December.

The months have not all the same number of days. How many days has January? February? April? June? September? November?

The first day of January is the first day of the year, and is called New-Year's Day.

The teacher writes on the blackboard:

London, 15th July
„ July 15th
„ 1st January
„ January 1st.

Pointing to one or the other of the pupils:

How do you **read** that?

London, the fifteenth of July; London, July the fifteenth; London, the first of January; London, January the first.

Each pupil (boy, girl), stands up to say when his (her) birthday is, for instance: My birthday is on the tenth of January; *or:* I was born on the tenth of January.

---

a. Grammar.

1. **Of what** is the door made?
   What is the door made **of**?
2. Look; let us look.
   Go; let us go.
   Open; let us open.
3. One, two, three etc.; eight, eighteen.
   The first, the second, the eigh**th**, etc.

b. Writing Exercises.

I. *Answer the following questions:*

1. What is the door made of?
2. Is the lock made of wood too?
3. Who makes locks and keys?
4. Who makes windows?
5. What are the window-panes made of?
6. What is the frame made of?

II. *The pupils write out part of what has been said about the days of the week and the months of the year.*

III a. BLACKBOARD, CHALK, SPONGE.

What is this? This is a **blackboard.**
What is it made of? It is made of wood.
What colour is it? It is **black.**

What is this which I hold in my hand? It is **chalk**; *or:* It is a **piece of chalk.**

What colour is it? It is **white.**

Now look at me and see what **I am going to do** with the chalk.

I am going to write on the blackboard. (I write, you write, he, she, it writes etc.)

With what **do I write** on the blackboard? I write on the blackboard with chalk.

Now look at the words (which, that) I have **written.**

I have written: England, English, Britain, British, Ireland, Irish, Scotland, Scotch, Germany, German, France, French.

Now, look at me and see what **I am going to do.**

I take the sponge to wipe out the words (which, that) I have written.

Now, let us look at the **sponge.**

There is some water in this basin.

I put the sponge in the water. What **do I do?** What **do we observe?** The sponge gets bigger *or:* larger; it sucks up the water, because it is **full of** pores. It is porous.

Now I **squeeze** it. (I squeeze, you squeeze, he, she, it squeezes etc.) **What do I do? What do we see now?** We see the water **coming out** again. We see that the sponge **gives out** the water again.

What does the sponge do?

Where are sponges found?

They are found **at** the bottom of the sea, especially in the **Mediterranean.** Where is the Mediterranean? It is **between** Europe, Asia and Africa.

By whom is sponge **fetched up?** (I fetch, you fetch etc.) It is fetched up by **divers.**

What are **divers?** Divers are men that dive (go down) **to** the bottom of the sea to fetch up sponges, coral and pearls. (I dive etc.)

Now I will set you **a riddle.**

What does the word **riddle** mean?

III b. WHAT IS MY NAME?

1. I am a very funny thing, but a very useful one. I will tell you what I am like, and you must tell me my name.

2. My colour is brown, and I am very soft. I am full of holes, these holes are different in size.

I have many mouths but no stomach, yet I can drink a great deal, but I do not eat at all.

When you squeeze me hard, I get thirsty again. But I cannot drink water unless you put me into it.

3. I am never at home when you see me; and very few people, indeed, do or ever did see me at home.

You want to know why? Well, it is because my home is in the deep blue sea, where I cling to the rocks at the bottom. The winds and the waves do not disturb me.

Men think so much of me that they go out in boats, and dive down to the depths of the sea to get me.

4. I am very useful to many people, for I am fond of keeping things clean.

I helped your mother to wash you when you were a baby, I help you to wash yourself now, and I help to wash many things besides.

Doctors find me very useful, too.

5. I am very patient, and bear a great deal of rough usage.

You may cut me to pieces, and I'll not complain, for it will not hurt me, and I shall not be much the worse for it. Now, what is my name?

---

a. Grammar.

1. I am a very funny thing, but a very useful one.
2. I am fond of keeping things clean.
   I like to keep things clean.
   I like keeping things clean.
3. I do not disturb.

4. **Men** think so much of me.
   Doctors find me very useful.

b. Writing Exercises.

Write answers to the following questions:

1. What do we clean the blackboard with?
2. Into what do we put it first? or: What do we put it into first?
3. How do we make the water come out?
4. Where are sponges found?
5. What are the men called who fetch them up?
6. How can sponges suck up water?
7. What do we call a thing with many pores?

III c.

Come to the blackboard.

Where do you come **from**?

I come from my place.

Where do you come? I **come to** the blackboard. Where does he (she) come?

He (she) comes to the blackboard.

Take the chalk, please.

Write the words **England** and **English** on the blackboard.

Now take the sponge and wet it to wipe out the words (which, that) you have written.

Now the blackboard is clean.

Go to your place, now.

Where do you go? **I go to** my place.

Where does he (she) go? He (she) goes to his (her) place.

Where are you now? I am in (at) my place. Where is he (she)? He (she) is in his (her) place.

---

a. Grammar.

I am	in **my**	place	we are	in our	places
you are	in **your**	,,	you are	in your	,,
he is	in his	,,	they are	in their	,,
she is	in her	,,			
it is	in its	,,			

Are you in his *(pointing to another boy)* place? No, I am not in his place, I am in **mine**.

I am in **mine** we are in **ours**
you are in **yours** you are in **yours.**
he is in **his** they are in **theirs.**
she is in **hers.**

b. Writing Exercises.

1. I come from **my** place, I come from **mine**, you come from **your** place, you come from **yours**, etc.
I read **my** book, I read **mine**, etc.
I take **my** book, I take **mine**, etc.
2. *Write out the riddle about the sponge.*
3. Dictation about the sponge.

IV. COLOUR, FORM, SIZE, QUALITY.

What **colour** is chalk? Chalk is **white.**
What colour is this ink? *(pointing to the ink in the inkstand.)* This ink is **black.**
What colour is **snow**?
What colour is **coal**?
What colour is this paper? *(pointing to a leaf of a copy-book.)*
What colour is this paper? *(pointing to the cover.)* This paper is blue.
What colour is this blotting-paper?
It is red (reddish, blue, bluish, green, greenish, grey, yellow *as the case may be).*
What shape is the door?
It is **oblong.**
What shape are these window-panes?
They are **square.**
What shape is the inkstand?
It is **round.**
Of what form is an egg?
An egg is **oval** ◯.
This line is **straight** |,
this one is curved ⌒.
This line is **long** ———————,
this one is short ———.
The mountain is **high**, the hill is **low.**

Mountains are high, hills are low.
A giant is **tall**, a dwarf is **short**.
Giants are tall, dwarfs are short.
The river is **broad**, the brook is **narrow**.
A **broad river**, a **narrow brook**.
The road is **wide**, the path is narrow.
A wide road, a narrow path.
The river (lake, sea) is **deep**, the brook is **shallow**.
The nail is **thick**, the pin is **fine**.
The elephant is **big** *or* **large**, the mouse is **small** *or* **little**.
Honey and sugar are **sweet**, vinegar is **sour**.
Leather is **tough**, glass is **brittle**.
I am speaking **loud**, I am speaking **low**.

---

a. Grammar.

The river is broad, a broad river.

b. Writing Exercise.

Dictation on the Adjectives used in this chapter.

V. PENHOLDER, PENCIL, PENCIL-BOX.

This is a pen.
What is it made of?
It is made of steel.
Now look and see what **I am going to do**.
I am going to put the pen in the penholder.
What is the penholder made of?
It is made of wood, bone, ivory, metal *(as the case may be)*.
Now I dip the pen into the ink to fill it with ink.
Now I write on this paper.
What colour is this ink? What colour is this paper?
What words have I written? I have written the words: pen, penholder, paper, ink.
Now I write again. Do I write with a pen again? No. I am writing with a lead-pencil *or* pencil.
The **outside** of it is wood, the **inside** is lead.
What is it used for? It is used for writing and drawing.
Look here, I draw a little house on this paper.

I will rub it out again. Who can give me a piece of India-rubber?

Thank you, I am much obliged to you.

Now take your pens and write the words which I am going to write on the blackboard. *Write* **India-rubber.**

If there are no lines in your exercise-books, you must use black-lined paper.

Do not take too much ink or you will make blots. Then you would have to use your blotting-paper. It sucks up the ink. What substance do you know that sucks up water? Sponge.

Does blotting-paper give out the ink again as sponge gives out (*or:* does) the water? No, it does not do so.

I have two pencils in my hand.

How many pencils have I?

Are these two pencils the same colour?

No, one is black, the other is blue.

Is this the black one or the blue one?

Are they the same size?

No, the blue one is longer than the black one; *or:* The black one is not so long as the blue one.

Compare these **two** lines.

1

2

Which is the longer, the first or the second?

The first is much *or:* a good deal longer than the second. The second is not (as) so long as the first.

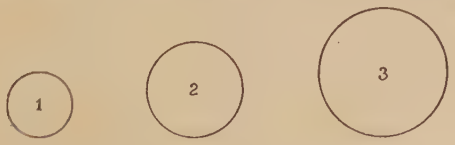
1

2

3

Compare these **three** lines.

The second is longer than the first, the third is longer than the second, it is the longest of those three lines.



Compare these three circles.

The first is not as large as the second, the second is not as large as the third, the third is the largest of the three circles.

We draw circles with a pair of compasses.

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a. Grammar.

1. The black pencil is **as** long as the blue one.
2. The black pencil is **not so** (as) long as the blue one.
3. The blue pencil is long**er than** the black one.
4. The blue pencil is the longest of these pencils.

b. Writing Exercise.
Dictation.

VI a. BOOK, COPY-BOOK.

This is a book.

This is the **inside**, and that is the **outside**.

These are the edges, and those are the corners.

The outside is the cover which is put on by the book-binder.

The book has many **leaves**, *or:* In the book there are many leaves: it consists of many leaves: it is composed of many leaves: it contains many leaves.

Each leaf has two **sides** or **pages**.

The first page is the **title-page**, then comes the **preface**.

After the preface we see the **contents**.

On each page we see **a margin** or **border**.

There are many **lines**, each containing many **words**.

Here is a comma , ,
there you see a semicolon ; ,
here is a note or mark of exclamation ! ,
here you find a note of interrogation or **question-mark** ? ,
and the little line between the words Reading-book is called a **hyphen**.

If we **quote** the words spoken by another person, as: Nelson said "England expects every man to do his duty", we inclose these words in **quotation marks** or **inverted commas**.

A **word** consists of one or more **syllables**, a syllable is composed of one or more letters.

How many syllables, for instance, has the word **England**, and how many letters has it?

What are the letters of the English Alphabet?

This is a copy-book. Is this also bound?

What is the cover made of?

We distinguish three kinds of paper: writing-paper, printing-paper and drawing-paper.

Paper is made in a paper-mill.

One who sells paper and other requisites for writing is called **a stationer.**

Give me the name of a stationer you know.

Now I am reading.

Now I am reading the **last line** of this page, now the **last but one.**

Now I put the book **on** this desk.

Now I put it **beside** the penholder, and now **between** the penholder and pencil.

Now I put these two books one on the other. Now near each other (near one another).

VI b. A RIDDLE.

1. I'm a strange contradiction.
   I'm new, and I'm old.
   I am often in tatters,
   And oft decked with gold.
   Though I never could read,
   Yet learned I am found.
   Though blind, I enlighten;
   Though loose, I am bound.

2. I am always in black,
   And I'm always in white;
   I am grave, and I'm gay;
   I am heavy and light.
   In form, too, I differ,
   I'm thick, I'm thin.
   I've no flesh and no bone,
   Yet I'm covered with skin.

3. I'm English, I'm German,
I'm French, I'm Dutch.
Some love me too fondly,
Some slight me too much.
I often die soon,
Though I sometimes live ages;
And no monarch alive
Has so many pages. H. More.

VII. THE HUMAN BODY.

This is my head, this is my face.

These are my eyes, the right and the left.

We **see** with our eyes. The eyes are the **organs of seeing.**

We **hear** with our ears; the ears are the **organs of hearing.**

We **smell** with our nose; it is the **organ of smelling.**

This is my mouth; this is my upper lip, and this is my lower lip.

This is my tongue. I **speak** with my tongue. The tongue is the principal **organ of speaking.**

These are my **teeth**; this is one **tooth.**

These are my arms, the left and the right one, the elbow, the shoulder.

We **touch** with our hands.

We walk with our legs and **feet**; this is my right foot, and this is the left.

I walk **fast**, I walk **slowly.**

I walk **forwards** and **backwards, to and fro,** up and down.

What do we speak with?

We speak with our mouths and throats.

I speak **loud**, I speak **low.**

What language are we speaking now?

We are speaking English.

What do the **French** speak? They speak **French.**

The Germans speak German, the Spaniards, Spanish, the Portuguese, Portuguese, the Italians, Italian, the Russians, Russian.

What language is spoken all over the world? English is spoken all over the world. Therefore we'll learn it thoroughly.

What are our fingers called? The thumb, the fore-finger, the middle finger, the ring-finger and the little finger.

A **pin** has a **head**, a needle has an **eye**.

A **jar** sometimes has **ears**.

What is the **head** of a river called? Its source.

What is the **foot** of a mountain? Its base.

Chairs and tables have **legs**. What is a four-legged, table? A table with four legs.

A watch has a **face** and two or **three** hands; a clock has two hands.

VIII. A WATCH AND A CLOCK.

What is this watch made of? It is made of silver: *or:* gold.

What is the chain made of? It is made of silver: *or:* gold: *or:* steel.

The parts of the watch are the case, the works and the face with the hour-hand, the minute-hand and the second-hand.

On the top of the tower we see two lightning-rods, or: lightning-conductors.

What time is it by this watch? It is nine o'clock, for the hour-hand is at nine and the minute-hand is at twelve.

(It is five minutes **past** nine, it is ten minutes **past** nine, it is a **quarter past** nine, it is twenty minutes past nine, it

is twenty-five minutes past nine; it is **half past nine**; it is twenty-five (*or:* twenty) minutes **to** ten, it is a quarter to ten, it is ten (*or:* five) minutes to ten, it is ten o'clock, it is five minutes past ten, *and so on.*

There are sixty minutes in an hour, and sixty seconds in a minute.

How many minutes are there in half an hour?

Is this watch *(the teacher's)* right, or fast or slow?

It is **neither** fast **nor** slow, it is right.

Is it going or has it stopped? It is going.

When I hold it to my ear, I hear it ticking.

What is this ticking caused by? It is caused by the little wheels inside.

I am **winding up** the watch.

When do we come to school in the morning? In summer at seven o'clock, in winter at eight. In the afternoon we come at two o'clock.

When do you get up in the morning? I get up at five, *or:* six, *as the case may be.*

When do you go to bed? We go to bed at nine, *or:* half past nine, *or:* ten, *as the case may be.*

Proverb: Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

When do you have breakfast? I have my breakfast at half past six in summer, and at half past seven in winter.

We dine at half past twelve.

At four, or half past four, we take our coffee, and at half past seven, our supper.

After having taken our supper we have some games or we read a story-book.

What is a clock? A time-piece larger than a watch, so constructed as to tell the time by the stroke of a hammer upon a bell. It **strikes** the hour. (I ring the bell, the bell is ringing.) The largest clocks are found in church steeples.

What is a watch-maker? One whose occupation is to make and repair watches.

POEM.

Tick! the clock says, tick, tick, tick!
What you have to do, do quick!
Time is gliding fast away,
Let us act, and act to-day.
When your mother says: Obey!
Do not loiter, do not stay!
Wait not for another tick,
What you have to do, do quick!

IX. A KNIFE.

This is a knife.

Its parts are the handle and the blade.

What is the handle made of? It is made of wood (*or:* bone, horn, ivory, metal).

What is ivory? The tusks of an elephant or walrus.

Give me the names of some metals. Iron, gold, platinum, silver, copper, lead, tin, zinc, nickel, aluminium.

What is the blade made of? It is made of steel.

The blade gets thin towards the edge.

The edge is sharp, the back is blunt.

The handle is hollow to receive the blade.

Of how many parts is the handle composed? It is composed of two parts.

How are they kept together? They are kept together by rivets.

What is a knife used for? It is used for cutting. It is a cutting instrument.

The man who makes knives and other cutting instruments is called a cutler.

In what English town are the largest factories for cutlery (*or:* is the greatest manufacture of cutlery)? In Sheffield.

When knives do not cut well (*or:* are blunt) we sharpen or whet them with whetstones.

Now I put my knife in my pocket. It is a pocket-knife.

Knives which we use at our meals are table-knives.

The plate, knife, fork and spoon are called a cover.

Do you know other cutting instruments?

Razors, scissors, saws, planes, scythes.

We **saw** with saws, we **plane** with planes.

Why do we say **a pair of scissors?**

Because there are two blades used together.

So we say a **pair of tongs** because there are two long shafts used together.

In the same manner (*or*: for the same reason) we speak **of a pair of compasses, a pair of trowsers.**

X. THE FIRST PICTURE.

SPRING.

I.

What does this picture represent? It represents spring.

There are four seasons in the year: spring, summer, autumn, winter.

What do we see on the right hand side? On the right hand side we see a house.

Is it a large **one** or a small **one**? It is a small one. It **is rather** small.

Is the door open or shut? It is open. Is the door of our room open or shut? It is shut *(or:* open, *as the case may be).*

What can we see into through the open door? We can see into the kitchen.

Who is in the kitchen? The servant is in the kitchen.

Whom do we see in the kitchen? What is she doing? She is cooking.

What meal is she cooking? I think she is preparing dinner.

What are the different meals of English people? The first meal is breakfast; the second is luncheon, the third dinner, in the evening; but with some the second is dinner, the third tea, and the fourth supper.

When do English people breakfast? They generally breakfast later than Germans.

What has the servant put on the fire? She has put a **pan** on the fire.

Where is the fire? It is in the fireplace.

What colour is the pan? It is black.

What colour are **dead coals**? Dead coals are black.

What colour are **live coals**? Live coals are red.

With which hand does she hold the handle of the pan? She holds it with her left hand.

Why does she hold it with her apron? Because it is hot.

What does she hold in her right hand? In her right hand she holds a spoon.

What is the spoon made of? It is made of wood.

What do we call a thing that is made of wood? We call it a **wooden** thing.

What spoon is this then? It is a wooden spoon.

A watch that is made of silver (*or:* gold) is called a **silver** (*or:* gold) **watch**; a blade made of steel is called a **steel blade**; a stove that is made of iron is called an **iron** stove; stockings made of wool are called **woollen** or **worsted** stockings.

What colour is the servant's hair? It is very light brown.

II.

Who is sitting at the door? (*or*: on the threshold of the door?) The grandmother is sitting at the door.

Whom does she hold? She holds a grandchild of **hers** (grandson, granddaughter).

What is the baby doing? It (he, she) is playing with a little lamb.

What colour is the lamb? It is white.

What do we do with the wool of lambs? With lamb's-wool we **knit** stockings.

What are the birds under the roof? They are swallows.

How many are there? There are four.

What are they doing? They are building nests.

They have come from Africa.

When do they go there? They go there in autumn. Then we see them gather together, on telegraph wires and roofs.

What sea must they cross in going to Africa, and in coming back? They must cross the Mediterranean.

Between what continents is it situated? It is situated between Europe, Asia and Africa.

By what straits is it connected with the Atlantic? By the Straits of Gibraltar.

What is a strait? A strait is a narrow passage which connects two seas.

Can you name any other straits! Yes, the straits of Dover.

To whom does the fortress of Gibraltar belong? It belongs to the English.

Where is Gibraltar? It is in Spain, in the southern part of that country. (South, southern, north, northern, east, eastern, west, western.)

III.

What is the roof covered with? It is covered with shingles.

Formerly many houses in the country were covered with **thatch.**

Houses covered with thatch easily catch fire.

Now most houses in villages as well as towns are covered with slates or tiles.

What birds do we see on the roof? We see two **storks** there.

Where is the female stork? She is sitting on the eggs to hatch them, and the male stork is standing on one leg on the edge of the nest.

What is the nest made of? It is made of dry sticks.

The stork is a big bird. Its beak (*or:* bill) is very long and red, and so are its legs.

What do **storks** eat? They eat frogs, toads, snails, lizards, snakes, and other little animals.

Where do they find their food? They find it in the meadows, fields, brooks, rivers and swamps.

Do storks stay with us **all the year round?** No, in autumn they fly away to Africa as swallows do, and come back in spring.

Swallows and storks are **birds of passage.**

Do you see the chimney on the roof? Yes, we see it. What is coming out of it? Smoke is coming out of it. Where does the smoke come from? It comes from the kitchen fire.

IV.

There is a little garden near the house.

What is it surrounded by? It is surrounded by a wooden fence. In the middle of the garden stands a cherry-tree which is in full bloom.

What colour are the blossoms of the cherry-tree? They are white.

What other trees are there in our gardens? There are apple-trees, pear-trees, plum-trees, walnut-trees.

How many persons are there in the garden? There are three, the grandfather, the mother and a boy.

What is the grandfather doing? He is killing the caterpillars. How does he kill them? He cuts off the branches on which there are caterpillars' nests.

With what does he cut them off? With a pair of scissors fastened to a long pole.

A starling is sitting on a branch of the cherry-tree.

What are the different parts of a tree? The root, stem or trunk, branches, leaves, blossoms and fruit.

What are the stem and branches covered with? They are covered with bark. Is the bark of the cherry-tree smooth or rough? It is smooth like the bark of the birch. What colour is the bark of the birch? Nearly white, so that it looks like silver in the sunlight.

What other trees are there in our woods? There are oaks, beeches and fir-trees.

What is the woman doing? She is **digging.** What is she digging with? She is digging with a spade. What is the spade made of? It is made of wood and iron.

Why does she put her right foot on the spade? To push the spade with it as well as with her hands, because the ground is very hard.

Beside (*or:* at the side of, *or:* near) the house we see some bee-hives made of wood and straw. The busy bees are flying about. They collect honey and stuff to make wax. In the hives there are many cells made of wax. There is one bee in the hive called the queen-bee. She is the mother of all the bees. She leads out a swarm when the hive becomes too full.

Besides the grandfather and the mother, we see a boy of about eight years in the garden. He is leaning on the garden-fence and eating some bread and butter. At the same time he is looking at the swallows that are building their nests under the roof of the house. There is a proverb about swallows: "One swallow does not make a summer".

Behind the cherry-tree and the houses we see the church steeple. It is a beautiful **spire.** There is a cross on the top of it.

A SPIRE WITH A WEATHER-COCK.

On one side of the tower we see a clock. What time is it by this clock? The big hand points to twelve, and the small one points to nine, it is nine o'clock. (It is five minutes past nine, etc.)

V.

A little girl is kneeling on the road; she is **feeding** the ducklings and the cock and hens.

The comb of the cock (*or:* the cock's comb) is red.

Let us count the ducklings.

How many are there? There are nine. What colour are they? They are yellow. Behind the girl we see three sparrows that want to have some food, too.

How many ducks are there? There are four ducks in the picture; three of them are in the water.

One of these is diving to get some food at the bottom of the brook.

What do ducks **feed on?** They feed on snails, worms, and roots of different plants besides what is given them.

One duckling is at the water's edge, and two other ducklings are swimming towards (*or:* **making for**) the bank.

A small wooden footbridge leads to the mill.

Large bridges are mostly built of stone or iron.

Bridges have one or more **arches** according to the **width** of the stream.

In the mill, corn is ground into flour.

The corn is thrown into a sort of trough, called the hopper, which sends it to the mill-stones.

How are the mill-stones moved? They are moved by the large wheel (that, which) you see at the side of the mill.

A young lady is crossing the bridge.

Where does she come from? She comes from the mill where, probably, she has ordered some **flour.**

In her left hand she **carries** a nosegay, and on her right arm she carries her straw hat which is trimmed with a blue ribbon.

Where has she got the beautiful **flowers?** The miller's wife has given her the flowers, perhaps. They are primroses and violets.

THE MILL-WHEEL.

1. Round and round it goes
As fast the water flows;
The dripping, dropping, rolling wheel,
That turns the noisy, dusty mill:
Round and round it goes.

2. Turning all the day
It never stops to play,
The dripping, dropping, rolling wheel,
But keeps on grinding golden meal,
Turning all the day.

3. Sparkling in the sun,
The merry waters run,
Upon the foaming, flashing wheel,
That laughs aloud, but worketh still,
Sparkling in the sun.

VI.

Near the brook we see a willow, it is not a weeping willow.

Willows are generally to be found near water.

In the field that (which) we see near the brook, a man is harrowing.

What is the harrow made of?

It is made of wood and iron.

The frame is wood, and the teeth are iron.

After the ploughing, it is drawn over the land to break the clods, and after the sowing, to cover the seed.

How many horses draw the harrow in the picture? Two horses are drawing it.

Are the horses the same colour? No, one is brown, and the other is white. On the road which passes by the field, a traveller is walking. He comes from the mountains.

The high mountains in the background of our picture are covered with snow.

Do you know any mountains that are always covered with snow? Yes, the Alps in Switzerland and in the Tyrol, and the Pyrenees between Spain and France.

In front of the mountains there are some hills, two of which are crowned with castles. One of these castles is new, the other is old and decayed, or ruined.

Where are there many ruined castles to be seen?

On the banks of the Rhine, especially between Mayence and Cologne. "The castled crag of Drachenfels" is an expression of Byron's.

Who was Byron? A renowned English poet of the nineteenth century.

He was an excellent swimmer; once he swam across the Hellespont. He died in 1824, at Missolonghi in Greece, while aiding that country in its war with the Turks.

Grammar.

A. DAS RELATIVPRONOMEN.

I.

1. The woman **who** is sitting at the door is the grandmother.
2. The man **who** kills the caterpillars is the grandfather.
3. The woman **whom** (that) we see at the door is the grandmother.
4. The man **whom** (that) we see in the garden is the grandfather.
5. The man **whose** house we see is a peasant.
6. The man **to whom** the house belongs is a peasant.
7. The children **who** (that) are near the garden are dancing.
8. The children **whose** mother we see are playing.
9. The children **whom** (that) we see dancing are merry.
10. For **whom** is the mother cooking? For all **her** family.

II.

1. The house **which** (that) is in the foreground of the picture is a small one.
2. The house **the door of which** is open belongs to a peasant.
3. The house **which (that)** we see in the foreground of the picture is built of stone and wood.
4. The **house we see** on the right hand is built of stone and wood.
5. The garden **the fence of which** is made of wood is small.
6. The **garden we see** near the house is small.

B. DAS RELATIVPRONOMEN IN VERBINDUNG MIT EINER PRÄPOSITION.

III.

1. The little houses **in which** bees live are called bee-hives.
The little houses **which** bees live **in** are called bee-hives.

The little houses **that** bees live **in** are called bee-hives.

The little houses bees live **in** are called bee-hives.

2. The garden **in which** the grandfather and mother are working is near the house.

The garden **which** the grandfather and mother are working **in** is near the house.

The garden **that** the grandfather and mother are working **in** is near the house.

The garden the grandfather and mother are working **in** is near the house.

3. The picture **about which** we are speaking represents spring.

The picture **which** (that) we are speaking **about** represents spring.

The picture we are talking **about** represents spring.

4. The grandmother **of whom** we shall speak is holding her grandson.

The grandmother **whom** (that) we speak **of** holds her grandson.

The grandmother we speak **of** holds her grandson.

IV.

Writing Exercises.

Change the following sentences in the same manner and write them.

1. The field **in which** the father is working is near the wood.

2. The cherry-tree **on which** we see the starling is in full bloom.

3. The fence **on which** the boy is leaning is made of wood.

4. The harrow **with which** the father is harrowing is made of wood and iron.

5. The bridge **on which** the young lady is walking is made of wood.

6. The bridge **under which** the ducks are swimming is a wooden bridge.

7. The spade **with which** the mother is digging the earth is made of wood and iron.

8. The nest **in which** the female stork is sitting is made of dry sticks.

9. The road **on which** we see a traveller winds through the valley.

10. The swallows **at which** the boy is looking are building their nests.

Write about every feature of the first picture, e. g. (exempli gratia) the house, the garden, the brook, the birds.

V.

SPECIAL EXERCISES ON THE VERB TO DO.

A. 1. We say to the servant, "**Do** you cook well?" She will answer "Yes, I hope I **do**".

2. We say to the boy who is in the garden, "**Do** you see what the swallows are about?" He will answer, "Yes, I **do**".

3. We say to the woman, "Do you often dig?" She will answer, "Yes, I do".

4. We say to the grandfather, "Do you want to kill the caterpillars?" He will answer, "To be sure, I do".

5. We say to the children, "Do you often dance and sing?" They will answer, "Yes, we do".

B. 1. The servant cooks well. **Doesn't she?**

2. The children like to play. **Don't they?**

3. The father works. **Doesn't he?**

4. The mother is digging. **Isn't she?**

5. The father is harrowing. **Isn't he?**

6. The children are playing. **Aren't they?**

7. Swallows **do not** build their nests of sticks. **Do they?**

8. Storks **do not** stay with us all the year round. **Do they?**

9. The stork does not build a new nest every year. **Does it?**

10. The servant is not knitting. **Is she?**

11. The boy is not working. **Is he?**

12. The father is not ploughing. **Is he?**

The pupils are to make more of such sentences.

C. When the servant has finished cooking, she may say, "I **have done** cooking".

The pupils must form similar sentences about the other persons represented as working.

XI. THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

I. A dog **stole** a piece (*or:* bit) of meat out of a butcher's shop and **made** off (*or:* ran away, stole away, trotted off) home with it. He **had** to cross a small plank bridge over a stream (*or*: river, brook), and he **saw** his own shadow (*or:* reflection) in the water beneath.

He **thought** it was another dog, with another piece of meat; and he **resolved** (*or:* determined, decided) to get hold of that also. He **snapped** at (*or:* snatched at) the shadow, and **dropped** his own piece of meat.

II. Questions.

1. Who stole a piece of meat?
2. Out of what shop did he steal it?
3. Did he steal it out of a baker's shop?
4. Where did he make off with it?
5. What had he to cross? *Or:* What was he obliged to cross?
6. Was it a large bridge or a small one?
7. What was it made of?
8. What did he see in the water beneath?
9. What did he resolve to do?
10. What did he do therefore?
11. Did he get another piece of meat?

III. Grammar.

A. 1. To **steal, stole, stolen**
,, **see, saw, seen**

2 a. To cross, **crossed, crossed**
,, resolve, resolved, resolved

b. ,, drop, dropped, dropped
,, snap, snapped, snapped

c. ,, lose, lost, lost
,, make, made, made
,, let, let, let

3. I see, I saw, I shall } see
I should }

I have
I had
I shall have
I should have
} seen

I cross, I crossed, I shall
I should
} cross

I have
I had
I shall have
I should have
} crossed.

The same is to be done with other verbs as often as possible.

Writing Exercises.

1. *Write the sentence,* "He has to cross a small plank bridge" *in all tenses.*
2. *Put the sentence,* "What does he see in the water?" *in all tenses.*
3. *The same is to be done with the following sentence,* "He does not get another piece of meat."
4. *Change the sentence,* "The piece of meat **at which** he snapped was a reflection" *in the manner given in X, Grammar III.*
5. *Write the story putting all the verbs in the present tense.*

B. AKTIV UND PASSIV.

a. The man **harrows** the field.
The field **is harrowed** by the man.
The man **harrowed** the field.
The field **was harrowed** by the man.
The man **will harrow** the field.
The field **will be harrowed** by the man.
The man **would harrow** the field.
The field **would be harrowed** by the man.
The man has
had
} harrowed the field.
The field has
had
} been harrowed by the man.

The man will / would } have harrowed the field.
The field will / would } have been harrowed by the man.

b. The man **is harrowing** the field.
The field **is being harrowed** by the man.
The man **was harrowing** the field.
The field **was being harrowed** by the man.

The following sentences are to be changed in the same manner.

1. The girl feeds the ducklings.
2. The servant cooks the meals.
3. The boy **looks at** the swallows.
4. The duck **looks for** food.
5. The stork **looks for** frogs.
6. The little girl **takes care of** the ducklings.
7. The mother takes care of the children.

IV.

HERE IS ANOTHER FORM OF THE SAME STORY.

A dog, crossing a little rivulet, with a piece of meat in his mouth, saw his own shadow reflected in the clear stream. Believing it to be another dog who was also carrying a piece of meat, he could not forbear attempting to seize it; but he was so far from getting anything by his greedy attempt, that he dropped the piece he had in his mouth, which immediately sank to the bottom, and was irrecoverably lost.

a. Grammar.

1. A dog, crossing a little rivulet
A dog that crossed . . .
A dog, when (*or:* while) crossing . . .
When (*or:* while) crossing a little rivulet, a dog saw . .
In crossing a little rivulet, a dog saw . . .
2. Believing it to be another dog . . . he could not forbear
As (*or*: because) he believed it to be (*or*: that it was).

3. He could not **forbear attempting**
He was far **from getting.**
4. meat = la viande
flesh = la chair.
5. *Write the story making some of the above changes.*
6. *Write the story putting the verbs in the present tense.*

XII. THE PEAR TREE.

1. Old Rupert sat at the close of the day, in the shade of a large pear tree, which stood before his house. His grandson was near him eating the ripe pears.

2. Then said the grandfather to him, "I will tell you how this tree came here. One evening, more than fifty years ago, I stood here when there was an empty space where this pear tree stands. I was complaining to a neighbour of my poverty. 'O!' said I, 'how contented should I be if I could only possess twenty pounds.'

3. "The neighbour, who was a wise man, said, 'That you can easily do if you will only set about it. See,' said he, 'there in the soil where you now stand are more than twenty pounds, if you can only get them.'

4. "At that time I was a foolish young man. The following night I dug the ground on that spot, but could not find a single shilling. In the morning the neighbour saw where I had been digging, and laughed heartily at me.

5. "'I see,' said he, 'you did not understand me. I will send you a young pear tree. Set it in the hole which you have dug, and after a year or two the shillings will soon begin to appear.'

6. "I planted the young tree. It grew and became what you now see it. The fine fruit, which it has borne year after year, has brought me in much more than the twenty pounds."

Questions.

Where did Old Rupert sit at the close of the day? Who sat with him? What did Rupert tell his grandson? What did Rupert wish for? Where did his neighbour tell him he would

find the money? What did Rupert do? Did he find the twenty pounds in the garden? What did he plant in the hole?

Write answers to these questions.

XIII. THE LITTLE SPARROW.

1. Two children were sitting one evening in early spring in their nursery. Suddenly (*or:* all at once) they heard an odd rustling noise, and a young sparrow fell down (*or:* tumbled down) the chimney at their feet. It hopped over the fender, then away under the bed.

2. The children tried (*or:* attempted) to induce it to come out by offering it crumbs, but it would not, and remained there all night.

3. Next morning, the children heard a violent tapping at the window. They looked out, and were astonished (*or:* amazed, surprised) to see two sparrows knocking at the window with their beaks. They opened (*or:* unbarred, unfastened) the window and let them in.

4. The birds were the father and mother of the little sparrow.

They hopped in, hopped all round the room, chirping and calling; and the little one under the bed began to chirp in answer to them. Presently he popped out; and the three began a lively conversation. Then the little one hopped up on the window-sill; and the two old birds followed it. Upon this, the children opened the window again, and the birds flew away with the young sparrow between them.

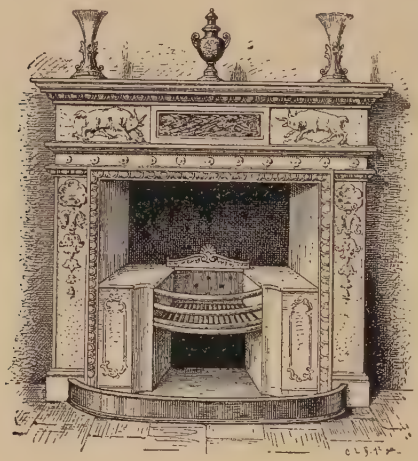
They often came back for crumbs; and the children and the sparrows formed a lasting friendship.

I. Questions.

1. Where were the children sitting?
2. Do you know what a nursery is?
   It is the little children's room.
   We mentioned it once in speaking about a nursery rhyme; do you remember?
3. What noise did the children suddenly hear?
4. What came down the chimney?

5. What is a chimney? It is a passage made in the walls of a building above a fire-place that the smoke from the fire may escape by it through the roof into the outer air.

Sometimes there is a chimney-pot at the top.



6. In the above engraving we see a **chimney-piece.** You see it is ornamental. A **chimney-corner** is a seat close to the fire in an old-fashioned fire-place under an open chimney.
7. What did the sparrow hop over?
8. What is a fender? A guard, usually of metal or stone, to keep ashes and cinders from the floor. See if it is marked in our engraving.
9. Where dit the sparrow then hop?
10. How did the children try to induce it to come out?
11. What did they offer it?
12. Did the little sparrow come out?
13. What did the children hear next morning?
14. What did they see when looking out?
15. Did they let them in?
16. What did the old sparrows do when they were let in (*or:* after having been let in).
17. What did the little one under the bed do?

18. What did the three begin to do?
19. Where did the little one hop, and what did the two old birds do?
20. What did the birds do after the children had opened the window?
21. Did they ever come back again?
22. What did the children give them on their visits?

II. Grammar.

1. Two children **were sitting**
   I am sitting, I am writing
   I was ,, I was ,,
   etc.
2. To **try**, **tried**, tried.
3. To tap, **tapping**, a violent tapping.
4. To hop, **hopping**, hopped (compare: hope, hoping, hoped).

III. Writing Exercises.

1. *Change the story as if you had been sitting in the nursery, beginning thus:* One evening, in early spring, I was sitting, *and so on.*
2. *Write the outline, using the present instead of the past tense.*
3. *Write the verb* I try *in all tenses.*
4. *Do the same with* I am sitting.
5. Two children saw two sparrows tapping at the window.

Form sentences about the first picture like the following:
I see the servant cooking in the kitchen; I hear the dog barking.

XIV. SPRING IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest.
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising,
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill.
The plough boy is whooping, anon, anon,
There 's joy in the mountains,
There 's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing,
The rain is over and gone!

XV. STORKS.

1. The stork is a large bird with strong wings, so it can fly a long way. It passes half the year in one part of the world and half in another. In summer you find a great many storks in Holland and the north of Germany. The Dutchmen like to have them for neighbours, so they put boxes on the roofs of their houses in early spring, to tempt the storks to come and build their nests there. You may often see in Holland, on the top of a house, the mother stork sitting on her eggs or brooding over her young, while the father stands by on one leg keeping watch. You would smile if you saw him there, he looks so proud and important.

2. The storks find plenty to eat in Holland all the summer long. There are plenty of frogs and toads and other reptiles in that damp country. But when autumn comes, and these creatures begin to hide themselves in holes and corners, the storks begin to think of going away. They spread their strong wings and fly off to southern lands, where even in winter it is not too cold for them. Many go to the banks of the river Nile in Egypt, where frost and cold never come, and where they find plenty of food all the winter.

3. We consider storks an example of duty to parents. It has always been said that they feed the old birds, and take care of them, when they cannot take care of themselves. It is certain that they are very fond of their young ones. They feed them most carefully, and take great pains in

teaching them to fly. Once a house in Holland took fire. The people who lived in it got out in time, and took away most of their things; but the stork's nest was left on the roof with the young birds in it. They had not yet learned to fly, and their parents could not carry them away. So the poor father and mother flew round and round the burning house, uttering dismal cries. As the danger grew greater they pressed nearer and nearer, and as the nest fell into the fire they flew towards it and were burnt also.

XVI. THE THREE BEARS.

I. WHERE THE THREE BEARS LIVED.

Once upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own, near a wood.

One of them was a **Little, Small, Wee Bear,** and one was a **Middle-sized Bear,** and the other was a **Great, Huge Bear.**

They had each **a pot for his porridge**; — a little pot for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle-sized Bear; and a great pot for the Great, Huge Bear.

And they each had **a chair to sit in**; — a little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized chair for the Middle-sized Bear; and a great chair for the Great, Huge Bear.

And they had each **a bed to sleep in**; — a little bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; a middle-sized bed for the Middle-sized Bear; and a great bed for the Great, Huge Bear.

One day, after they had made the porridge (*or:* after having made the porridge, after making, having made) for their breakfast, they poured it into their bowls.

Then they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling.

II. LITTLE SILVER-HAIR.

While the Bears were out walking (*or:* were out **for a** walk, *or:* while they were taking a walk), a little girl, named Silver-hair, came to the house.

First she **looked** in at the window; and then she **peeped** in through the keyhole, and seeing nobody in the house

(*or:* as she saw **nobody** in the house, as she didn't see **anybody** in the house), she lifted the latch.

The door was not locked, for the Bears were good Bears.

They did nobody any harm, so they never thought anybody would harm them.

Well, little Silver-hair opened the door and **went in.** (*Or:* After having opened, after opening, having opened the door, little Silver-hair walked in.) And well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table.

If she had been a good little girl, she would have waited till the Bears came home. Then perhaps they would have asked her to breakfast, for they were good Bears. But first she tasted the porridge of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her.

Then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her.

Then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that; and that was **neither** too hot **nor** too cold, but just right. So she ate it all up.

Then little Silver-hair sat down on the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. Then she sat down on the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her.

Then she sat down on the chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was **neither** too hard **nor** too soft, but just right; so she sat down in it.

There she sat till the bottom of the chair fell out, and down she came plump upon the ground.

Then little Silver-hair went upstairs into the bed-chamber (*or:* bedroom) in which the Three Bears slept.

First she lay down upon the bed of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too high at the head for her. Next, she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear, and that was too high at the foot for her.

Then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and that was **neither** too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up cosily, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

III. THE THREE BEARS COME HOME.

By this time, the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough; so they came home to breakfast.

Now little Silver-hair had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear standing in his porridge.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE", said the Great, Huge Bear in his great, gruff voice.

And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it, too.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE", said the Middle Bear in his middle voice.

Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge pot. But the porridge was all gone.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE, AND HAS EATEN IT ALL UP", said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Upon this the Three Bears began to look about them, to find the thief.

Now, little Silver-hair had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR", said the Great, Huge Bear in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had pressed down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR", said the Middle Bear in his middle voice.

And you know what little Silver-hair had done to the third chair.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR, AND HAS SAT THE BOTTOM OF IT OUT", said the Little, Small, Wee Bear in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the Three Bears thought they would search further. So they went upstairs into their bedroom.

Now, little Silver-hair had pulled the pillow of the Great Huge Bear out of its place.

"SOMETHING HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED", said the Great, Huge Bear in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had pulled the pillow of the Middle Bear out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED", said the Middle Bear in his middle voice.

And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there the pillow was in its place.

But on the pillow was little Silver-hair's pretty head, — which was not in its place, as she had no business there.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED, — AND THERE SHE IS", said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small wee voice.

Little Silver-hair had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear. But she was so fast asleep, it did not wake her at all.

And she had heard the middle voice of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream.

But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp and so shrill that it woke her at once.

Up she got; and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she fell out at the other, and ran to the window.

Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears, as they were, always kept their bedroom window open.

Out little Silver-hair jumped; and away she ran into the wood, and the Three Bears never saw her any more.

Southey.

I. Questions.

1. Where did the three bears live? 2. What did they live in? 3. Did they live in a hole or in a castle? 4. Where was their house? 5. Had they hired it? Were they tenants? 6. Was it far from a wood? 7. Were the three bears the same size? 8. (*Or:* Was one as big as another?) 9. How many pots had they? 10. Were the pots the same size? 11. What did they use their pots for? 12. How many chairs had they? 13. Were the chairs the same size? 14. What are chairs used for? 15. How many beds were in their bedroom? 16. What are beds used for? 17. What did they do one day? 18. What did they do after having

made (*or:* after they had made, after making) their porridge? What did they pour it into? 19. What did they do after having poured (*or:* after they had poured, after pouring) their porridge into their bowls? 20. Where did they go? 21. What was the porridge doing meanwhile? 22. Who came to the house while the bears were out walking (*or:* for a walk)? 23. What was the girl's name? (*or:* What was she called?) 24. Why was she called so? Had she dark hair? What colour was her hair? 25. Where did she look first? and next? 26. Did she see **anybody** in the house? 27. What did she do when she saw **nobody** in the house? 28. What did she lift? 29. Was the door **locked?** Was it **shut?** 30. Did the bears do anybody any harm? Did they harm anybody? 31. What did little Silver-hair do after having opened (*or:* after she had opened the door, after opening) the door? 32. What did she see on the table? What was on the table? How many bowls were on the table? Were the bowls the same size? 33. What would she have done if she had been a good little girl? 34. Was she a good little girl? 35. What did she do as she was not a good girl? 36. Whose porridge did she taste first? Did she like it? Why not? 37. Which (or whose) porridge did she taste next? Did she like that? **Why did she not like that either?** 38. Whose porridge did she taste last? 39. Did she like that? Was it too hot or too cold? 40. What did she try then? 41. On which chair did she sit down first? 42. Did she like it? Why not? 43. Which chair did she try then? 44. Why **didn't she like that either?** 45. Which chair did she like? 46. How long did she sit in it? 47. Where did she go after having eaten the porridge and tried the chairs? 48. On which bed did she lie down first? 49. Did it suit her? Why not? 50. Whose bed did she try then? 51. Why didn't that suit her either? 52. Which bed did she like? 53. How did she cover herself up? 54. Who came home to breakfast? 55. Where had the girl left the great bear's spoon? 56. What did the great bear say on seeing that? (*Or:* when he saw that?) 57. What did the middle bear see when looking at his? 58. What did he say after having seen that? 59. What did the little bear see on looking at his? 60. Was there any porridge left in his bowl? 61. What did he say on seeing that? 62. What did the three bears do afterwards? 63. Why did they look about?

64. Whom *or:* what did they want to find? 65. What had little Silver-hair forgotten to do when rising from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear? 66. What did he say? 67. What did the middle bear remark when looking at his cushion? 68. What did the little bear see when looking at his chair? 69. What did he say? 70. Where did the three bears go then? 71. What did the great bear and the middle one see on their beds? 72. Whom did the little bear find on his bed? 73. Whose voice woke little Silver-hair? By whose voice was she awakened? 74. What did she do after having been roused from her sleep? 75. What did she see on one side of the bed? 76. Where did she run after having fallen out of the bed? 77. Was the window open or shut? 78. What did she do on finding the window open? 79. Where did she run? 80. Did the three bears see her again? 81. Who wrote this story? By whom was this story written?

II. Questions and Exercises.

a. 1. Where do you live? What is your address? 2. Have you a house of your own? 3. Where is your house? What street is it in? What number is it? 4. Who lives next door to you? and **next door but one?** 5. What is your house built of? of brick or of stone? What is it covered in with? 6. Is it large, or small or middle-sized? Is it old or new? Do you know when it was built?

b. 1. What are pots made of? They are made of clay especially adapted for earthenware. There is a district in England called the Potteries, because a great deal of earthenware is made there; the man who makes pots or earthenware is called a potter.

c. What are beds and chairs made of? What do you call the man who makes them? A carpenter or cabinet-maker.

d. The different meals partaken of by English people are: breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea and supper. When do they generally breakfast? They generally breakfast later than we do in Germany. The upper classes dine from seven to eight in the evening. Middle-

class society dines from one to two o'clock, has tea at five and supper at eight o'clock.

e. **While** the bears were out walking, a little girl came to the house.

During the bears' walk a little girl came to the house.

While it was raining, we took shelter under a tree.

During the rain we took shelter under a tree.

f. **First** she looked in at the window; and **then** she peeped in at the keyhole.

After having looked (*or:* after she had looked, having looked, after looking) in at the window she peeped in at the keyhole.

Change the following sentences in the same manner:

1. **First** they made their porridge, **then** they poured it into their bowls.
2. **First** they poured out the porridge, **then** they walked out into the wood.
3. **First** little Silver-hair opened the door, **then** she walked in.
4. **First** she tasted the porridge of the great bear, and the middle one, **then** she ate the porridge of the little one.
5. **First** she tasted the porridge, **then** she tried the chairs.
6. **First** she lay down on the bed, **then** she covered herself up cosily.

g. If she had been a good girl, she would have waited.

If the porridge of the great bear had not been too hot, she would have eaten it.

If the chair of the great bear had not been too hard, she would have sat down on it.

If the bed of the great bear had not been too high at the head, she would have slept in it.

Form similar sentences.

h. When the middle bear looked at his porridge, he saw that the spoon was standing in it.

On looking at his porridge etc.

Looking at his porridge etc.

Change the following sentences in the same manner:

1. When Silver-hair looked in, she saw nobody.
2. When she saw the porridge, she was well pleased.
3. When she saw the chairs, she tried them.
4. When the bears came home, they found that somebody had been in their room.
5. When the little bear looked at his bowl, he saw that the porridge was eaten.
6. When the great bear looked at the cushion of his chair, he saw that it was not in its place.
7. When Silver-hair saw the three bears on one side of the bed, she fell out at the other.
8. When she found the window open, she jumped out.

i. *Write the story as if told by Little Silver-hair.*

XVII. SECOND PICTURE.

SUMMER.

I. In the foreground of the picture we see three men. What are they doing? They are busy reaping corn.

How do they reap it? They mow it down with scythes. One of the men is sharpening his scythe with a whetstone. At the same time he is speaking to the two women who are binding the sheaves. (The two women are being spoken to by the man.)

One of the mowers has frightened away two partridges; they probably have their nest in the corn-field.

A little child is sleeping under a rosebush which is in full bloom. Its mother has covered its face with her straw hat to protect the child from the flies and gnats. Near the child we see a basket in which there is a jug of water; it is for the reapers who have hard work and get very thirsty.

II. Near the field a brook is flowing, and it forms a little pool in which two boys are bathing. One is holding his hands before his face to protect himself from the water that the other boy is splashing over him with his feet.

Another boy is swimming towards the bank to pull one of his comrades into the water.

One boy is sitting on the ground dressing; he is just putting on one of his boots.

Do you see the other boys' clothes?

III. On the road we see a gentleman taking a walk with his son.

The boy is running with his net after some butterflies that flutter about the roses on the rosebush.

His father is very warm, he is wiping his forehead with his handkerchief.

On the right hand side of the road we see a herdsman sitting in the shade of an old oak-tree. He is watching his herd of cows. There are some horses with them. Some cows are standing, others are lying down. One cow is lowing. Who can show her to me? (The herdsman *or:* cow-herd takes care of the cows. The cows are taken care of by the herdsman.)

What do you call that little horse jumping and scampering by the side of its mother? It is called a foal or a colt.

One cow has gone into the water to cool herself. (I cool myself, etc.)

IV. In another field people are busy loading a waggon. One man is below, another is above. The man below lifts up the sheaves with a pitchfork to another man above.

A woman is carrying a sheaf towards the waggon.

One man is drinking from a jug which his little son has brought him.

On the left hand side in the background we see two wind-mills standing on hills; water-mills are situated in valleys.

In the middle of the background is a village, of which several houses and the church are to be seen.

In the sky we see some black clouds and a flash of lightning. A thunderstorm is about to burst (just bursting) in the distance.

Above the fields we see a hawk pursuing a flock of pigeons.

One waggon is advancing towards the village.

V. When is corn sown? It is sown in late autumn or early spring.

When does it get ripe? It gets ripe (*or:* ripens) in summer, when it is cut down, and put up into sheaves.

The sheaves are taken to the barn where the corn is thrashed.

The corn is then taken to the mill to be ground down into flour.

With flour we bake bread and cakes.

Writing Exercises.

1. *Compose sentences on the picture of summer like the following one.* [A boy is swimming.]
2. *Write a composition on the whole of the picture.*

XVIII. THE LECTURE.

One hot summer day, a boy was bathing in a river, and got out of his depth.

A gentleman was passing (*or:* coming by), and the boy called out loudly (*or:* in a loud voice) to him for help.

The gentleman began to read (*or:* give) the boy a lecture on his rashness (*or:* temerity, recklessness) and foolhardiness in venturing (*or:* going) into deep water when he could not swim.

But the boy cried out (exclaimed, shouted), "O save me now, sir, and read me the lecture when I have got to land (shore)."

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a. Questions.

1. When was the boy bathing?
2. Where was he bathing?
3. What happened?
4. Who came by?
5. What did the boy call out for?
6. What did the gentleman begin to do?
7. What did the boy cry out?

b. Writing Exercise.

Write the story without the book.

XIX. A FAITHFUL DOG.

In Scotland there are many high hills, and the shepherds have much to do in looking after their flocks of sheep.

One day a shepherd went to **look after** his sheep, but some of them had strayed far up the hills. Now, the shepherd had a little child with him, and it was only three years old. So he put it down in a snug place, and left his dog to watch it.

Away went the shepherd over the hills to find his lost sheep. But soon a thick fog **came on**, so that he lost his way.

By and by he **found himself** near his own cottage, but how to get to his child he did not know.

The shepherd called his friends together, and they all **went off** in search of the child. But they **could not find it anywhere**. The poor shepherd and his wife wept bitterly. The whole night passed without their finding it.

In the morning the dog was at the door, and they gave him a piece of bread. Hungry as he was, he did not eat it, but **off he ran** with it **as fast as** he could.

The shepherd followed him. After a long race, lo! he came to the child. Of course the good dog gave the poor child **the bread he ran away with.**

Writing Exercise.

1. *Write the story without the book.*
2. *Write it as if told by the shepherd himself.*

XX. LOST.

I.

It was a bright Mayday morning, when little Tommy Hill asked his mother if he and his sister Amy might go and see the chimney-sweeps, for he heard the drums beating and saw the children running after them.

Mrs. Hill said they might, and Tommy, taking hold of Amy's hand, soon joined the crowd round the sweeps. They went on from street to street, and Tommy went with them, not seeing, in the bustle and noise, that Amy had been parted from him. But feeling hungry towards dinner-time, he began to look about him, and finding no one near that he knew, he burst out crying.

And what did poor little Amy do when she found herself alone? While looking at the sweeps she saw some girls and boys who lived in their street. When she told them she could not find Tommy, they said he had most likely gone home by himself, and they would take her home. When Amy reached home, one of the girls called out, "Has Tommy come home by himself, Mrs. Hill?"

"No," said she; "I haven't seen him since he left home this morning."

"We can't think where he can be, then," said the children; "for when we saw Amy he was not with her."

"I daresay he has gone on farther after the sweeps," said his mother; and she busied herself in giving Amy her dinner, and in putting some by for Tommy.

Four o'clock came, and still no Tommy. Mrs. Hill said she could bear it no longer. So she put on her bonnet and shawl, and went out in search of her son. In about an hour's time she came back in great distress. She had called at the police-station, and everywhere else she could think of, but could hear no tidings of him.

II.

Tommy was still missing when Mr. Hill came home. As soon as he had had his tea he set off with some neighbours, to look after his truant little son. They went a long way, and asked many people, without finding him.

At length they met a boy who said he had seen a little child crying at old Biddy Green's apple-stall. He thought the old dame had taken the child home to her lodgings in Carter Street.

"Do you know what number she lives at?" asked Mr. Hill.

"I don't know the number, but, as I am going that way, I will show you the house."

With the boy's help they soon came to the house in which old Biddy lived. Upon being shown her room they found that poor little Tommy had forgotten his grief in sleep, and was now lying snugly tucked up in the old woman's bed. Biddy said that, finding him alone and crying, she had brought him to her own home.

Mr. Hill thanked her for her kindness. He then hurried back, and told his wife, who by this time had, of course, become very much alarmed.

Next morning she went to good old Biddy's, and brought her little lost one home. Amy was very glad to see her brother again, and the two children would often go and see the kind old Biddy, who had taken such care of Tommy when he was lost.

XXI. A FAITHFUL DOG.

A French merchant, having some money due to him, set out on horseback to receive it, accompanied by his dog. Having settled the business, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home.

The merchant, after riding some miles, dismounted to rest himself under a tree; and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side. But on remounting he forgot it. The dog observing this, ran to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for him to drag it along.

It then ran after its master, and, by barking and howling, tried to tell him of his mistake. The merchant did not understand these signs; but the dog went on with its efforts, and after trying in vain to stop the horse, it at last began to bite its heels.

The thought now struck the merchant that the dog had gone mad; and so, in crossing a brook, he looked back to see whether it would drink. The animal was too intent on its object to think of stopping for this purpose; and it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

The merchant, feeling now certain that the dog was mad, drew a pistol from his pocket, and took aim. In a moment the poor dog lay weltering in its blood; and its master, unable to bear the sight, spurred on his horse.

"I am most unfortunate," said he to himself; "I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog." Thereupon he stretched out his hand for his treasure; but no bag was to be found! In a moment he discovered his mistake, and upbraided himself for disregarding the signs which his dog had made to him.

He turned his horse, and rode back to the place where he had stopped. He saw the marks of blood as he proceeded; but nowhere was his dog to be seen on the road.

At last he reached the spot where he had rested, and there lay the forgotten bag, with the poor dog, in the agonies of death, watching beside it!

When he saw his master, he showed his joy by feebly wagging his tail. He tried to rise, but his strength was gone; and after stretching out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in deep sorrow, he closed his eyes in death.

Questions. What was the object of the Frenchman's journey? Why did he alight on his way home? What did he forget when he remounted? Who perceived this? What did the dog try to do? Why did it fail? How did it try to remind its master of his mistake? What thought now struck the merchant? How did he put it to the test? With what effect? What did he then do? What made him feel for his money? What did he now see? What did he do? What did he notice on the ground as he proceeded? What did he find at the place where he had rested? What did the dog do before it died?

Writing Exercises.

1. Write the story as if told by the French merchant.
2. Answer some of the above questions.
3. Write an outline of the story.

XXII. THE ANT HILL.

1. There are three classes of ants—males, females, and workers. The males and females have white, shining wings. They may be seen strutting round among the workers. If one of them should try to run away, he is soon looked after and brought back.

2. An ant was once seen trying to escape, when he was seized by these workers, who took him by the wings and marched him back to his place. The workers are the builders, masons, nurses, and market-men of an ant town. They are very faithful workers too!

3. In Africa the white ants build wonderful houses. Sometimes these houses are fourteen stories high—higher than a man.

4. Our red and yellow ants build under ground. Perhaps they do this, because they can make their houses warmer than if they built them above the ground.

5. If the top of an ant hill is taken off, there will be found nurseries, chambers, halls, and kitchens, all built in the nicest manner,—snug, strong, and waterproof. A more busy town is seldom seen.

6. The nurses must have plenty to do, where there are hundreds and thousands of babies to take care of. In their baby state they do not look like ants at all.

7. They look more like small grains of rice or wheat. These have all to be fed, and to be kept warm and clean.

8. When it is too cool in the house, they are taken out and laid in the sun. When it is too warm or too cold out of doors, they are carried back, for babies must be kept comfortable.

9. It is very curious to watch the nurses minding them. As the babies grow bigger, it must be hard work, but the faithful nurses do not mind that.

10. Going to market, to provide for a family of ants, is not an easy thing. An ant was seen to walk up to a piece of apple, and look at it on all sides. He found it was too much for him, so he ran back and brought with him four other ants to help him. They sawed the apple in two. Three took one piece, and two the other, and pulled them home.

11. Ants are never idle, and they never go from home without having some work to do. Idle people are told to "go to the ant, to consider her ways and be wise."

Questions. How many classes of ants are there? Name these classes? What do the working ants do? How high are the ant houses in Africa? Where do our red and yellow ants build? What will be found if the top of an ant hill is taken off? What do the baby ants look like? How did the ant get the bit of apple to its home? What are idle people told to do?

XXIII. THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

Mr. L. was one morning riding by himself, when dismounting to gather a plant in the hedge, his horse got loose and galloped away before him. He followed, calling the horse by his name, which stopped, but on his approach set off again. At length a little boy in a neighbouring field, seeing the affair, ran across where the road made a turn, and getting before the horse, took him by the bridle, and held him till his owner came up. Mr. L. looked at the boy, and admired his ruddy, cheerful countenance. "Thank you, my good lad," said he; "you have caught my horse very cleverly. What shall I give you for your trouble?"

"I want nothing, sir," said the boy.

Mr. L. Don't you? so much the better for you. Few men can say so much. But, pray, what were you doing in the field?

B. I was rooting up weeds, and tending the sheep that are feeding on the turnips.

Mr. L. And do you like this employment?

B. Yes, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But would you not rather play?

B. This is not hard work; it is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. Who set you to work?

B. My daddy, sir.

Mr. L. Where does he live?

B. Just by, among the trees there.

Mr. L. What is his name?

B. Thomas Hurdle.

Mr. L. And what is yours?

B. Peter, sir.

Mr. L. How old are you?

B. I shall be eight at Michaelmas.

Mr. L. How long have you been out in this field?

B. Ever since six in the morning.

Mr. L. And are you not hungry?

B. Yes; I shall go to my dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had sixpence now, what would you do with it?

B. I don't know. I never had so much in my life.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

B. Playthings? what are those?

Mr. L. Such as balls, nine-pins, marbles, and tops.

B. No, sir; but our Tom makes footballs to kick in the cold weather, and we set traps for birds; and then I have a jumping-pole and a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with; and I had a hoop, but it is broken.

Mr. L. And do you want nothing else?

B. No. I have hardly time for those; for I always ride the horses to field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town on errands, and that is as good as play, you know.

Mr. L. Well, but you could buy apples or gingerbread at the town, I suppose, if you had money?

B. Oh, I can get apples at home; and as for gingerbread, I don't care for it much, for my mammy gives me a pie now and then, and that is as good.

Mr. L. Would you not like a knife to cut sticks?

B. I have one—here it is—brother Tom gave it me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are full of holes—don't you want a better pair?

B. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But these let in water.

B. Oh, I don't care for that.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

B. I have a better one at home, but I might as well have none at all, for it hurts my head.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains?

B. If it rains very hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.

Mr. L. What do you do when you are hungry before it is time to go home?

B. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

Mr. L. But if there are none?

B. Then I do as well as I can; I work on, and never think of it.

Mr. L. Are you not dry sometimes this hot weather?

B. Yes, but there is water enough.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, you are quite a philosopher!

B. Sir?

Mr. L. I say you are a philosopher, but I am sure you do not know what that means.

B. No, sir; no harm, I hope.

Mr. L. No, no! *(laughing).* Well, my boy, you seem to want nothing at all, so I shall not give you money to make you want anything. But were you ever at school?

B. No, sir; but daddy says I shall go after harvest.

Mr. L. You will want books then.

B. Yes; the boys have all a spelling-book and a Testament.

Mr. L. Well, then, I will give you them — tell your daddy so, and that it is because I thought you a very good, contented little boy.

B. I will, sir. Thank you.

Mr. L. Good-bye, Peter.

B. Good-bye, sir.

XXIV. THE THREE QUESTIONS.

There was once a shepherd lad who, on account of the wise answers which he gave to every question, was famous far and near. The king of the country heard about it, but did not believe it, and sent one of his courtiers to bring the boy to the palace.

As soon as the lad arrived, wondering greatly why the king had sent for him, he was led into the presence of the monarch, who said to him, "If thou canst answer me three questions which I will put to thee, I will look on thee as my own child, and thou shalt dwell with me in my royal palace."

The lad asked, "What are the questions?"

The king said, "The first is this: How many drops of water are there in the ocean?"

The shepherd lad answered, "O king, let all the rivers in the earth be stopped, so that not a drop may run into the ocean before I have counted the number of drops in it,

and then I will tell you how many drops there are in the ocean."

The king then said, "The second question is this: How many stars are there in the sky?"

The lad replied, "Sire, give me a great sheet of white paper!" Then he made so many fine dots on it with a pen, that they could scarcely be seen, much less counted, and they faded before the eyes when one looked on them. Upon that, he said, "There are as many stars in the sky as there are dots on the paper here; count them only." But no person was able to do so.

The king said, "The third question is this: How many seconds are there in Eternity?"

Then the shepherd lad answered, "At the back of Pomerania lies the Diamond Mountain, which is a mile high, a mile broad, and a mile deep. Every hundred years a little bird comes there and sharpens his tiny beak on it, and when the whole mountain is rubbed away, the first second in Eternity will be past."

The king said, "Thou hast solved the three questions like a sage; henceforth thou shalt live with me in my royal castle, and I will consider thee as my own child."

XXV. HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

I. A woodman (*or:* woodcutter) was felling (*or:* cutting down) a tree on the bank of a river, and by accident (*or:* accidentally, by chance) let his axe slip (*or:* fall, drop) out of his hand, and it sank into the deep water. He sat down and began to grieve over his loss.

II. Mercury, the messenger of the gods, taking pity on the man, came and dived for the axe.

But he brought up a golden one. Showing it to the man, he asked if that was his axe. The woodman said, "No". Mercury dived again. This time he brought up a silver one. He then asked the man if that was the right one. A second time the woodcutter said, "No". Mercury dived a third time, and came up with the lost axe at last. "That surely is not yours", said he. "Yes, that is mine!" cried the delighted woodman.

Mercury was so pleased with the man's truthfulness and honesty, that he made him a present of the other two.

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a. Questions.

1. What was the woodman doing?
2. What did he fell?
3. Where was the tree?
4. What happened?
5. What did the woodman do after having lost his axe?
6. Who took pity on the man?
7. What did Mercury do?
8. What did he dive for?
9. What axe did he bring up?
10. Did the woodman say it was his axe?
11. What axe did Mercury bring up the second time?
12. What axe did he bring up after having dived the third time?
13. What did the woodcutter say on seeing the lost axe?
14. What did Mercury do?
15. Why did he make the man a present of the other two axes?

b. Exercises.

1. When the woodman had lost his axe, he sat down.
   Having lost, etc.
   On losing, etc.
   After having lost, etc.
   After losing, etc.
2. When Mercury had dived, he brought up a golden axe.
   Make the same changes with this sentence as with the first.
3. Because Mercury was pleased with the man's honesty, he made him a present.
   Being pleased with the man's honesty, he made him a present.
4. *Write the story without the book.*

XXVI. a. PUNCTUALITY.

I. Mr. Scott of Exeter travelled on business till about eighty years of age. He was celebrated (*or:* renowned,

famous) all over the country for his punctuality. For many years, the landlords of all the best inns in Devon and Cornwall knew the day and the *very hour* he would arrive at their houses.

II. Not long before Mr. Scott died, a gentleman who was travelling in Devonshire stopped at a small inn in Ilfracombe to dine.

The waiter brought him the bill of fare; but he would not have anything he saw on it. He happened to look into the kitchen, and observed a duck roasting. "I'll have that", he said. "You cannot, sir," said the waiter, "it is for Mr. Scott of Exeter." "Mr. Scott! I know Mr. Scott very well; he is not in your house just now." "True, sir, but he was here six months ago, and he ordered a duck to be ready for him to-day, at two o'clock exactly."

III. And just as the clock was striking two, Mr. Scott might be seen, to the astonishment of those who did not know him, jogging quietly into the yard on his old and faithful nag.

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a. Grammatical Notes.

1. The landlords knew the **very** hour he would arrive. (The sailor climbed to the **very** top of the mast. That is the **very** book I want.)
2. Stopped, travelled.
3. A gentleman **happened to look.**
4. Six months **ago.**
5. Mr. Scott **ordered** a duck **to be** ready for him; he asked **that** the duck should be ready for him.

b. Writing Exercises.

1. *Write the story without the book.*
2. *Write it as if told by the gentleman, beginning thus:* While travelling in Devonshire I stopped one day at an inn to dine.

b. PUNCTUALITY.

When Lord Nelson was leaving London, on his last, but glorious, expedition against the enemy, a quantity of cabin furniture was ordered to be sent on board his ship. He had

a farewell dinner party at his house; and the upholsterer having waited upon his lordship spoke with him. The upholsterer stated to his noble employer that everything was finished, and packed, and would go in the waggon, from a certain inn, at six o'clock. "And you go to the inn, Mr. A., and see them off." "I shall, my lord; I shall be there punctually at six." "A quarter before six, Mr. A.", returned Lord Nelson; "be there a quarter before six. To that quarter of an hour I owe everything in life".

Proverbs. Punctuality is the soul of business.
One to-day is better than ten to-morrows.

c. DISORDER.

"Where is my cap? I can't find my cap. I shall be too late for school."

"I've lost my bonnet. Who can tell me where my bonnet is? Oh, I'm in such a hurry!"

"Lend me your pencil. Oh dear, dear, I shan't get my sums done!"

"I can't sew, my thimble is gone. What shall I do?"

Do you know who says all this? I do, it is Disorder, — a cross, fretful thing, as everybody knows.

He puts some things out of place, loses others, and if you keep his company, you will find him a terrible thief.

"A thief! Is Disorder a thief?" Indeed he is; he steals the most precious thing you have. He steals your *time*. Keep a sharp look out, and do not on any account let him get into your house.

He is very apt to creep into drawers and boxes and baskets, and he makes sad havoc there. He is quite ready to attack children, so I would have them be on their guard. To-day a little girl missed her lessons through him. I know a little boy, too, from whom he stole a knife.

Watch your drawers; put your books on the right shelf; hang up your hats, caps, and coats. In short, —

Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Remark.

I've, I'm etc.

Writing Exercises.

Compose a story about a disorderly boy or girl beginning thus:

Once upon a time there lived a boy (a girl) who was very disorderly.

Say then that he, or she mislaid his, or her books, slate, pencil and hat, giving the places where he or she laid them and where he, or she ought to have put them.

His, or her parents exhorted him, or her daily, but he, or she didn't improve until he or she had been several times severely punished.

XXVII. LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

A Gentleman once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number he in a short time chose one, and sent all the rest away.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you chose that boy. He had not a single recommendation with him."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many:—

"He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him; showing that he was orderly and tidy.

"He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man; showing that he was kind and thoughtful.

"He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully; showing that he was polite.

"He lifted up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and placed it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it, or shoved it aside; showing that he was careful.

"And he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing the others aside; showing that he was modest.

"When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk. When he wrote his name, I observed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like the handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket.

"Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes, is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me."

XXVIII. THE TALKATIVE PARROT.

There dwells at Bristol a most talkative parrot. She can say nearly a hundred things, and that often **to the point.**

If there is a knock at the door, Polly says, "Walk in — how d'ye do?" and, if not quickly replied to, adds, "Pretty well, thankee — how are you? How're your corns?" This kind inquiry she follows up with a hearty laugh. If any one speaks **in a louder key than usual,** Polly says, "Hear, hear", and if you laugh, she asks, "What d'ye laugh at?"

A poor old woman who had a bad cold, came to the house, and she coughed a great deal. On which Polly exclaimed, "What a cough!" The woman thinking it was some one in the next (*or:* adjoining) room, replied, "Ah, sir, it is very bad." On this Polly laughed, like an uncivil bird, as she was.

In the morning, when she sees her master with his hat on, she says, "Is Polly's master going out?" and when the hall door is shut, "Polly's master's gone: good-bye, master; good-bye, Polly."

Again, about the time of his return, she keeps on saying, "Is Polly's master come?" until he comes home, and notices her.

When dinner is getting ready, especially if she smells pastry, she says, "Polly **loves** the cook;" and then, quite changing her tone, adds, "Cooky, Polly loves **pudding.**"

One of her favourite jokes is to call the dog, "Bussy! Bussy!" and if he comes, she drops a piece of bone or wood out of her cage on his head, laughing all the time.

She has a habit of biting the wood-work of her cage, for which she is scolded, and then she calls out, "Polly *must* be good, oh! Polly, she mustn't bite." When the evening comes on, she says, "Polly go to sleepy," and will not leave off until the cage is covered over, and put into the place it occupies during the night.

She is so tame that her cage door is generally left open, and she walks about the kitchen and passages **at will.** If she hears the bell ring, she says, "I'll go." She can whistle several tunes, and sing portions of, "The days when we went gipsying," and, "The bonnets of blue," very nicely.

Remarks.

1. He has gone; he is gone.
   He has come; he is come.
2. If **you** laugh.

Writing Exercises.

1. Dictation.
2. *Write about parts of the story:* Polly and the old woman, Polly and her master, Polly and the cook, Polly and the dog.

XXIX. THIRD PICTURE.

AUTUMN.

I.

What does this picture represent? It represents the season of autumn. What are the chief characteristics of this season? The days **get** shorter, the nights longer, the sun **rises** later and **sets** earlier; therefore it gets cooler. Fruits of all kinds, nuts, apples, pears and grapes, are ripe, and are being gathered in. Roots are being dug up which are **ready** to be stored up for food. The leaves fade, they turn yellow, red and brown: they die and fall off. The birds of passage leave us. The wind blows cold and rough; and autumn is a season of mists and fogs.

(Look at the Picture.) II. THE VINTAGE.

What particular time in autumn is it? It is the time of Vintage, of fruit-gathering and of **digging up** roots. How do you know that it is the time of vintage? Because we

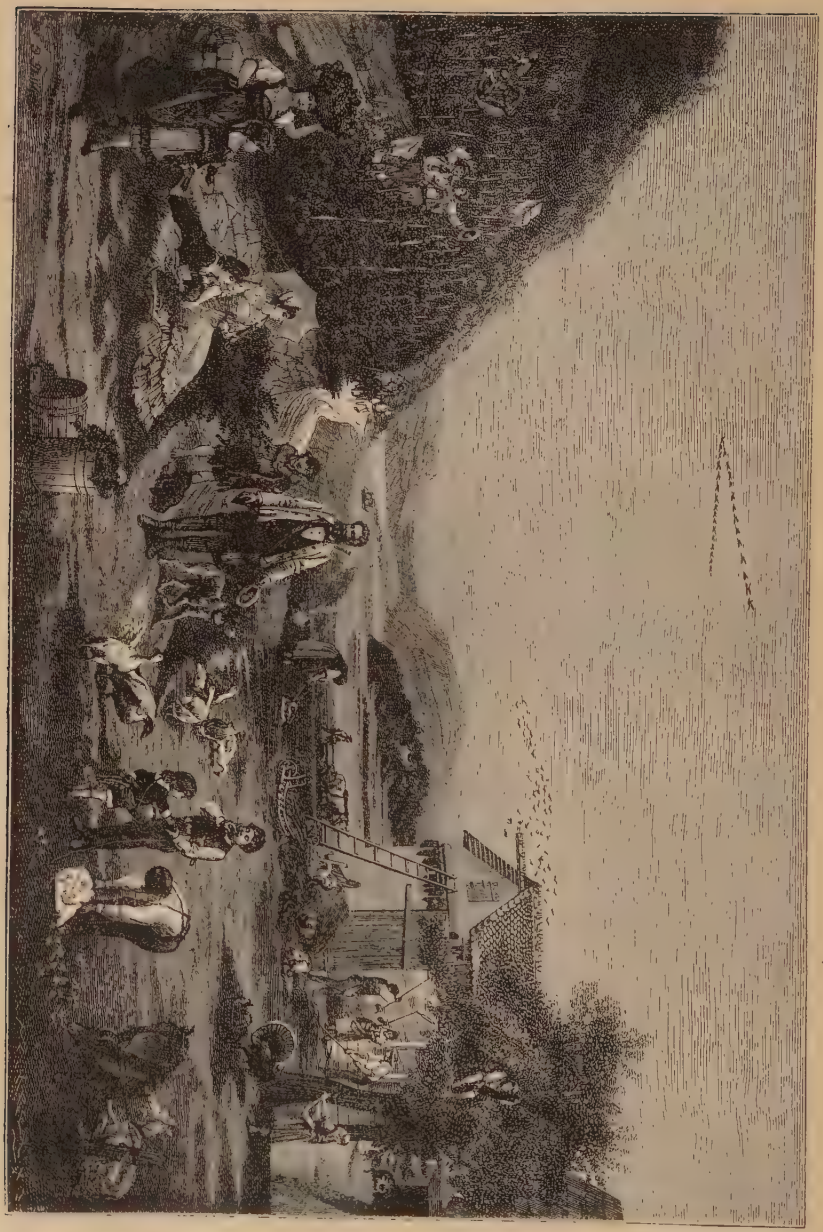
see the grapes being gathered in. Where do (the) grapes grow? On the **vines**, or vine-stocks in the vineyard. How are they gathered? The vintagers cut off the bunches of grapes with scissors, called grape-scissors, and with knives made for this purpose. Where do they put the grapes? The vintagers put the grapes into baskets and buckets. What is done with them when these are full? When the baskets and buckets are full, several of these are **emptied into** a kind of tub such as you see in the foreground of the picture. And then? When the high tub is full, the grapes are emptied into something larger, a cask, butt or barrel, in which the grapes are carried home. Can you see any casks, butts or barrels? The waggoner has one in his cart which is just coming round the corner. The juice is pressed out of the grapes in a winepress. What does grape-juice yield? Grape-juice yields wine.

Where is the vineyard? It is situated on the hillside, on the bank of the Rhine.

Who is coming down the pathway in the vineyard? Two vintagers. What are they doing? They are singing, and one of them is waving his hat as they walk **arm in arm**. What are they singing? They are singing Vintage Songs. Do vintagers generally sing? Yes; they sing on their way **to and from** the vineyard. What is that standing in the foreground near the lady? It is a tub which is full of grapes. How many tubs are there? There are two, the second is **upset** and lying on the ground. Where are the grapes? Some are on the ground, some left in the tub.

III. SOME FIGURES IN THE FOREGROUND.

Do you see that girl? Yes, I see her. What is she carrying on her head? She is carrying a basketful of grapes on her head. Do you like her costume? Yes, very much indeed. What has her little companion on her head? She has a garland, or wreath on her head. What is it made of? The garland is made of sprays of vine with tendrils and vine-leaves, and I see two **bunches** of black **grapes** in it. Who is near the little girl? A boy in a knickerbocker-suit and Scotch cap. What has he? He has some grapes spread out on a cloth before him. What is the boy doing? He is



lying on the ground and leaning on his elbow. Who is sitting by the boy? A lady is sitting by him. What is she doing? She is offering some grapes to the huntsman as he passes; with her left hand she is holding up a parasol to shade herself from the sun. What is worn by the lady? A blue dress trimmed with lace and flounces, long gloves and a hat with feathers are worn by her.

IV. FRUIT-GATHERING.

You have said that Autumn is the season for fruit-gathering.

What fruits are gathered then? Apples, pears and plums. Nuts, too, are now ripe. What is done with apples? The apples which keep well are carefully stored up in the store-house or cellar, mostly on straw; others are sold or used; some are prepared and dried; some are made into jelly and otherwise preserved. What is made from certain kinds of apples? Cider. What is made from pears? Perry. What is done with pears besides? Pears are stored in the same way as apples, so as to keep them for use in winter. They can also be preserved and dried and candied. What is done with plums? Plums are preserved, dried and candied. What is made from walnuts? From walnuts a certain liqueur is made.

Do you see an apple-tree? Yes, there is one near the house. What is the boy doing? He is picking apples. How did he get up that apple-tree? He climbed up and is sitting astride a branch. What does he do with the apples? He drops them one by one. What does he let them fall into? Into the girl's apron. Where is the girl, and what is she doing? She is standing under the apple-tree and holding out her apron to catch the apples and looking up at the boy.

What is done with the apples when she has caught them? They are put into the basket. Where is it? The basket is standing on the ground near the girl. Does she throw them into the basket? No, she lays them gently in the basket. Why should the girl not throw them in? Because the fruit would be bruised. What would be the result? Bruised fruit does not keep; it would go bad or rot; only sound fruit

keeps. Who attends to the storing of fruit? The thrifty housewife. What will the child do when her basket is full? She will take it to the housewife. What will the housewife do first? She will separate the fruit that will keep well from the rest. What do those apples look like? They look very tempting and large and have got rosy cheeks.

V. BOYS, GAMES, GOATS.

Who seems to like apples? The tall boy in the foreground. He is eating an apple, while with his left hand he offers another to a smaller boy. What is in the child's left hand? He has two drum-sticks in it. What are they for? To beat the drum with. Where is the drum? The drum is slung round the child's neck. He is reaching out his hand for the apple. What hops about at his feet? A tame jackdaw.

Who is with the two boys?

A third lad. What is he bending over? A kite, which he intends to fly. What must the lad see to before he flies his kite? He must see that there are no holes in it, also that the cord is rolled over the stick or wound into a ball, and that the tail of the kite is straight. When all is ready, what will the lad do next? He will wait for a breeze and then run off against the wind with the kite, letting out cord as he runs. Name some other games. Blindman's buff, hide and seek, cricket, football, lawn tennis, croquet.

What is standing rather dangerously near the kite? A goat. What is it doing? It is trying to take a bite from the tail of the kite and pulling at the cord that tethers it to get nearer. There is another goat. Tell me the colour of each. One goat is black, it has horns. The other is white, it has no horns.

Tell me something about their hoofs.

Their hoofs are divided like the sheep's, and the cow's. How are the goats fastened?

A post is driven into the ground, and a cord is attached at one end to it and at the other to their collars.

Is this cord long? It is only long enough to allow them to move round the post.

Are both goats standing? No, one is standing, the other is lying down.

What is the cat doing? She is sitting on the window-sill and cleaning herself. What do you see in the grass near the goats? There are some meadow Saffron flowers. Name more autumn flowers growing in gardens. Michaelmas-daisies, Chrysanthemums. Other flowers are faded.

VI. THE FIELD.

Let us now consider what is going on in the field, between the vineyard and the orchard.

What is that woman doing in the field over there? She is digging (*or* taking) up potatoes.

What does she use for this purpose? She uses either a hoe or a fork. What is a fork made of? It is made of iron, and has a wooden handle and three prongs.

Where are the potatoes which have been dug up? They are in the sack which is on the ground near the woman. Do you see it? Yes, and the sack is open. What is the opening called? The mouth of the sack. What is the fire for, which is burning in the field? It is burning up the potato-tops and fibres.

How can the woman get that heavy sack home? She will put it on the barrow; then she will wheel it home. What is being done in the field beyond? The field is being ploughed by a man. Why is he ploughing now? Because the ground has been cleared of its crop and must now be prepared for seed. What will be done with after the ploughing? It will be harrowed to break the clods. With what does the man plough the ground? He ploughs with a plough; the ploughshare turns up the soil. What draws the plough? A couple of strong oxen. What does the ploughman do? He drives the oxen, and guides them that they may make straight lines or furrows.

What is the ploughman doing while ploughing?

He is smoking.

VII. BUILDINGS, FARMYARD, THRASHING.

Let us observe what the peasants are doing and take a peep into the farmyard.

What farm-buildings do you see? A barn, and part of the stable or of some other out-houses. What room is over the barn? There is a **loft** which is used to keep things in. How can one reach this loft? You must climb up that ladder at the gable-end of the barn. But of what must you be first sure? We must see that it is placed firmly on the ground and against the wall. Why so? Because the ladder might slip, if you **omit** doing so. How many steps or bars has the ladder? Count them. There are ten steps or bars. Is the door in the gable-end of the barn shut or open? The door is shut now. By what means are doors made to be either open or shut? They are hung on iron hinges.

What is that hanging under the top of the ladder? It is Indian corn or maize, hung up there to dry. What birds do you see on the roof of the barn? They are swallows that have collected to **migrate** to Africa, as well as the cranes high up in the air. What is going on in the barn? Corn is being thrashed. Who is thrashing and what do they thrash with? Three persons are thrashing, two men and a girl; they thrash with flails. What do they do with the straw? They push it aside and will put it into a heap in a corner of the barn. What follows when the corn has been thrashed out of the ear? It must be winnowed, that is, freed from chaff. What is on the heap of straw at the barn door? A cock is standing on the top of it and crowing; some hens and chickens, and a Turkey-hen and a Turkey-cock are there. What is the Turkey-cock doing? He is strutting about to show his fan-like tail.

What are the rest of the poultry doing? They are picking up seeds; corn and so on. What other poultry are there in the farmyard? Some geese and ganders. How many? There are six.

What is the goose in front of you doing? She is flapping her wings and waddling along to get out of the way of the dogs. What are some of the other geese doing? They are hissing, **craning their necks** and cackling. Do you see any ducks? No. Where are they, probably? The ducks are probably at the pond, or in a gutter looking for snails and worms.

VIII. HUNTSMAN, DOGS.

Does the dog belonging to the huntsman **chase and worry** the geese? No, instinct tells him that geese are no game for him, besides he is too **well-bred** to chase and worry poultry! What kind of dog is it? This kind of dog is called a setter or pointer; the other is a dachshund. Do you know what setters **are trained** to do? They are trained to stand still when they see the game, and to wait till the gun is fired; then when the sign is given, to go and find the game and bring it to their master. What game has the huntsman shot? A couple of hares. Where are they? The boy is carrying them over his shoulder. How is the gun carried? It is slung over the sportsman's shoulder in a gun-strap, the **butt downwards**, the **muzzle** pointing **upwards.** What has the huntsman got in the pouch at his side? He has got a flask of powder, and one of shots and some cartridges.

A. M. Robinson.

Writing Exercises.

Write about some parts of the picture, keeping to the preceding order.

XXX. JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A BALLAD.

There were three kings into the East,
Three kings both great and high;
An' they ha'e[1] swore a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they ha'e swore a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore[2] surpris'd them all.

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[1] have. — [2] = sorely.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel[1] arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They 've ta'en[2] a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim;
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all —
He crush'd him 'tween two stones.

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[1] = well. — [2] taken.

And they ha'e ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'T will make your courage rise.

'T will make a man forget his woe;
'T will heighten all his joy:
'T will make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland.

Robert Burns.

XXXI. MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart 's in the Highlands, wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Robert Burns.

XXXII. RALEIGH'S TWO PLANTS.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, two plants were brought to England, for the first time, by Sir Walter Raleigh, both of which are now very much used — the tobacco-plant and the potato. Sir Walter had sailed across the seas to America, in search of new lands; and he brought back both these plants with him.

When he was in America, he had seen the Indians smoke, and before long he acquired the habit himself. He became extremely fond of smoking, and frequently indulged in the practice.

When he returned to England, he was sitting by the fire one day, and began to smoke. In the middle of his smoking, the door opened, and in came his manservant. Now, this man had never in his life seen any one smoke, and did not know that there was such a plant as tobacco. So, when he saw the smoke coming from his master's mouth, he thought that he was on fire! He cried out in alarm, and ran to fetch a bucket of water to put the fire out; and Sir Walter was deluged before he had time to explain what he was really doing.

But very soon the old servant got used to seeing people with smoke coming out of their mouths; and all the young nobles of the court began to smoke because Sir Walter did so.

At first, people did not like the potato at all: nobody would eat it. Yet Sir Walter told them how useful it would be. The potato, he said, could be made to grow in England. He told them that, when the corn-harvest failed — which it often used to do — people need not starve if they had plenty of potatoes.

Queen Elizabeth, who was a very clever woman, listened to what Sir Walter said, and had potatoes served up at her own table. There the grand people who dined with her majesty were obliged to eat them. But they spread a report that the potato was poisonous, because it belongs to the same order as the deadly nightshade and many other poisonous plants. So, in spite of all that the Queen could do, no one would eat potatoes, and they were left for the pigs.

The people did not find out their mistake till many years afterwards. The poor potato was despised and forgotten till the reign of the French king, Louis XVI., when there lived a Frenchman who had made a study of growing plants for food. He felt sure that he could make the potato a great blessing to the country; and he began at once to try.

After a great deal of trouble he succeeded. People laughed at him at first, and would not take any notice of what he said. But he went on growing the potato till he brought it to perfection. Even then no one would have eaten it, if its part had not been taken by the king. He had large pieces of ground planted with potatoes, and went about with the flower of the potato in his button-hole.

No one dared to laugh at the king; and when he said that potatoes were to be eaten, people began to find out how good and wholesome they were. By degrees the potato was more and more liked; and now there is hardly any vegetable that is more highly esteemed.

XXXIII a. OUR HOME IS THE OCEAN.

Our home is the ocean,
Our grave is the deep;
We feel no emotion
As on it we sleep;
The waves are our pillow,
Our cradle the sea,
The rougher the billow,
The happier we.

Our home is the ocean,
A mariner's boast,
With waves in wild motion
We love it the most.
And 't is our endeavour,
In battle and breeze,
That England shall ever
Be lord of the seas.

b. THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turn'd his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
"A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pity's all
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps who live in towns,
What dangers they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in:
Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wishes (I've a notion,)
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.

"And as for them who're out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home
To cheer their babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

"And often have we seamen heard
How men are kill'd and undone,
By overturns of carriages,
And thieves and fires, in London.
We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors."

Charles Dibdin.

c. THE FIRST VOYAGE.

He stood upon the sandy beach,
And watch'd the dancing foam;
He gaz'd upon the leaping waves,
Which soon would be his home.

And then he ey'd his sailor's garb,
With look of proud delight:
The flowing kerchief round his neck,
The trowsers, wide and white.

The rose of health was on his cheek,
His forehead fair as day;
Hope play'd within his hazel eye,
And told his heart was gay.

And many a time the sturdy boy
Long'd for the hour to come
Which gave the hammock for his couch,
The ocean for his home.

And now the gallant ship rides nigh,
The wind is fair and free,
The busy hands have trimm'd her sails:
She stems the open sea.

The boy again is on the beach;
A mother's arms have press'd him,
A sister's hand is link'd in his,
A father's lip hath bless'd him.

The eyes that lately sparkled bright
Are swoll'n with many a tear;
His young heart feels a choking pang,
To part from all so dear.

Another kiss — another sob,
And now the struggle 's o'er;
He springs into the tiny boat,
And pushes from the shore.

The last sad drop upon his cheek
Falls mingling with the foam,
The sea-bird, screaming, welcomes him;
The ocean is his home!

Miss Eliza Cook.

XXXIV. THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

More than three hundred years ago, there stood near a small town on the coast of Spain, an ancient convent. It still stands there, on a height above the sea, surrounded by a forest of pine trees.

A stranger, travelling on foot, with a little boy, one day stopped at the gate of the convent, and asked the porter to give him a little bread and water for his child.

Poor and friendless though he was, when he stood at the convent gate, he afterwards became one of the most famous of men. That stranger was the great Christopher Columbus; and the little boy was his son, Diego.

Seven years afterwards, he was befriended by Isabella, Queen of Spain; and, on the 3rd of August, 1492, Columbus set sail from Spain with three small ships, on the great voyage which ended in the discovery of America.

He wanted to find out a new way to India. He believed that the world was round, though few people did so at that time. Columbus was not aware that there was such a country as America. He thought that if he sailed on and on, always keeping to the west, he would at last come to India.

Look at the Map of the World, and you will see that, if there had been no such country as America, he would have been right. At that time, no one in Europe knew anything about America. So Columbus sailed into what was then an unknown sea! Many thought that he would never come back. On and on he went with his ships, not knowing where he was going!

For a long time there was no sign of land — nothing but the wide waters all around him. Day after day, and night after night passed by. The men who were with him became alarmed, and tried to compel him to return. But he held bravely on his course, and would not turn back.

At last the great Atlantic Ocean was crossed, and the ships came in sight of one of the West India Islands.

When the brave Columbus saw the land, he thought it was the India which he had come to seek. So he called it India. Afterwards, when it was found that this was not the country known before as India, it was called the West Indies.

When the people of the island saw the ships of Columbus, they were very much surprised; for they had never heard of Europe, or of the people who lived there. After filling his ships with treasure got from the natives, Columbus sailed back to Spain.

When the other nations of Europe heard of the great discovery of a new world, they wished to share in its riches. Many nations, therefore, sent out ships and men to try to gain possession of part of it.

The poor natives were not well treated by many of the people who took their beautiful islands from them. Their new masters used them so cruelly, that they were soon almost all destroyed. Negroes were then brought from Africa to the West India Islands, and there forced to work as slaves. In this way there were soon negro slaves in all the islands.

After a long time, some of the islands came into the possession of England; but the English at that time were not better than other nations in regard to slavery. There were many in England who were engaged in the cruel slave trade.

At last the people of England began to think it was wrong to keep slaves, and a law was made that in all the countries belonging to Britain every slave should be set free.

There are still slaves in the islands which belong to Spain; but there is reason to hope that they will soon all be made free. Meantime, let us rejoice that not a slave now exists in the British dominions.

The climate of the West India Islands is very warm, and most of the things grow there which are found in warm countries. The chief articles which we get from the West Indies are sugar, rum, tobacco, and cotton.

XXXV. COLUMBUS AND THE EGG.

At a feast which Cardinal Mendoza gave to Admiral Columbus, he made a great speech in praise of the discovery which Columbus had made, and called it the greatest victory ever gained by the human mind. The courtiers who were present took it very much amiss that a foreigner, and besides that, a man who was not even of noble origin, should receive such marks of distinction. "It seems to me", said one of the royal chamberlains, "that the way to the so-called New World was not so very hard to find — the sea is everywhere open, and no Spanish seaman would have missed the way".

The whole company showed its approbation of this speech by courteous smiles, and several voices said, "Oh, any of us could have managed to do that!"

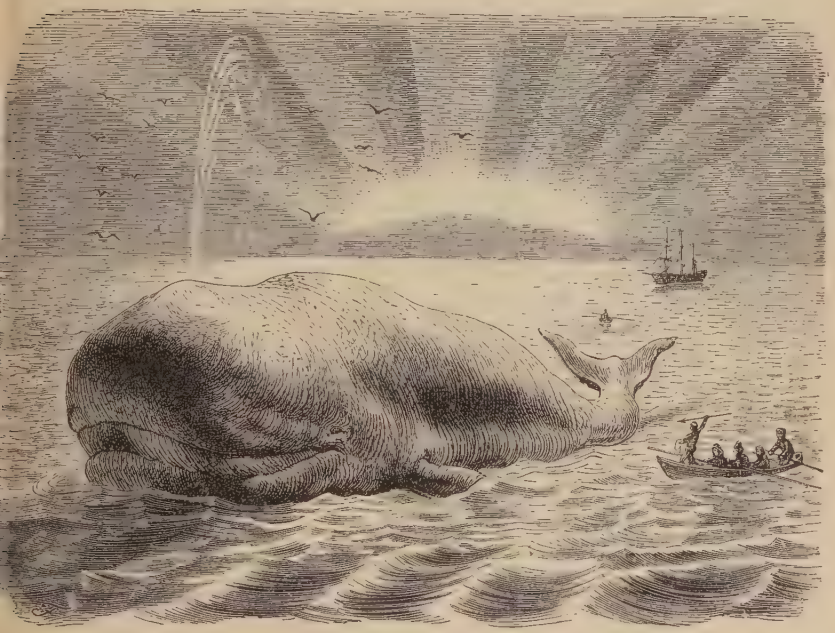
"I am very far", replied Columbus, "from taking to myself the credit of what I can only ascribe to the gracious guidance of Heaven. Still, there are many things in the world which it seems to us very easy to do, but only after we have seen some one else do them first. If I might venture," said Columbus, turning to the Chamberlain, "I would ask your Excellency to place this egg" (he had made one of the servants give him a hen's egg) "upon its end, so that it will not fall".

The Chamberlain tried to make the egg stand steadily, first upon one end, and then upon the other, but all in vain. His neighbour tried also, but with as little success. And now the others pressed around, and tried their utmost; but neither by doing it with great care, nor yet by keeping very quiet, could they achieve this feat of skill. "It is impossible!" cried the nobles; "you are asking impossibilities." "And yet", said Columbus, "these gentlemen are sure to say directly, 'Any of us can do that' ". He took the egg, and, with a gentle blow, put it down on the table, so that it stood firmly up on the broken-in part of the shell. "Yes, indeed, any of us can do that!" cried the nobles.

XXXVI. WHALE HUNTING.

Every year, ships sail to the northern seas to hunt the whale. The men want its fat to make oil; and the whale-bone, which is found in the roof of its mouth.

The ships carry with them a number of small boats. When the whaling ground is reached, men are sent to the top-mast to be on the look-out; and, at a signal from them, the boats are launched as soon as a whale is seen.



Each boat has a man in it called a harpooner. He sits in the bow of the boat. The harpoon is a long spear with a barbed point, made of tough iron. To the shaft of the harpoon a rope is fixed. This rope, which is sometimes a quarter of a mile long, lies carefully coiled up in the bow of the boat.

When the boat is near the whale, it is rowed up to it swiftly, but silently; the harpooner standing up, ready for his work. When the boat is within a few yards of the huge

creature, the men rest for a moment on their oars. Up goes the arm of the harpooner, and in an instant he sends the harpoon with all his force into the body of the whale.

Smarting with the wound, the whale dives into the ocean, and swims away as far as he can. If the whale were a true fish, he could remain under water always, and never be caught. But he must come up to breathe. He is an animal, like the cow or the horse, and cannot live without air.

In the meantime, the men in the boat have rowed near the place where they expect him to rise. As soon as he comes up, another harpoon is driven into his body. Down dives the whale again; but he soon returns.

In his fury, he lashes the sea so violently with his huge tail, that the noise can sometimes be heard two or three miles off! At last, from pain and loss of blood, the poor whale is worn out. The boats are once more rowed up to him, and the men thrust long steel lances into his body.

Soon his huge carcass floats lifeless on the water. Three cheers are given by the men in the boats, and the body of the whale is towed in triumph to the ship. There it is cut into pieces and boiled down to obtain the oil; and when the fishing season is over, the oil is taken home in casks.

Questions. Where do ships go to hunt the whale? Why is it hunted? Where is the whalebone found? What is the man who spears the whale called? What is attached to the spear? What does the whale do when it is speared? Why must it come up again? What is done with its body when it is taken to the ship?

XXXVII. A BEAVER TOWN.

Beavers were at one time abundant in Europe, but they are now found chiefly in Canada and other parts of North America. The name *beaver* comes from a word which means *builder;* and a wonderful little builder he is. But he not only builds houses; he is a capital wood-cutter and a skilful engineer as well.

During the summer, each beaver lives by himself in a burrow, which he digs out near a lake or stream. When

winter comes, he quits this retreat, and unites with his fellows to build a winter home. They generally combine in troops of from two to three hundred; so that when the houses are all built they form a little beaver town.

They begin by choosing a good site for their town; sometimes on the bank of a lake or a river, and sometimes on an island. They like a river best, because the running stream helps to carry down the trees they use in building.

With no tool but their own sharp teeth, they soon cut down a tree. If it stands close to the water, the beavers manage very cleverly to cut it down so that it shall fall into the river. In this way they can get the entire tree floated down the stream. But if the trees are at some distance, they have to cut them into several pieces, and drag them to the river-side with their teeth.

After they have got a supply of trees, the beavers begin their work of building. The first thing they do is to make

a dam across the river. This stops the current, and forms a deep pond. The dam is made of logs and branches firmly fixed into the bed of the stream.

The spaces between the posts are filled up with stones and clay, and the whole is made as firm as the little animals can make it. The trees are dragged with their teeth from place to place, as they are wanted; but the stones and clay are carried in an odd way between their fore-paws and their chins.

All the time they are at work, the beavers are constantly moving to and fro, trampling down the soft clay with their paws, and making all as smooth as they can. And it is a curious thing that they do all their work during the night.

Every care is taken to make the dam strong; and when any part of it is broken, the beavers never rest till they have mended it. They are ever on the watch; and the Indians, who know this, try to bring them out of their hiding-places by breaking the dam. In this way the poor beavers are often caught, as they rush forth to mend the breach.

When the dam is finished, the beavers begin to build their little town. The houses are made of the same materials as the dam. They are all built on the edge of the pond; and passages run from them into the ground in all directions.

The door of a beaver's house is under the water — generally three or four feet below the surface. There is no other opening of any kind. All the other passages lead to holes or caves where the beavers can hide themselves from their enemies.

Each house holds from ten to twenty beavers. It has two rooms in it, one above the other. The upper one is where the beavers live. The lower room is used as a place to store their food, which consists chiefly of the bark of the silver-birch and of poplar trees. It is kept under water, safe from the frost, and brought up as it is wanted.

Questions. Where are beavers now chiefly found? What does the name **beaver** mean? Where does the beaver live in summer? What do they do in winter? Why do they like the

bank of a river best? How do they cut down trees? What is the first thing they build? What is the use of this? Where are their houses built? Where is the door made? How many live in one house? How many rooms are in each house? What is the use of each? What is their food?

XXXVIII. THE LION.

The lion is a noble-looking animal. He is found in Asia and in Africa. The African lions are larger and stronger than those in Asia.

The lion belongs to the cat kind; that is, he is similar in form and structure to the cat.

He is about eight feet long, and his height is about four feet and a half. The lion is of a tawny, yellow colour, but some lions found in Persia are nearly black. The male lion has a fine mane. This grows longer and thicker as he becomes old.

The female lion is called a lioness. She is about one fourth less in size than the male lion. Her form is more slender and graceful, and she has no mane. She is very fierce, and will defend her cubs with her life.

The lion seldom attacks any animal openly. During the day he lies asleep in some dark thicket in the forest. At night he comes out to seek his food.

He lies down in the long grass near a stream or pond of water, and waits until some animal comes down to drink.

As soon as he sees one drinking, he creeps slyly through the reeds. Then with a spring and a loud roar, he jumps on the back of his victim.

He seizes his prey by the neck, as a cat does a mouse, and shakes it until it is dead. If he misses his aim, he seldom runs after his prey. He goes quietly back, and lies in wait for another animal.

When he has seized the animal, he carries it off in his mouth to his den in the forest. He then feasts upon it as long as it lasts.

The strength of the lion is very great. One has been known to carry a horse in his mouth more than a mile from

the spot, where he killed it. He often carries off young cattle, and has been seen to leap over a wall with one of them in his mouth.

The lion is very much afraid of man, and will not come near his dwelling-place, unless pressed by hunger. If one is known to be in the woods near a village, the men make a fire, and keep up a great noise all the night to drive him away.

The roar of the lion sounds at a distance like thunder. When cattle hear it, they rush about in great alarm.

If the lion is caught while young, he is very easily tamed. He is often taken about from town to town, in wild beast shows. The lion will perform many tricks at the command of his keeper, and will let him put his hand in his mouth.

In old times, lions were kept by our kings in the Tower of London.

XXXIX. ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

Once at Carthage there was a slave named Androcles, who was so badly treated by his master that he resolved to run away from him. He therefore secretly left his master's house, and hid himself in a forest, some miles distant from the city.

After wandering about for some time, he came to a large cavern, and, overcome by hunger and fatigue, he lay down in it, and soon fell fast asleep.

He was suddenly awakened by the roar of a wild beast; and running to the mouth of the cavern, he was met by a great lion, which stood right in his way, and made it impossible for him to escape!

Androcles expected nothing else than to be at once torn to pieces; but, to his great surprise, the lion came gently towards him, without showing any signs of rage. It gave forth at the same time a low and mournful sound, as if it were begging his assistance. As the lion approached him, he noticed that it limped with one of its legs, and that the foot was swollen, as if it had been wounded.

He then went up to the lion, and taking hold of the wounded paw, examined it as a surgeon would examine a patient. He was not long in finding out the cause of the swelling; for he saw in the ball of the foot a very large thorn. The slave extracted the thorn, and pressed out of the wound a quantity of matter, which gave the lion immediate relief.

Thereupon the lion began to show his gratitude by every means in his power. He jumped about like a playful spaniel, wagged his great tail, and licked the hands and feet of his physician. From that moment Androcles became his guest; and the lion never sallied forth in quest of prey without sharing the produce of his chase with his friend.

The slave continued to live in this savage state for several months. At length, wandering carelessly through the woods, he was seized by a company of soldiers who had been sent out to search for him, and was by them led back to his master.

He was tried as a runaway slave, and was sentenced to be torn by a lion in the public arena.

When the time for his destruction came, Androcles stood in the middle of the arena calmly awaiting his fate. Presently a dreadful yell was heard, which made the spectators start and tremble. A huge lion then sprang out of a den, and darted forward upon its victim with flaming eyes and gaping jaws.

What was the surprise of the multitude when the lion, instead of springing upon the man, and tearing him to pieces, couched submissively at his feet, and fawned upon him like a dog!

The governor of the city then ordered Androcles to explain how it was that the savage beast had, in a moment, become as harmless as a lamb.

In reply, Androcles told the story of his adventures in the woods, and concluded by saying that that was the very lion which stood by his side.

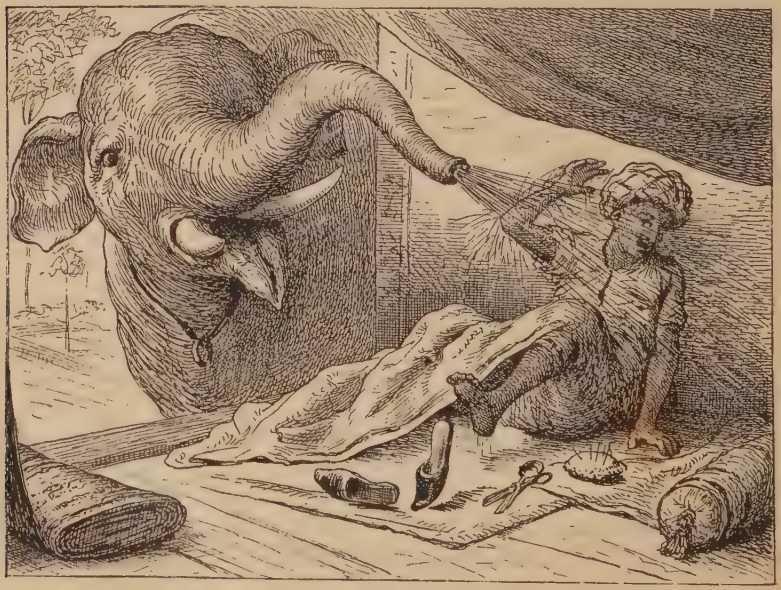
The spectators were so delighted with the story, that they begged the governor to pardon Androcles. This he

did, and he also presented him with the lion which had in this way twice spared his life.

Questions. Why did Androcles go into the forest? Where did he lie down? What startled him? Whence did it proceed? What surprised him greatly? What did the lion seem to be begging? Why did it require it? How did Androcles cure it of its lameness? How did the lion show his gratitude? How long did Androcles remain with him? How was he fed? How was Androcles captured? What sentence was passed upon him? What happened when the lion was let loose? Who asked to have it explained? What was the fate of Androcles, and what that of the lion?

XL. STORIES OF THE ELEPHANT.

In the city of Delhi, in India, a tailor was in the habit of giving some fruit to an elephant, that daily passed the place where he sat at work. So accustomed had the animal become to this, that it regularly put its trunk in at the window, to receive the expected gift.



One day, however, the tailor, being out of humour, thrust his needle into the elephant's trunk, telling it to be gone, as he had nothing to give it.

The elephant passed quietly on; but on coming to a pool of dirty water near by, it filled its trunk and returned. Thrusting its huge head in at the window, it half drowned the poor tailor by pouring a flood of water over him, to the great amusement of those who witnessed the scene!

An army in India was marching up a hill. The large guns, which were very heavy, were drawn by elephants. There was a long train of these animals in regular file, one close behind the other, each drawing its piece of artillery.

On the carriage of one of the guns a soldier was sitting, a little in front of a wheel. The man, being very tired, dropped asleep, and fell from his seat.

The wheel of the carriage, loaded with its heavy gun, was just on the point of rolling over his body. There was no time to get him out of the way.

The elephant in the rear, seeing the danger, but unable to reach the man with its trunk, seized the wheel, and lifting it up, passed it carefully over him, and set it down a little beyond!

XLI. CATCHING WILD ELEPHANTS IN CEYLON.

In catching wild elephants in Ceylon, the natives choose a place near to the forest, and make a fence round it, each post in the fence being the trunk of a tree. Sometimes the space enclosed is so great that the fence extends for several miles! The space inside the fence is called a corral. There are openings like great doorways left in it, by which the elephants are to get in when they come rushing towards it.

When the corral has been made ready, the elephants begin to see blazing lights all around them. These are the fires that the natives have made to frighten the elephants.

The fires seem at first a long way off. But they come nearer and nearer, until the poor elephants are hemmed in by fires on all sides but one. Behind the flames are crowds of men, with white shining sticks and spears in their hands. The men knock these sticks about, and brandish their spears, all the time making a great shouting noise, to frighten the elephants as much as they can.

The elephants look about, to see how they can escape. Only one way is left open, and the whole herd sets off down it with a furious rush. That one way leads them to the corral! As soon as they are in the corral, the natives bar up the doorways, and the poor elephants are penned in, as securely as if they were in a prison.

One by one they must be got out, and this is done with the help of tame elephants which were once caught in the corral themselves; but since then they have been well taught, and are now quite willing to help to catch their old friends of the forest.

When one of the elephants has been got out, the natives bar the doorway behind him. He rushes about in a great fury; but the tame elephants then come, one on each side of him, and stroke him with their trunks, and seem to talk to him.

He becomes a little quieter while they are with him. By-and-by they entice him to follow them away from the corral. When they come to a good strong tree they stop. The natives keep close behind, and contrive to slip a strong rope round one of his legs, and then to coil it round and round the tree. As soon as he is tied fast, his false friends leave him. He tries to follow them; and when he finds that he cannot, he roars and struggles as if he would pull the tree down!

The natives soon come back, and bring him cocoa-nuts and plenty of green leaves to eat. At first he is too angry to eat, and he tosses the cocoa-nuts about, and tramples them under his feet; but in spite of his rage he cannot help getting hungry. By-and-by, he is glad to take all the nuts and good things the natives bring him. In a few days he begins to be tame and gentle; and in a little time he can be made to do anything his master likes. One by one the other elephants in the corral are let out and tamed in the same way.

XLII. STORIES OF TIGERS.

PART I.

Some years ago, a number of English officers in India went out to hunt. On their way home after their day's sport, they found in the jungle a little tiger kitten, not more than a fortnight old.

They took it with them; and when they reached their tent, the little tiger was provided with a tiny dog-collar and chain, and tied to the tent-pole, round which it played and frisked to the delight of all who saw it.

Just as it was growing dark, however, about two hours after the capture, the people in the tent were checked, in the midst of their mirth, by a sound that caused the bravest heart among them to quail.

It was the roar of a tiger! In an instant the little kitten became every inch a tiger, and strained at its chain with all its baby strength, while it replied with a loud wail to the terrible voice outside. The company in the tent were panic-struck, there was something so sudden and so wild in the roar.

Suddenly there leaped into the centre of the tent a huge tigress! Without noticing a single man there, she caught her kitten by the neck. She snapped, by one jerk, the chain which bound it; and, turning to the tent door, dashed off at full speed. One cannot be sorry that not a gun was levelled at the brave mother as she bore her young one off in triumph.

Questions. What has the tigress in the picture got in her mouth? Where has she brought it from? How does it come to have a chain hanging from its neck? Who are those at the door of the tent in the distance? Did they fire at the tigress? Why not? What is the use of her great whiskers to the tigress? What other animals have whiskers?

PART II.

When taken young, the tiger can be tamed. The fakirs, a class of people in India who are in the habit of going about begging, often lead with them tame tigers and leopards; but they are dangerous pets.

A story is told of a gentleman in India, who nearly lost his life by a tame tiger which he had reared.

He was sitting one evening outside his house reading, with his pet couched down beside him. One hand hung by his side, while the other held his book.

The tiger began to lick his hand, and went on doing so for some time. A low growl made the gentleman turn his head and look down. He saw that his hand was covered with blood!

In a moment he knew that the wild nature of the animal had awakened, and that if he withdrew his hand, the tiger

would at once spring upon him. Calling to his servant, whom he saw at a little distance, he told him to fetch a loaded gun, and shoot the tiger dead on the spot.

He then sat quite still, allowing him to growl and to lick the blood at his pleasure. We may feel sure that the moments seemed very long to him. Speedily, however, the servant came near with the gun, very quietly, so as not to disturb the animal, took a steady aim, and shot him through the heart!

XLIII. THE OBSERVING EYE.

1. While a dervish was travelling (on a journey) alone in the desert of Arabia, he met two merchants (traders), who seemed in some distress (anxiety) of mind. "You have lost a camel?" he said. "Indeed we have." "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left hind leg?" continued (added) the dervish. "Yes, yes, he was." "He had lost a front tooth too?" "Exactly (precisely); that is he." "And he was laden with honey on one side and wheat on the other?" "Most certainly (assuredly, undoubtedly); that is the very camel. Pray, fetch him here, and we shall reward (recompense, remunerate) you amply." "Not so fast, my friends", said the dervish, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him but from yourselves." "A very fine story, friend," exclaimed (cried), the merchants, "but where are the jewels he carried (bore, was conveying), in a leathern bag?" "I know nothing of either your camel or your jewels", repeated (reiterated, again said) the cool (calm, dispassionate) and mysterious dervish.

2. This was too exasperating. The merchants accordingly seized (took) him, hurried (brought, carried quickly) him before the cadi, and accused him of (charged him with) having stolen their jewels, and made away with their camel.

But the cadi was extremely puzzled (perplexed, embarrassed) by the case, and could not make up his mind. Upon this, the dervish, with the most thorough composure (calmness, tranquillity), begged leave to address (speak to) the court. "I own", he said, "that there is ground for your suspicions (incredulity, mistrust). But I have lived long and

alone; and I have always been accustomed to use my eyes. I knew that I had crossed the track of a stray camel, because I saw no trace (mark, sign) of human footsteps on the same route (path, course). I knew that he was blind of one eye, because he had cropped the herbage (grass) on one side of the path only; and I thought he must be lame of one leg from the faint impression (print, mark) one foot had left upon the sand.

"I concluded he had lost a tooth, because, wherever he had grazed, a small tuft of grass was left uncropped (untouched) in the centre (middle) of the bite. And the busy ants on one side of the path, and the flies on the other, clearly informed me that he carried both honey and wheat." The cadi was perfectly satisfied and dismissed the case (acquitted the man).

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a. Questions.

1. How did the dervish know he had crossed the track of a stray camel?
2. Why did he conclude that the camel was blind of one eye?
3. Why did the dervish think the camel must be lame of one leg?
4. From what did he conclude the camel had lost a tooth?
5. How did he know what the camel was laden with?
6. What did the merchants think of his knowing so much about the camel?
7. To whom did they hurry him?
8. How did the judge decide the case after having heard the story?

b. Exercises.

1. *Tell the story as though told by the merchants.*
2. *Relate it as though by the dervish.*
3. *As though by the judge.*
4. *Change the sentences.*
   a. The dervish had not seen the jewels **with which** the camel was laden.

b. The dervish didn't know anything about the jewels **of which** the merchants were speaking.

c. The dervish was not guilty of the theft **which** the merchants accused him **of.**

XLIV. THE CAMEL.

1. A great part of Asia and Africa is composed of vast plains of sand, upon which no grass grows, through which no river runs, and which for the most part are as level as a large sea, unruffled by waves. As far as the eye can reach, nothing is to be seen but sand. All is sand, sand, sand, and when the hot mid-day sun pours down its scorching beams the sand seems to glare and dazzle under the eyes of the traveller, so that it looks as if another sun were beneath as well as above.

2. Here and there, but many miles apart, are to be found patches of verdure—green spots consisting of shrubs, trees, and grass, growing around a small pool of water or a bubbling spring. These green spots are called *oases*. Here the tired and worn-out traveller can find food and shade, and sleep awhile, sheltered from the burning rays of the sun.

3. How do you think the traveller crosses these burning plains? Not in wheeled carriages, or on horseback, or in railway trains, but on the backs of tall, long-necked, hump-backed camels.

4. The camel belongs to the same order of animals as the cow, that is, those which chew the cud. It lives on grass, shrubs, and the short dry herbage which is found on the borders of the desert. It is able to eat a large amount of food, and to drink a great quantity of water at one meal. This enables it to go for some days without food, and so to perform long journeys without eat or drink.

5. The camel has a very curious lump of fat on the top of its back called a "hump." One kind of camel has two humps. One purpose that this hump seems to serve, is to supply the camel with strength, when it has neither food nor water, and would otherwise die from want.

6. The foot of the camel is also a wonderful contrivance, and is remarkably well adapted for crossing the soft sandy deserts. It is large, very broad, and has a soft round pad at the bottom, which bears the animal up on the sinking sand.

7. The camel with two humps on its back is much larger and stronger than the camel with one hump. It is often called the Bactrian camel, while the one-humped camel is known as the Arabian camel or dromedary. Asia is believed to be the native country of the camel, but numbers of them are also employed in Africa, and they have been introduced into Australia as well, portions of this country being almost as barren as the deserts of Asia and Africa.

8. The camel is trained to kneel down to receive the load, and to allow its master to get on its back. It can smell water at a great distance. When its rider is nearly dying of thirst, he can tell water is near by the increased rate at which the camel begins to travel.

9. The camel is called by many persons the "ship of the desert." If the desert is like a sea, and the green spots upon it are like islands, so is the camel like a ship, which can carry the traveller from one point to another, quickly and safely.

10. But even with his faithful camel, the merchant does not dare to cross the desert alone. The difficulty of keeping in the right track, and the fear of roving parties of wild Arabs, who are the robbers of the desert, cause a great number of travellers to join together, and thus to cross the desert in company for protection.

11. Travellers take with them camel-drivers and guides who know the way, and who look after the beasts when they encamp at night. These guides light the fires, cook the food, and fill the large skin bottles with water when they come to a spring.

12. The merchants and travellers, camels and camel-drivers, as they journey together in a large party, are called a caravan.

Questions. What is a great part of Asia and Africa composed of? What makes this sand so hot? How are persons

carried across the deserts? What has the camel on its back? Name one use of this hump? What is the camel with two humps on its back often called? How does it differ from the camel with one hump? By what name is the camel with one hump known? What sort of a foot has the camel? Why is it well adapted for crossing the sand? How does the camel receive its load? Why have travellers to keep together in crossing the desert? What is the company of merchants called?

XLV. THE REINDEER.

1. There are several kinds of deer, but the reindeer is the most useful. It is a native of the most northern parts of Europe, Asia and America, and although many attempts have been made to accustom it to a warmer climate, it soon feels the effects of the change, and in a few months declines and dies.

2. In North America and Greenland the reindeer exists only as a wild animal, being hunted for the sake of its skin and flesh; in Europe and Asia, however, it is also kept as a domestic animal. It forms the greater portion of the wealth of the Laplanders, and from it they supply most of their wants.

3. It answers the purposes of a horse, to convey them from one part of the land to another. It answers the purposes of a cow, in giving them milk to make butter and cheese, and it answers the purposes of a sheep, in giving a warm though homely kind of clothing. From this animal, therefore, they receive the advantages which we derive from three of our most useful creatures.

4. The general height of the reindeer is about four feet and a half. It has very curious horns. Each horn has two chief branches, one of which hangs over its forehead, and the other inclines towards its neck. Unlike all other animals of the deer kind, the females have horns like the males.

5. The pace of the reindeer is a kind of rapid trot, and it can continue this for a whole day, dragging a sledge behind it for perhaps a hundred miles. Its hoofs are cloven

and movable. The reindeer spreads them, in walking or running, to prevent itself from sinking into the frozen snow. One singular thing about the hoofs is, that in travelling, they are heard to crack with a pretty loud noise.

6. The colour of the hair on its body is brown above and white beneath. As summer advances, the brown turns to a light gray.

7. Lapland is divided into two districts, the mountainous and the woody. The inhabitants generally reside on the sides of the mountains during the short summer months. On the approach of winter they remove to the plains.

8. One remarkable feature of these plains is that they are often completely covered with a kind of lichen known by the name of reindeer moss. It is of a silvery white colour, and in summer gives to these plains the appearance of snow.

9. It is on this plant that the reindeer lives during the greater part of the year. When the snow covers the ground, it uses its feet and mouth to scrape it away, and finds in abundance the food it is seeking. If the snow is too deep, it repairs to the woods, and lives on the moss it finds on the branches of trees.

10. Although the countries which the reindeer inhabits are so cold, yet during the summer they are infested with swarms of flies. To avoid these, both the Laplanders and the reindeer are compelled to reside on the mountains to be out of their reach. The gad-fly is the greatest enemy of the reindeer. It lays eggs in its skin, and the grubs or maggots which are hatched from them burrow in its flesh, often causing death.

11. The reindeer is a useful beast of burden. Harnessed to a sledge, it can trot ten miles an hour. The sledge is made very light, and covered at the bottom with the skin of a young deer, with the hair on the outside, so as to slide with ease on the frozen snow. In Siberia people sometimes ride on its back.

12. The person who sits on the sledge, guides the animal with a cord fastened round the horns. He encourages

it to proceed with his voice, and drives it with a goad or sharp-pointed stick. The reindeer will travel fifty or sixty miles at a stretch, but it does not generally run without a halt more than thirty miles. On this sledge it can draw a weight of from 240 to 300 lbs.

13. The flesh of the reindeer forms the chief food of the people of Lapland. No part of the dead animal is wasted, and no part thrown away as useless. The skin is made into clothing and boots, and is used instead of bed-clothes and for covering tents; from the horns and hoofs glue may be obtained. Bow-strings, twine, and thread are made of its tendons, and knife-handles and other articles of its bones.

Questions. In what parts of the world is the reindeer found? What happens to it if taken to warm climates? How does it answer the purposes of a horse? How does it answer the purposes of a cow? In what manner does it answer the purposes of a sheep? What is the general height of the reindeer? What sort of horns has it? How are they branched? What sort of hoofs has it? What happens to them when it goes over soft snow? What grows on the plains of Lapland? How does the reindeer get it from under the snow? What fly infests these lands? Where does it lay its eggs? What is the bottom of a sledge covered with? Why? what weight can the reindeer draw? Tell some uses of the reindeer when dead.

XLVI. EYES AND NO EYES.

"Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

R. I have been to Broomheath, and so round by the windmill upon Campmount, and home through the meadows by the river-side.

Mr. A. Well, that is a pleasant round.

R. I thought it very dull, sir; I scarcely met with a single person. I would rather have gone along the turnpike road.

Mr. A. Why, if seeing men and horses is your object, you would, indeed, be better entertained on the high-road. But did you see William?

R. We set out together; but he lagged behind in the lane; so I walked on and left him: he is so tedious always stopping to look at this thing and that!

Mr. A. Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?

W. O sir, the pleasantest walk! I went all over Broom-heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the hill, and then down among the green meadows by the side of the river.

Mr. A. Why, that is just the round Robert has been taking, and he complains of dulness.

W. I wonder at that! I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me, and I have brought my handker-chief home full of curiosities.

Mr. A. Suppose, then, you give us some account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

W. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy, so I did not mind it much, but made the best of my way. However, I spied a thing curious enough in the hedge. It was an old crab-tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Mr. A. Ah! this is mistletoe, a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids of old in their religious rites and incantations. It is one of those plants which do not grow in the ground by a root of their own, but fix themselves upon other plants; whence they have been styled parasitical, as being hangers-on, or dependants.

W. When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was! The air was so fresh, and the prospect on every side so unbounded! Then it was all covered with gay flowers, many of which I never observed before. There were at least three kinds of heath (I have got them in my handker-chief here). There was a flock of lapwings, too, upon a

marshy part of the heath, that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round just over my head, and crying **peewit** so distinctly, one might almost fancy they spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings was broken, and often tumbled close to the ground; but as I came near, he always made a shift to get away.

Mr. A. Ha, ha! you were finely taken in then! This was all an artifice of the bird to entice you away from its nest: for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be observed, did not they draw off the attention of intruders by their loud cries and counterfeit lameness.

W. I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, often over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy, who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel, and I had a good deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price it sells at. Well, I then took my course up to the windmill on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill in order to get a better view of the country round. What an extensive prospect! I counted fifteen church steeples; and I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations; and I could trace the windings of the river all along the low grounds, till it was lost behind a ridge of hills. But I'll tell you what I mean to do, sir, if you will give me leave. I will go again, and take with me your county map, by which I shall probably be able to make out most of the places.

Mr. A. You shall have it, and I will go with you, and take my pocket spy-glass.

W. From the hill I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked at the side of a brook that runs into the river. It was all bordered with reeds and flags, and tall, flowering plants, quite different from those I had seen on the heath. There were a great many large dragon-flies all about the stream. I caught one of the finest and have got him here in a leaf. But how I longed to catch a bird that I saw hovering over the water, and every now and

then darting down into it! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with some orange colour. It was somewhat less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.

Mr. A. I can tell you what that bird was, — a kingfisher, the celebrated halcyon of the ancients, about which so many tales are told. It lives on fish, which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds in holes in the banks, and is a shy, retired bird, never to be seen far from the stream which it inhabits.

W. I must try to get another sight of him, for I never saw a bird that pleased me so much. Well, I followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank. There were a great many swallows sporting upon the surface of the water, that entertained me with their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream, sometimes they pursued one another so quick that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a high, steep sandbank rose directly above the river, I observed some of them go in and out of holes, with which the bank was bored full.

Mr. A. Those were sandmartins, the smallest of our four species of swallows. They are of a mouse-colour above, and white beneath. They make their nests and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great depth, and by their situation are secure from all plunderers.

W. A little farther I saw a man in a boat, who was catching eels in an odd way. He had a long pole with broad iron prongs at the end, just like Neptune's trident, only there were five instead of three. This he pushed straight down into the mud in the deepest parts of the river, and fetched up the eels sticking between the prongs.

Mr. A. I have seen this method; it is called spearing eels or eel-spearing.

W. While I was looking at him a heron came flying over my head, with his large, flapping wings. He alighted at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far

as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently he darted his long bill as quick as lightning into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he settled.

Mr. A. Probably his nest was there, for herons build upon the loftiest trees they can find, and sometimes in society together like rooks.

W. I then turned homeward across the meadows, and I got to the high field next our house just as the sun was setting. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged with purple, and crimson, and yellow, and were of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the sun appears just as it sets!

Mr. A. It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent enlargement of the moon at its rising. It is an optical deception, depending upon principles which I cannot well explain to you till you know more of that branch of science. But what a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has afforded you! Did you see nothing of all these sights, Robert?

R. I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them; I did not care about them, and I made the best of my way home.

Mr. A. That would have been right had you been sent a message; but, as you only walked for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is, one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses they frequented in different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the Channel without making some observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant, thoughtless youth is whirled

through Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble in town and country. Do **you** then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and **you**, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use.

XLVII. LOOK OUT.

As an American canal boat was passing under a bridge, the captain gave the usual warning by calling aloud, "Look out" when a Frenchman, who was sitting by a window in the cabin, obeyed the order by popping out his head, which received a severe thump from a pillar. He drew it back in a great pet, exclaiming, "Dese Americans cry look out, when dey mean look in!"

The Frenchman did not understand the meaning of the words, "look out". The verb **to look** is used with several prepositions and adverbs.

1. to **look about**, to look on all sides, or in different directions.
2. to **look after**, to take care of. For instance: a fisherman **looks after** his nets to see if they are in good order; the shepherd looks after his sheep.
3. to **look for**, to expect, to search. We **look for** a pen, for a book, when we don't know where it is.
   The farmer **looks for** a good harvest, he expects a good harvest.
4. We **look into** a thing when we inspect it closely.
5. to **look on**, to regard or esteem, to be a mere spectator, a **looker on** means merely a spectator.
6. to **look out**, which the Frenchman took in its literal sense, also means: to be on the watch or outlook.
7. to **look over**, to examine one by one.
   to **overlook**, to pass over without remarking.
8. to **look to**, to take care of; look to your books, to your business; to resort to with confidence or expectation of receiving.

9. to **look through,** to penetrate with the eye or with the understanding:

Let us see if we can use some of these expressions in the stories we know.

When the woodman is leaving home for the wood he **looks for** his axe.

When in the wood he **looks over** the trees to see which one is to be felled.

The **dervish** was accustomed to **look about** him when travelling.

The merchants did not **look after** their camels in the right way, otherwise they would not have lost one, or they would not have **overlooked** its absence.

When they had hurried the dervish before the judge, the matter was not easy to **look into** (to be looked into; to sift, to be sifted).

XLVIII. SIR, I AM A CORPORAL.

During the American War, the captain of a little band of soldiers was giving orders to those under him, about a heavy beam that they were endeavouring to raise to the top of some military works which they were repairing. The weight was almost beyond their power (to raise), and the voice of the superintendent was often heard shouting, "Heave away! There it goes! Heave, ho!"

An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the superintendent why he did not render a little aid. The latter, astonished, turning round with all the pomp of an emperor, said, "Sir, I am a corporal!"

"You *are,* are you?" replied the officer; "I was not aware of that;" and taking off his hat, he bowed, saying, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal."

Upon this he dismounted, and pulled till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. And when the beam was raised, turning to the little great man, he said, —

"Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your Commander-in-chief, and I shall gladly come to help you a second time!"

The corporal was thunder-struck. It was Washington!

XLIX. A STRIKE IN A STORM.

1. One of the Easter pieces brought out at Drury Lane Theatre contained (had) a scene which represented (imitated) a terrible storm at sea. As machines for making artificial oceans had not yet been invented, the turbulent (agitated, boisterous) element was imitated by little boys, who bobbed about on the stage under a cloth painted sea-green.

2. Several young gentlemen were engaged for this purpose at one (a) shilling a night. But when the run of the piece was slackening, this magnificent payment was reduced to (one) half. The "**waves**" immediately called a meeting, and resolved that the entire sea should strike (stop work).

Accordingly, that night, although the peas and sieves pattered away like hail, the powdered resin flashed forth its direst lightning, and the sheet iron rolled out terrific (awful, dreadful) thunder, — the sea, to the horror of the prompter, was as calm as a new carpet. He raged louder than the half-made storm, lifted the margin (edge, border) of the ocean, and shouted to the boys to toss about with energy. Upon this an urchin popped out his head from the briny deep and inquired (asked, demanded), "Sixpenny waves or shilling ones, if you please, sir?" "Shilling ones, if you like," shouted the furious prompter. At once a storm came on; and the waves rose higher than ever under the happy influence (inducement, encouragement) of the new commotion.

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a. Questions.

1. What scene did the piece contain?
2. Had machines for making artificial oceans been invented?
3. How was the ocean shown?
4. What had the little boys to do?
5. How was the cloth painted?
6. What were they paid a night?
7. What was the payment reduced to when the run of the piece had slackened?
8. What did the "waves" do then?
9. What did they resolve on?
10. How did the sea remain that night?
11. What did the prompter do?

12. What did he shout to the boys?
13. Upon this what did one little urchin do?
14. What sort of waves did the prompter order?

b. Additional Remarks.

1. Drury Lane Theatre is in London, a noted theatre in the metropolis. There are other large theatres besides, for instance the Lyceum, Criterion, Adelphi, Gaiety, Globe, etc.; and various opera-houses, Her Majesty's*), Covent Garden and others.

2. The boys were paid a shilling a night.

A wave that is made for sixpence is called a sixpenny wave. A loaf of bread that costs sixpence is called a sixpenny loaf.

c. Writing Exercises.

1. *Write the story as related by the prompter.*
2. *As told by one of the boys.*

TABLE OF ENGLISH MONEY.

10/— (10 shillings)

1 £ (one pound or: sovereign)

1/—

5/—

*) This theatre has been lately pulled down.

The English money table is as follows:
A pound has twenty shillings,
a shilling has twelve pence,
a penny has four farthings.
There are **gold, silver** and **copper** coins.
There are sovereigns and half sovereigns in gold,
shilling, two shilling, four shilling, five shilling, two and sixpenny, sixpenny, and threepenny pieces in silver.
Pennies, half-pennies and farthings are of copper.
A two shilling piece is called a florin; a five-shilling piece, a crown, a two-and sixpenny piece, half-a-crown.

L. QUIET TEMPER.

Dr Hugh, Bishop of Worcester, had a weather-glass which cost thirty guineas. (A guinea is twenty-one shillings, but there is now no coin called so). One day his servant was ordered to bring it into the room to show it to some friends who had called upon him; but, in handing it to his lordship, he let it fall, and it broke in pieces. The good old man desired his guests not to be uneasy at the accident. I think, said he, it is a lucky omen; we have had a long dry season, now I hope we shall have rain, for I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so low before.

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a. Questions.

1. Who had the costly weather-glass?
   In whose possession was it?
   Who was the owner of the weather-glass?
2. Who was ordered to bring it into the room?
   Whom did he order to bring it into the room?
   Who was to bring it into the room?
3. Who was shown the weather-glass?
4. What happened when the servant handed it to his master?
5. What did the Bishop say when the glass was broken?
6. There is another name for a weather-glass.
   What is it also called? Barometer. Barometer is a Greek word meaning measure of weight, because the weight of the air is indicated by that instrument.
   When the air is warm and moist, it is light; when the air is cold and dry, it is heavy.

There is also an instrument for measuring heat and cold, the thermometer.

The heat causes the mercury or quicksilver to swell or to rise, the cold makes it contract or fall.

7. Why is quicksilver called "mercury"? Because it is as quick and nimble as Mercury, the messenger of the gods was said to be. Mercury is often represented as having wings at his heels.

b. Writing Exercises.

1. The bishop **ordered** his servant to bring in the barometer.

The servant **was ordered** to bring in, etc.

Change the following sentences in the same manner:

The heat causes the quicksilver to swell.

The cold makes the mercury contract.

The heaviness of the air causes the mercury to rise.

The lightness of the air makes the quicksilver fall.

The prompter ordered the boys to bob about on the stage.

The good old man desired his guests not to be uneasy.

2. *Write the last story using the following verbs and words:*

to bid, request, ask.

to exhibit, to show.

to desire.

Disquieted, annoyed, concerned.

Mishap, occurrence.

Sign, prognostication.

Recollect, call to mind.

LI. COOLNESS.

In 1793, when Bonaparte was besieging Toulon, which was then in the possession of the English, he was one day directing the construction of a battery. The enemy perceived this, and opened a warm fire upon it. Bonaparte was anxious to send off a despatch, and asked for a sergeant who could write.

One immediately stepped out of the ranks and wrote a letter at his dictation. It was scarcely finished when a

cannon-ball fell between Bonaparte and himself, and covered them with dust. The sergeant, looking towards the English lines, said: "Gentlemen, I am much obliged to you; I did not think you were so polite. I was just wanting a little sand for my letter".

The expression (remark) and the coolness of the sergeant struck Napoleon, and he did not forget it. The sergeant was soon promoted, and finally became a general. His name was Junot.

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a. Questions.

1. What town was Bonaparte besieging?
2. Where is Toulon?
3. In whose possession was it then?
4. What was Bonaparte superintending one day?
5. What did he want to send off?
6. Whom did he ask for?
7. What happened when the letter was finished?
8. What did the sergeant say?
9. What did the sergeant become?
10. What did Bonaparte become in 1804? He became Emperor of the French. Where and when was he born? He was born on the Island of Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769.

    Where and when did he die? He died on the Island of St. Helena, on the 5th of May, 1821. Where does it lie? It lies in the South Atlantic Ocean at a distance of 1,200 miles from Africa. The capital is Jamestown.

b. Writing Exercises.

1. *Write the story without a book.*
2. *Dictation.*

LII. THE THREE OPINIONS.

1. In ancient times, the Persian army was marching upon a little town in Greece. A council of the citizens was called to discuss the best means of fortifying it.

2. A bricklayer gave it as his opinion that brick was the best material for the purpose.

3. A carpenter rose, and begged leave to suggest (advise, recommend) that timber would be much better.

4. Upon this, a tanner started up, and shouted from the farthest end of the room: "Gentlemen, when all is said that can be said, you will find there is nothing like leather."

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a. Questions.

1. What army was marching upon a little town in Greece?
2. What was called to discuss the best means of fortifying it?
3. Who rose first?
4. What did the bricklayer give as his opinion?
5. Who spoke after him?
6. Did the carpenter agree with the bricklayer?
7. Who was the third?
8. What did the tanner say?

b. Writing Exercise.

Write the story without the book.

LIII. TRADES.

Many trades are connected with the making and procuring of all those things which we want to make our life comfortable.

The **farmer** and the **gardener** grow all kinds of corn and vegetables for our use; the farmer also supplies the market with milk, butter and cheese, cattle and sheep, and also poultry and eggs.

The **miller** is constantly employed in grinding corn for our use, and the **baker** in making bread.

The **butcher** supplies five sorts of meat.

Beef, the flesh of the ox or cow; **veal**, the flesh of the calf; **mutton**, the flesh of the sheep; **pork**, the flesh of the pig; and lamb.

Does it not seem strange that the word for the flesh of the ox and sheep when dead should not be the same as when alive? Why do we not ask the butcher for a sirloin of ox or a leg of sheep?

This is the reason. The names of the **live animals** were given to them of old by the **Saxon farmers**; but the

meat was named by the Normans. The Normans fought with the Saxons and became masters of England.

The **fisherman** toils all day, and frequently all night, to supply us with fish; the **fish-curer** dries, salts, and pickles fish for food.

The **brewer** makes beer, porter, and ale. Many people are employed making malt.

The **grocer** sells us tea, sugar, and coffee, besides many other things; the **green-grocer** sells all sorts of vegetables, and sometimes butter, and eggs.

The **confectioner** makes us sweet-meats, and cakes.

Before we can be dressed in our clothes, a great many people have been employed about them. The **weaver** has to make the cloth, the **dyer** to stain it with bright colours; then we have to buy it from the **clothier**. The **tailor** and the **dressmaker** have to cut it out, and make it into garments or articles of clothing for us.

The **tanner** has to work a long time before he can make a piece of leather for our shoes. Then the **shoemaker** has to measure our feet, and make the shoes of the proper size.

The **hatter** has to furnish us with a hat, or the **straw-plaiter** with a bonnet. Then we have to buy a pair of gloves from the glover. The **pin-maker** has to set to work in order that we may have pins, and our clothes could not be made without the aid of needles, or fastened on without buttons, hooks and eyes. When we wish to wash our hands, the **potter** has to supply us with a basin, the **soap-boiler** has to make a piece of soap for us, and the **brush-maker** a brush to clean our teeth and nails.

The **cutler** sends a knife to cut a slice of bread, the **glass-blower** a tumbler for water and beer, and the **tinsmith** a saucepan to cook our dinner. The **mason** builds us a house, the **carpenter** and **joiner** fit it up, and the **painter** and **paper-hanger** have each to share in the work before the house is finished.

The **upholsterer** furnishes it comfortably for us. When we go to live in it, we may wish to write a letter, so the **papermaker** supplies paper, and pens and ink have to be made. All this the **stationer** will provide us with. We

may wish for a book. The **bookseller** will be glad to sell one to us; but the **printer** had to print the letters and words, and the **bookbinder** to put on a nice cover, before the book was ready to be sold.

We may wish to go on a journey; then the **coach-maker** is ready to supply us with a coach, or if we prefer riding, the **saddler** will very soon send a saddle and bridle, and the **blacksmith** will put iron shoes on the horse's feet, to make him gallop more easily along the hard roads. Should we wish to travel by water, the **ship-builder** has a ship or a steamboat ready for our use, and the **sailor** is willing to steer it, and bring us quickly to our journey's end.

The **candle-maker** and the people who make gas are busy all day that we may have light when it grows dark; and the **coal-miner** is working deep under the ground that we may have a cheerful fire.

It is a wonderful thing to think how many trades there are, and how almost everybody is employed in some way for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. To make the exchange of articles more convenient, many people are employed in making gold, silver, and copper into pieces of money: This is called coining, and the pieces of money are coins. People get and give them in exchange, when they sell or buy from other people. If we had no money, the shoe-maker would have to give the baker a pair of shoes for his bread, and the grocer another pair for his tea and sugar. This would be very inconvenient, for the baker and grocer would not always be in want of a pair of shoes, so the shoemaker would have to find something they needed, and giving the shoes for that, bring it to the baker to exchange for his loaf, or the grocer for his tea and sugar. It would be troublesome to do this, and also require a great deal of time, so it is much better to have pieces of money with which to pay for what we buy.

Writing Exercises.

1. *Enumerate what the different tradesmen supply us with.*
2. *Change active sentences into passive ones, e. g.* The farmer grows all kinds of vegetables. All kinds of vegetables are grown by the farmer.

LIV. THE CHOICE OF TRADES.

FIRST BOY.

1. When I'm a man — a man,
I'll be a **farmer**, if I can;
I'll plough the ground, and the seed I'll sow;
I'll reap the grain, and the grass I'll mow;
I'll bind the sheaves, and I'll rake the hay,
And pitch it up in the mow away,
When I'm a man.

SECOND BOY.

2. When I'm a man,
I'll be a **carpenter**, if I can;
I'll **plane** like **this**, and I'll **hammer** — so!
And **this** is the **way** my **saw** shall go:
I'll make **bird-houses** and **boxes** and **boats**,
And a **ship** that shall race every vessel that floats,
When I'm a man.

THIRD BOY.

3. When I'm a man,
A **blacksmith** I'll be, if I can;
Clang, clang, clang shall my anvil ring;
And **this** is the way the **blows** I'll swing:
I'll **shoe** your horse, sir, neat and tight;
Then I'll trot down the lane, to see if 'tis right,
When I'm a man.

FOURTH BOY.

4. When I'm a man,
A **mason** I'll be, if I can;
I'll lay a **brick this way**, and lay one **that**;
Then take my **trowel** and **smooth** them **flat**;
Great chimneys I'll make; I think I'll be able
To build one as high as the **Tower of Babel**,
When I'm a man.

FIFTH BOY.

5. When I'm a man,
I'll be a **shoemaker**, if I can;
I'll sit on a **bench**, with my **last** held **so**,

And in and out shall my needle go:
I'll sew so strong that my work shall wear,
Till nothing is left but my stitches there,
When I'm a man.

SIXTH BOY.

6. When I'm a man,
A printer I'll be, if I can;
I'll make pretty books, with pictures all through;
And papers I'll print, and send them to you:
I'll have the first reading — oh, won't it be fun
To read all the stories before they are done,
When I'm a man?

TOGETHER.

7. When we are men,
We hope we shall do great things; and then,
Whatever we do, this thing we'll say,
We'll do our work in the very best way:
And you shall see, if you know us then,
We'll be good and honest and useful men,
When we are men.

Questions. 1. What does the first boy say he will be? 2. What description of work would he do? 3. What does the second boy mean to be? 4. What kind of things will he make? 5. What will he also build? 6. What does the third boy wish to be? 7. What will his chief work be? 8. What trade does the fourth boy mean to follow? 9. What high buildings would he like to raise? 10. What work will the fifth boy do for a living? 11. In what manner will he show the strength and thoroughness of his work? 12. What does the sixth boy think he would like to be? 13. What kind of books will he make? 14. What will he like best in his work? 15. What manner of work do all these boys intend to do?

LV. THE WONDERFUL PUDDING.

Our uncle Robert one day came to us, and asked us to dinner. He said he would give us a pudding the materials of which had given work to more than a thousand men!

"A pudding that has taken a thousand men to make! Then it must be as large as a church!"

"Well, my boys," said uncle Robert, "to-morrow at dinner-time you shall see it."

Scarcely had we taken our breakfast next day, when we prepared (got ready) to go to our uncle's house.

When we got there, we were surprised (astonished) to see everything as calm and quiet as usual.

At last we sat down to table. The first dishes were removed (taken away) — our eyes were eagerly (with great interest, anxiously) fixed on the door — in came the pudding! It was a plumpudding of the usual (common, ordinary) kind — not a bit larger!

"This is not the pudding that you promised us," said my brother.

"It is indeed," said uncle Robert.

"O uncle! you do not mean to say that more than a thousand men have helped to make that little pudding?"

"Eat some of it first, my boy; and then take your slate and pencil, and help me to count the workmen," said uncle Robert.

"Now," said uncle Robert "to make this pudding we must first have flour; and how many people must have laboured to procure (get, obtain) it!

"The ground must have been ploughed, and sowed, and harrowed and reaped. To make the plough, miners, smelters (men who melt the iron ore to get the iron), and smiths, — wood-cutters, sawyers, and carpenters, — must have laboured.

"The leather of the harness for the horses had to be tanned, and prepared for the harness-maker. Then, we have the builders of the mill, and the men who quarried the millstones and made the machine-work of the mill.

"Then think of the plums, the lemon peel, the spices, the sugar; all these come from distant countries; and to get them hither, ships, ship-builders, sail-makers, sailors, growers, merchants, and grocers have been employed.

"Then we need eggs, milk, and suet."

"Oh, stop, stop, uncle!" cried I. "I am sure you have counted a thousand!"

"I have not reckoned all (taken all into account), my child. We must cook the pudding, and then we must reckon colliers who bring us coal, miners who dig for tin and iron for the saucepan. Then there is the linen of the cloth it was wrapped in. To make this we must reckon those who grow the flax, and gather it, and cord (comb) it, and spin it, and weave it, and all the workmen who make the looms and machines."

Robert and I both said we were quite satisfied that there were more than a thousand men employed.

Writing Exercise.

Write about all the people employed in making a plum-pudding, taking into consideration the **flour**, the **plums** and **spices**; the **eggs, milk**, the saucepan, and the **cloth.**

LVI. SHOP-KEEPING.

I.

Teacher. Now we will keep shop, and see how much we know about the things we sell. What will you be, James?

James. I will be a grocer, sir.

Teacher. What do you keep in your shop?

James. Tea and coffee, tobacco and snuff, rice and sugar, with many other things.

Charles. What is tea, and where do you get it from?

James. The tea grows in China and other parts of Asia. People **pick off the leaves** and **dry** them, **pack them in boxes**, and **send them off** to all parts of the world, chiefly England and America.

Frank. And what is coffee?

James. The berry of a small tree, which grows in Arabia, the West Indies, and other hot countries. The berries are **sent over** to us in a green state. We **roast** them, and **grind them**, and **then they are fit for use.**

John. Do you keep cocoa in your shop?

James. Yes; for some people drink it, though it is not so much used as tea and coffee.

John. What is cocoa made of?

James. The nut of a tree, which grows mostly in the island of Trinidad.

Charles. I suppose you sell sugar. What is that made of?

James. Some is made of the sap or juice of the sugar cane, a plant that grows in the West Indies and other very hot countries. The juice is pressed out and refined once, and we get brown or moist sugar. It is refined again, and we get white or lump sugar. There is another kind of sugar made from beet-root.

Teacher. What do you call the liquid which drains off?

James. Golden syrup or treacle. I sell a great deal of that.

Frank. What is rice?

James. A grain that will only grow where the climate is both very hot and very wet. Land which is sometimes covered with water, such as the valley of the Ganges or the Nile, suits rice the best. My best Patna rice comes from India. The natives of India eat hardly anything but rice, which grows there in large quantities.

John. What are tobacco and snuff made from?

James. From the leaves of a plant which grows in America and the warmer parts of Europe.

Teacher. We have not time left to ask much about dried fruits, but I suppose you sell them.

James. Oh yes, sir. Pudding plums; or as we ought to call them raisins, from Spain, and currants, which are a smaller kind of dried grapes, from Greece and the islands near it.

Teacher. Well, Mr. Grocer, you have given a very good account of the goods in your shop. Do you know what the word grocer means?

James. No, sir, I do not.

Teacher. It means one who sells things by the gross, that is, in large quantities.

II.

Teacher. Pray, what are you, John?

John. I am a baker, sir, and sell bread and rolls.

Frank. What do you make your bread of?

John. Flour, or ground wheat. Much of the wheat we use here is grown in our own country, but a great deal comes from America and Central Europe.

Teacher. Do you get your flour direct from the farmers?

John. Oh no, sir. The wheat goes to the miller to be ground. He puts it between two mill-stones and crushes it into powder. This is meal, and I use it to make brown bread.

Philip. And what is your white bread made of?

John. The miller bolts or sifts the meal and takes out the bran. This leaves fine flour. I use it for my white bread, and the bran is given to the pigs and horses.

Frank. How do you make your bread?

John. I put some flour into a large pan, and make a hole in it. Into this I pour some yeast or barm mixed with warm water; I cover it up and let it rise by the fire. When it has risen I add some more water and some salt. Then I knead it well, divide it into loaves and bake it.

Teacher. Very well. I think our baker quite understands his business. What will you be, Albert?

Albert. A butcher, sir. I sell beef and veal, mutton and lamb, as well as pork.

John. What is beef?

Albert. The flesh of the ox. English beef is the best in the world, and English people are said to eat a great deal of it.

John. And what is veal?

Albert. The flesh of the calf.

Charles. What are mutton and lamb?

Albert. Mutton is the flesh of the sheep when grown up; lamb, when young.

Philip. And what is pork?

Albert. The flesh of the pig.

Teacher. I am afraid all your meat is dear. The price of meat is so very high just now.

III.

Teacher. Now for you, Philip, what will you be?

Philip. A stationer, sir. I sell paper, pens, and ink.

Albert. What is your paper made of?

Philip. Old rags.

Teacher. Yes: all the rags of England go to make paper, and we import a great many from other countries. But this is not half enough to supply our papermills.

James. Is anything else used, then, to make paper?

Teacher. Yes; both straw and wood. A great deal of paper is also made from a sort of wild grass called esparto, which grows on the south coast of Spain and the north of Africa.

Charles. What pens do you sell?

Philip. The best quill pens from the wing feathers of geese, and steel pens of all kinds. Steel pens are most used now.

James. What ink have you?

Philip. The best black ink, as well as blue and violet. Black ink is made from gall-nuts steeped in water and green copperas. Now, Andrew, what will you be?

Andrew. A draper, sir. I sell calico and print, linen, brown holland and flannel.

Philip. What are your calico and print made from?

Andrew. A white downy substance found in the pods of the cotton plant.

Teacher. Where does the cotton plant grow?

Andrew. Towards the south of North America, as well as in Egypt and India. The cotton comes in ships to England and is woven into calico. When the calico is stamped with a coloured pattern, we call it print.

James. What are your linen and brown holland made from?

Andrew. The stalks of flax, a plant which grows chiefly in Ireland.

Frank. And what are flannel and broad cloth made from?

Andrew. The wool which we shear every year from the sheep's back.

Teacher. We must not ask our draper about the rest of his goods; it is too late. Good morning to you all.

Boys. Good morning, sir.

LVII. FOURTH PICTURE.

WINTER.

I.

(Reading.)

What does this picture represent? This picture represents winter, the last and coldest season of the whole year. What are the signs of winter? Storms of cold wind, and of sleet and snow; then the frost and the ice; long nights, short days; snow-covered mountains and fields. The bare and naked trees, too, tell us that it is winter-time.

What difference do you remark between this season and autumn? The warm, sunny days of autumn are gone. It is cold, frosty and bleak now. The fruits, the flowers and the leaves of nearly all the trees have gone, and the brilliant tints have faded into sober brown on such trees as keep their leaves till spring-time comes, as for instance, the oak and the beech; only those we call **evergreens** keep green, as firs and holly trees. All is barren now. The sun shines, but its rays bring little warmth except at noon.

The merry laugh of children at work or play in the woods is not heard now, their work there is done, for the fir-cones, sticks and dry leaves have been collected and carried home for winter use; the acorns, beech-nuts, gall-nuts, too, for use in various ways, so the nuts are all gone.

II. FROST.

What kind of weather is it? Look at the picture. It is a frosty day. It has frozen, it is freezing hard now. Have you a thermometer? Please, bring one. How many degrees of cold does it mark? The mercury has sunk below Zero; it stands at — degrees above (or below) Zero, the freezing point.

What do you see on the window-panes? The pattern of trees and flowers.

What is it? It is frost. What is it out-of-doors that makes all the trees, with every branch and twig, white and glittering in the sunlight? It is hoar-frost.

The frost has frozen up rivers, ponds, lakes and all the smaller pieces of water. This pond is frozen. It is a sheet

of ice now, thick enough to bear the weight of many people. What are they doing? They are sliding and skating; the ice is quite safe now until a thaw sets in. How thick do you think it is? It must be several inches thick. Why are the men cutting the ice and dragging it away? To store it in ice cellars for many useful purposes; e. g. for keeping meat, fish, and beer cool, and for sick persons.

III. ICE AND SNOW SPORTS.

Let us observe the skaters; can you skate? Yes, I can skate. Can you put your own skates on? No, I cannot; they must be screwed on for me. Do you use straps? I use straps, heel and toe straps, to keep the skates firm. Skates must be firmly strapped on. How are the straps fastened? They are buckled with strong buckles. Who puts on your skates for you if you cannot put them on yourself? A man who has a bench for this purpose; you go to him if you require his services.

What is done to prevent accidents? Precautions are taken. A notice is put up by the skating club to warn skaters off dangerous parts, and to tell them not to disobey printed orders. What does the club provide? The club provides ropes, ladders and so on, and it pays some person to take charge of these things. In case of accident what may the skaters be sure of? That assistance will be promptly rendered, (forthcoming). Whom do you see skating? Some gentlemen and ladies, boys and a girl are skating. Do they skate well? The gentlemen and ladies skate very well. They curve and glide along in so many graceful positions without falling, and cut figures on the ice.

Look at that gentleman skating. How does he set about it? He strikes out firmly, and he keeps his balance in every possible turn and curve.

Who else is skating well? A lady and gentleman are skating very well together. What are those children doing? They are learning to skate. Look at the little girl. Is she afraid? Yes, she is afraid of tumbling, the ice is so very smooth and slippery. Who helps, and encourages her to try

to skate? Her brother does, and the little girl is holding his hand fast.

Is the ice covered with snow? No, not at present; the snow has been swept away. What are the girl and boy on the right doing? They are making a snow-man. Where? There it is, as large as life! He has stones stuck in for eyes and a stick is put into his hand. What has he in his mouth? He has a stick in his mouth for a pipe.

What is the boy in the middle of the road doing? He is rolling an immense snowball along; some little snowballs are lying near. What have the children been doing? They have been making snowballs. Why did they make them? To snowball each other with. Why? To keep themselves warm. Do you see the lad who has tumbled? Yes, he has fallen on his back. Is he hurt? I should think not; we rarely hurt ourselves in tumbling on the ice. How is that? **Because the ice gives.** What are those things near the milestone? There are books, bags, slates, a glove and a hat lying about in the snow. Who has put them there? The scholars have thrown them down there, and they are having a famous game. What are the boy and girl on the hill-side to the left doing? They are tobogganning. What is that? To toboggan is to slide down a hill sitting on something. What are these children using for this purpose? They have a hand-sledge and slide down the hill on it from top to bottom. How do they get it carried to the top? They push or drag it up the hill for a fresh start. Have the English sledges to drive about in, like those the Americans and Germans use? No, in England it is not so cold; to see such sledges as you see in Germany would be a rare occurrence, indeed.

IV. SLEDGES AND THE SMITHY.

We were speaking about sledges. Where is there a sledge? There is one at the blacksmith's door. What kind of sledge is it? It is the winter post-sledge, a closed carriage. What has it instead of wheels? It has thick pieces of wood bound with iron, instead of wheels, which glide rapidly, smoothly and noiselessly over the snow. What gives notice of its approach? There are bells which tinkle merrily, giving

notice to people on the way. What is on the top of the roof? That is the passengers' luggage. Who is at the window? A passenger is looking out of the window. Where is the coachman? He is on the box. What does he wear? He wears a thick, blue cloth coat, with warm collar and cape. What is he doing? He is holding the reins with one hand and reaching for the mug with the other. Why must they wait? Perhaps the horse had lost a shoe, or had got one loose, or it had to be **rough-shod**. What does rough-shod mean? It means that the horses' shoes are supplied with nails to prevent them from slipping on the slippery roads.

Do you know the expression: **To ride rough-shod?** It means to have no regard for the feelings of others. Who is attending to the horse? The blacksmith. It is his smithy or workshop. There is the forge fire. What makes it blaze? Some one must be blowing the bellows so that the iron in the fire may get red hot. Why? In order to beat it out on the anvil.

How do you know that it is a smithy? Because I see the forge, and a horse-shoe is hanging out for a sign.

What is a horse's shoe the sign of?

It is a sign of good-luck to the finder and possessor, therefore articles in the shape of horse-shoes are given as auspicious presents.

Where do you see another sledge?

It is gliding along on the far side of the pond, but it is different from the sledge near us.

It is a graceful, light sledge, and open.

There are many of this sort to be seen, and many are of different construction; some like swans, stately things with gilt trappings; some like muscle-shells placed on light springs.

Should you not like to be on one?

We should like it very much, but it would be very cold. People who drive in sledges must wrap themselves up very warmly.

What do they wear?

They wear furs, fur caps, fur capes, fur boas, gloves, muffs, mittens, and over their knees a large fur rug spread out.

V. MISCELLANEOUS.

Look at the blacksmith's house. Who is looking out of the window? The smith's little girl is watching the children at play and her mother sweeping the snow; she watches the birds, too. Why does she not go and play? She is poorly; a medicine bottle stands near her in the corner of the window-ledge. The raven does not mind the woman's broom. What is her broom made of? It is made of birch (a birch-broom).

Is there much snow to be swept away? Yes, a good deal. It has drifted against the wall and rushed down from the house-top. Can you see the icicles? We see a number hanging from the roofs. What is that at the gable-end of the house? It is a pile of logs. What animals do you espy under the fir trees at the edge of the wood? They are hares in search of food; it is scarce now. Animals approach the habitations of men when the winter is cold. Some birds, such as ravens and blackbirds, constantly fly round about the houses. Their food is frozen in, and covered under the snow.

What time in winter is it? Christmas is drawing near. How do you know this? Because I see a Christmas-tree being taken to the town. Who is taking it? A man. He is carrying it over his shoulder.

What is in the background of the picture? There are snow-covered mountains. What is situated on the mountain-slope? A few houses are situated there. Do you think it is a village or a town? It would appear to be a small village. What lies at the foot of the mountain? A town. Can you see the whole of it? No, we cannot; we can see part of the town only. Name some buildings to be found in a large town. Churches, Chapels; Town Hall, Market Hall. Describe the buildings in the background of the picture.

What do you see flying in the direction of the town?

A flock of ravens is flying towards the town.

When is winter over? On the 21st of March.

What gradually takes place then?

Thaws set in; the sun shines more warmly; gradually, "The icy bands of winter are loosened."

A. M. Robinson.

LVIII. THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

1. Most boys and girls like to look in at the open door of a blacksmith's shop. They love to watch the man at his work, and to see the sparks that fly from the hot iron.

2. The blacksmith takes a rod of iron in his hand and puts it into the fire. He then blows the fire with his big bellows, until the iron is red hot. Taking the bar with his left hand, he puts it on the anvil, and with the hammer in his right hand, he beats it into the shape that he wants.

3. How thickly the sparks fly around him! He heeds them not, for he must strike the iron while it is hot. If he does not do so, he cannot bend it to the shape he wishes.

4. I wonder if many of the children, that stand around his door, know what iron is. They see it every day; but do they know what it is, and how it is obtained?

5. Iron is dug out of the ground in many parts of our land. It will melt at a very great heat, and run like water.

6. When the iron-stone, as it is called, is dug out of the ground, it is put into a large furnace with coal, until it melts. It is run into moulds made of sand, and is then called pig-iron. This pig-iron is then made red hot, and put under a large hammer, and well beaten. It is now rolled out into long bars for the blacksmith's use.

7. It would take a long time to name all the things that are made of iron. It is the most useful of all metals.

A. M. Robinson.

LIX. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a thrashing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise.
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

Longfellow.

LX. THE FRETFUL FIR.

I.

A pretty little fir-tree once stood in the forest. It had a capital place, which was open to the sunshine and the air, and around it grew many of its taller brothers. But none of these things had any value in the eyes of the little fir-tree—it only wished to grow tall. "O that I were a tall tree," it said; "then I should be able to stretch my branches out so far, and lift my head so high, as to take a survey of the wide world around me."

In the autumn, wood-cutters came and felled some of the largest trees; and the young fir, which had now grown to a good height, felt a shudder; for the stately trees fell crashing to the earth; their boughs were hewn away; and they were put upon drays, and dragged out of the wood. "Where can they be going to?" thought the little fir-tree.

In the spring, when the storks and swallows came, the little fir-tree said to them: "Did you meet the tall firs on the way?" "I met," replied the stork, "a great number of ships as I flew hither from Egypt; in these ships there were stately masts; and I will be bound they were the firs, for they had the smell of firs about them." "Oh, if I were but tall enough to sail across the sea!" said the little fir-tree.

When Christmas drew near, quite young trees were cut down—trees that were neither so tall nor so old as this fretful fir-tree, that was always wishing to be off. These young trees were laid on wagons with all their branches on, and drawn away out of the wood. "Where can they be going to?" said the fir-tree. "We know, we know," chirruped the sparrows: "we have peeped in at the windows, and seen young trees planted straight upright in the middle of nice, warm rooms, and tricked out with such fine things—apples, nuts, pretty toys, and hundreds of candles." "That is better than sailing across the sea," shouted the joyful fir-tree; "how I long to be among them! oh, to think of being in the wagon, and then in the warm room, with all those fine things hanging on one; and there must be something better after all than that, or else why should they deck one out so?"

The little fir-tree grew taller and taller, and next year, at Christmas-time, it was cut down the first of all. The axe cut through to the marrow, and the tree fell to the earth with a sigh. It felt a pain and a faintness—it could not think of being happy then. It felt sad, too, at parting from its home—the spot where it had shot up so fairly; and it feared it would never see its old companions again, the little bushes and flowers around it, perhaps not even the birds.

The journey on the wagon had nothing comfortable about it; nor did the little fir-tree come properly to itself, till after being taken out of the cart, it heard a man say: "This is a beautiful one; this will do." It was now carried into a fine drawing-room, and placed in a large tub filled with sand; but no one could see that it was a tub, for it was hung all round with green twigs, and was standing on a gay carpet. Oh, how the tree trembled with expectation! Immediately both the servants and the ladies began to ornament it. They stuck apples and walnuts upon it; and above a hundred red, blue, and white little candles were fastened to its branches. Dolls, too, and other toys were entwined with the green; and at the top of all shone a spangled gold star. Next the candles were lighted—and how bright, how beautiful it was! The tree trembled in all its branches with joy.

But, behold, the folding-doors were thrown open, and a troop of children rushed in. They danced round the tree, and shouted, till the lights burned down to the branches, and were put out. Then, having leave to plunder the tree, they rushed wildly at it, till all its branches cracked again; and if it had not been fastened to the ceiling by the gold star at the top of it, it must certainly have been thrown down. At last the children became weary of their sport, and retired for the night; and no one thought about the tree, except the old nurse, who came and peeped among the branches to see if a fig or an apple had not been forgotten.

II.

In the morning the footman and the housemaid came into the drawing-room. "Now," thought the tree, "my fine dress is going to be put on again." But they dragged it

out of the room, up the stairs, to the garret-floor, and there they placed it in a dark corner where the daylight never shone. "What can this mean? what am I to do here?" thought the tree; and it leaned against the wall thinking and thinking. Time enough it had to do so, for days and weeks passed, and yet no one came near it. "It must be winter now," thought the tree; "the earth is hard and covered with snow, men cannot plant me; so most likely I am to stay here under shelter till the spring comes: how well advised that is! how good men are! — though I wish it were not quite so dark and dismal here."

"Pip, pip," said a little mouse, as he popped out of his hole, and snuffed at the fir-tree: "Can you tell me how to get to the pantry where cheese lies on the shelves, and hams are hanging from the ceiling; where you can go in lean, and come out fat? Can you tell me this, you old fir-tree?" "I am not old," said the fir-tree; "nor do I know anything about the pantry; but I know the wood very well, where the sun shines, and the little birds sing." "You are a stupid old tree," said the little mouse, and went back to his hole.

The next night two rats came. "We are terribly hungry", said the rats; "do you know where we shall find bacon or tallow-candles, you old fir-tree?" "I am not old," said the tree; "and I never saw bacon." "Then good luck to you," replied the rats; and so saying they went back to their friends.

But the fir-tree was not to be always a prisoner. One morning people came to set things to rights in the garret; and finding the tree there, they pulled it out, and dragged it down-stairs into the daylight. "Now life begins again," thought the tree, for it felt the fresh air and the first beams of the sun. Presently it was in the yard again. The yard was close to a garden, where everything was in bloom. The roses hung over the light trelliswork, full of freshness and perfume; the linden-trees were in blossom; and the swallows flew about singing "Quirre-virrart." "Now I shall begin life again," cried the fir-tree; and it stretched out its branches. But, alas! they were all dry and yellow, though the gold-paper star still dangled at its top, and glittered in the sunshine.

Some of the merry-hearted children who had danced round the tree at Christmas, were playing in the yard. One of them ran and tore off the gold star. "Just look what was hanging on the ugly old fir-tree," said he: and he trampled on the branches till they cracked again. Then the tree saw the flowers in the garden in all the freshness of their beauty, and then it looked at itself, and wished that it had never left the green forest.

Soon after, the man-servant came and cut up the tree into little pieces, and carried a whole bundle of it into the brew-house. It blazed up brightly under the large brewing-copper, sighing and cracking as it blazed. The children ran in and looked at the fire, crying, "Pop! bang!" while, at every crack, the fir-tree thought sorrowfully of the summer days in the wood, and of the winter nights when the stars were twinkling. And then it was all burnt to ashes.

LXI. THE GATE WITHOUT A LATCH.

I.

There was a farmer, who had a little gate, which opened from his yard into a field. This little gate wanted a latch, and therefore could not be fastened. When he passed through the gate, he was very careful to pull it after him; but other people were not always so mindful. Even with all his care, the wind would often blow it open again after he had closed it.

The result was, that the gate was generally either flapping backwards and forwards in the wind, or standing wide open. In this way the poultry were always getting out; and the sheep and lambs were always getting in. It took up half the children's time to run after the chickens and drive them back into the yard, and to send the sheep and the lambs back into the field. The farmer's wife was always telling him that he ought to get the latch mended; but he used to say that it would cost sixpence, and that it was not worth while. He said that the children might as well be driving the sheep and the poultry in and out of the yard and the field as be doing nothing. So the gate remained without the latch.

II.

One day a fat pig got out of its sty, and, pushing open the gate, ran into the field, and thence wandered into a thick wood. The pig was soon missed, and a hue-and-cry (chasing and shouting at once) was raised after it.

The farmer was in the act of tying up a horse in the stable; but he left it, to run after the pig.

His wife was ironing some clothes in the kitchen; and she left her work, to follow her husband. The daughter was stirring some broth over the fire; and she left it, to run after her mother.

The farmer's sons and his man joined in the chase after the pig; and away they all went, men and women, pellmell, to the wood.

But the man, making more haste than good speed, sprained his ankle in jumping over a fence. The farmer and his sons were obliged to give up chasing the pig, to carry the man back to the house. The good woman and her daughter also returned (went back) to assist (help) the poor man who was hurt.

When they got back to the house, they found that the broth had boiled over, — that the dinner was spoiled; and that the two shirts, which had been hanging before the fire, were scorched (burned on the surface) and utterly (altogether) ruined.

The farmer scolded his wife and the girl, for having neglected to take the shirts and the broth from the fire before they left the kitchen. He then went to his stable, where he found that the horse, which he had left loose, had kicked a fine colt and broken its leg. The servant was kept in the house for a fortnight, by the injury to his ankle. So that in addition to the injury done to the farmer's man, the farmer lost two weeks' work from his servant, a fine colt, a fat pig, and his two best shirts, to say nothing of the loss of his dinner, all this for the want of a sixpenny latch!

In this way three good old proverbs were verified:

"For want of a nail the wheel comes off."

"Safe bind, safe find."

"A stitch in time saves nine."

Writing Exercises.

I. 1. The farmer had a little gate, **which opened** from his yard into a field. *Change this sentence using the participle instead of the words in thick type.*

2. When **he passed** through the gate, he was very careful to pull it after **him.** (Participle.)

3. The wind blew it open **after he had closed it.** (Gerund.)

4. It took up half the children's time **to run after the chickens and drive them back.** (Gerund.)

5. They had not taken the shirts and the broth from the fire **before they left the kitchen.** (Gerund.)

II. *State in the present tense what they find when coming back to the house.*

III. *Let the farmer's wife tell the story, beginning thus:*

One day, I was ironing some clothes in the kitchen when I suddenly heard a hue-and-cry. I immediately left my work and went out into the yard, where I saw my husband running after a fat pig, etc.

LXII. NOBODY IN MISCHIEF.

In old times, when people believed in fairies, certain houses were said to be haunted by a spirit, called Brownie, who kindly took a large share of the household work. He swept the rooms, tended the cattle, and did other services at night, so that when the mistress rose in the morning, she found her work done ready to her hand.

Now it seemed as if our school, too, was haunted by a sprite, active and invisible as the Brownie, but unlike him, alas! in always doing harm instead of good. It was unlike him, too, in the hours of its visits. Midnight was the chosen time of the Brownie, but this sprite came at noonday, and instead of an empty room it liked a full one.

It kept out of the way of the master, it kept out of the way of a few of the boys; but there were about a dozen among whom it was pretty sure to be.

Now the name of this sprite was "Nobody".

There was no end to its tricks. Sometimes "Nobody" left the gate open, sometimes blotted the copy-books, tore

the spelling-cards, marked the slates, or made a litter with faded flowers. Or a gust of whispers rose in a corner, and when the master turned to see who made the noise, he saw a row of demure faces, trying to make him believe it was "Nobody". If a half-penny fell jingling out of a pocket on the pavement at church, it always turned out that it belonged to "Nobody", or if there was a smell of peppermint drops at school, they came out of "Nobody's" pocket.

But still the master would not believe in this troublesome sprite. He always said these things could not be done by "Nobody", and very often he did succeed in bringing them home to somebody so as to set "Nobody" free of the charge.

LXIII. a. BUYING CURIOSITIES.

An Englishman, travelling on the continent with his valet, came to the Belle-Alliance (an inn on the field of Waterloo) to inspect the field of Waterloo. Entering into conversation with the landlady of the inn at which he put up he said: "Here was the battle of Waterloo, I suppose?" "Yes, out on the fields yonder." "And you saw the battle?" "Yes." "Wonderful! And did you see General Gneisenau?" "He sat at this table." "What is the price of the table?" "I want it myself." "Here are 500 francs, James, carry the table into my brougham. And was the great Blucher here too?" "Certainly." "And what did he do here?" "He looked out of the window." "This one?" "That very same." "Splendid! What do you want for this window?" "It is not for sale." "Here are 1,000 francs. James, take out that window and carry it into my brougham!"

b. GONE OUT.

A person calling one day on a gentleman at the west end of the town, where his visits were more frequent than welcome, was told by the servant that her master had gone out. "Oh, well, never mind, I'll speak to your mistress." "She's also gone out, sir." The gentleman not willing to be denied admission, said as it was a cold day, he would

step in, and sit down by the fire a few minutes. "Ah! sir, it is gone out too," replied the girl.

Remarks.

1. The fire is **out.**
   Church, school is **over.**
2. They deny the man admission.
   The man is denied admission.
3. Admission was denied to the man.

LXIV. THE HUSBAND WHO WAS TO MIND THE HOUSE.

1. There was once a man who was so cross and surly that he thought his wife never did anything right in the house. So one evening — it was at haymaking time — he came home scolding, and grumbling, and making a great uproar.

2. "Dear husband, don't be so angry", said his wife. "I have been thinking, and I have thought of a capital plan. To-morrow let us change work. I'll go out with the mowers and mow, and you shall stay at home and mind the house."

The husband thought that would do very well. He was quite willing, he said.

3. So, early next morning, the wife took a scythe and went out into the hay-field with the mowers, and began to mow; but the man was to mind the house, and to do the work at home.

4. First of all, he wanted to churn the butter; but, when he had churned a while he found it very dry work, and he got thirsty, and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of ale. When he had just knocked in the bung, and was putting the tap into the cask, he heard overhead the pig come trotting into the kitchen.

5. Then off he ran up the cellar steps, with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could, to look after the pig, lest it should upset the churn; but, when he got up, and saw the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood there routing and grunting amongst the cream, which was running all over the floor, he got so wild with rage that he quite forgot the ale-barrel, and ran at the pig as hard as he could.

6. He caught it, too, just as it ran out of doors, and gave it such a kick, that it lay for dead on the spot. All at once he remembered he had the tap in his hand; but, when he got down to the cellar, every drop of ale had run out of the cask.

7. Then he went into the dairy, and found enough cream left to fill the churn again, and so he began to churn, for they must have butter. When he had churned for some time, he remembered that their milking-cow was still shut up in the cow-house, and had not had anything to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, though the sun was high in the heavens.

8. Then all at once he thought it was too far to take her down to the meadow, so he would just get her up to feed on the house-top; for the house, you must know, was thatched with sods, and a fine crop of grass was growing there. Now their house lay close up against a steep down, and he thought if he laid a plank across to the thatch at the back, he 'd easily get the cow up.

9. Yet he could not leave the churn, for there was the little baby crawling on the floor; "and if I leave", he thought, "the child is sure to upset the churn". So he took the churn on his back, and went out with it; but then he thought he had better first water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch. So he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well; but as he stooped down at the well's brink, all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders, and so down into the well.

10. Now it was near dinner-time, and he had not yet got even the butter; so he thought he had best boil the porridge, and he filled the pot with water, and hung it by a chain over the fire. When he had done that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or her neck.

11. So he got up on the house to tie her up. One end of the rope he made fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the wide chimney, and tied round his own thigh; and he had to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oatmeal.

12. So he began to grind away; but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the house-top after all, and as she fell she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast; and as for the cow, she hung half-way down between the thatch and the ground—for she could get neither down nor up.

13. And now the wife had waited long for her husband to come and call them home to dinner. At last she thought she had waited long enough, and went home. But when she got there and saw the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe.

14. But, as she did this, down came her husband out of the chimney; and so, when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge-pot. G. W. Dasent.

LXV. GRAND CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.

1. A man some time ago entered into a coffee-house at Vienna, with his hand pressed close against his cheek, groaning, stamping, exhibiting every symptom of violent indisposition. He took a seat, called for some punch, and made useless efforts to swallow it. Several people collected round him, and enquired the cause of his illness: he replied that he was tormented by a violent fit of toothache, which resisted every remedy.

2. Various things were prescribed for him, but without effect. At length a man who was playing at billiards in an adjoining room, stepped forward, and said, "Allow me to prescribe for the gentleman; I possess a remedy which I am certain will cure him in five minutes". He drew from his pocket a box, filled with small chips of a yellow kind of wood. "Here, sir," said he, "apply this to your tooth." The patient did as he was directed, and to the astonishment of every one present, he immediately experienced a diminution of pain; the remedy operated as if by enchantment, and in less than a quarter of an hour he was completely relieved, and drank his bowl of punch to the health of his deliverer. "Sir," said he, "you have performed a most wonderful cure, and I shall be eternally grateful to you if you

will inform me where your valuable remedy can be purchased." "Nowhere," replied the billiard player: "I procured it during my last visit to South America, and brought it home with me for my own private use; the Indians of Oya Poc never use anything else." "Well, surely you will not refuse to let me have a few pieces of the wood." "Impossible." "I only ask for twenty pieces, and I will give you a ducat for each." "Well, I consent out of pure humanity; but mind, you are the only person to whom I can grant such a favour."

3. Every one present now wished to have some portion of the divine wood of Oya Poc; all were subject to the toothache; all claimed the sacred rights of humanity, and the compassionate traveller was obliged to part with nearly all his chips of wood, and to fill his box with money. The master of the coffee-house himself, unwilling to suffer such an opportunity to escape him, had the good fortune to purchase ten pieces. When occasion came for putting the virtue of the wonderful wood to the test, however, it was soon found that it had none of those effects on the good people of Vienna, which it had on the savages of Oya Poc. Had it lost its virtues by carriage and keeping? The happy few who had got bits of the rarity insisted that it had; for, as usual, the greatly hoaxed were the last to acknowledge the ingenuity by which they had been fooled and cheated.

LXVI. RIGHTLY SERVED.

A gentleman rushes along the platform in quest of a seat in a crowded train. At length he spies in one of the compartments a vacant seat next to a stout passenger. But no! It is occupied by a black bag. "Engaged?" "Yes; my friend has only just got out — he will be back directly." Nevertheless the first named gentleman gets in and sits down, saying: "I will vacate the seat as soon as your friend turns up." The signal is given to start. "Your friend had better look sharp," said the traveller: "the train is moving . . ." He then adds, in a tone of regret: "Your friend has missed the train, but at any rate he shall not lose his luggage." And with that he flings the black bag out of the window.

The stout passenger here jumps up in a rage, and has just time to catch a glimpse of the bag — his bag, of course! — as it rolls on the platform.

LXVII. A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

How it rained; what a dull, miserable day for a birthday!

"Birthday, indeed! A lot of good a birthday is!" growled old Mr. Robinson, senior partner of the firm of Robinson and Walker; "a lot of good a birthday is! There is no one to think of me, or remember me on my birthday; and as for presents, I never see so much as a ghost of one." The old gentleman was not generally liked, though always respected. He was not usually considered good-natured, and it was discerning people only who could see the kind heart that lay beneath the rugged exterior.

Whether it was from his rough manners, or his various eccentricities, Mr. Robinson had not many friends, and even his partner had no more to do with him than the business necessitated.

And now Mr. Robinson's sixtieth birthday had come, how should the occasion be celebrated? Should there be a dinner party? No, Mr. Robinson was certainly not a sociable man, and he would derive no satisfaction from a dinner party; besides, he did not know enough people to ask. He came to the conclusion that it would be better for him not to keep his birthday, as the saying is. He expected neither visitors nor presents. What were presents to a man who was the owner of fifty thousand pounds, he asked himself. As usual he went to business at half past eight, rain or no rain, it made no difference to him, and reaching the office at nine, he set to work and soon forgot that there were such things as birthdays at all. So the day passed on, business was transacted and money gained in the usual way. When the office hours were over, he returned to his lodgings where he intended to spend a quiet evening. A quiet evening! Would it be a happy one? Ah, that was quite another question.

What more could a man want? He had a comfortable arm-chair, a pleasant room, his newspaper and a blazing

fire. The kettle was on the fire, and a careful landlady had made every provision for his comfort.

And yet, as he gazed around the room he felt that something was wanting; somehow or other there seemed to be an air of desolation about the room; the place looked solitary. Strange, he had sat in that room many an evening, and he had never felt so lonely before. That he had often felt solitary is true, but that evening he felt terribly lonely. He put down his paper with a sigh; he had transacted business that day, he had made money, and now he had come back to his lodgings to spend a quiet evening.

Was he happy? He almost wished that he had been married, and consequently had had a companion to fill the arm-chair on the other side of the fireplace. Yes, he was an old man now, alone in the world too! Alone! he felt utterly lonely. If he could have somebody to care for! If he could have somebody to care for!

But what was that? A knock at the door? Surely not. Yes, there it was again.

"Come in!"

It was the landlady: "Please, sir, there's a gentleman (who) wants to see you," she said.

Then there is a visitor after all, but it was probably a mistake.

"A gentleman to see me! What name?"

"Dr. Lawrence."

"I know no Dr. Lawrence. It must be a mistake."

"He asked for you by name, please, sir."

"Well, show him in."

And so the landlady ushered in the visitor, who turned out to be a kind-looking, stout, little old man, with white whiskers, and who led by the hand a little boy, with large, sad-looking dark eyes. Dr. Lawrence bowed and took the seat that was offered him. "As I am a stranger to you, it will be better to proceed to business at once. I should tell you that I have just returned from Australia, where I was acquainted with the parents of this lad," he said, placing his hand gently on the boy's head.

Mr. Robinson made a gesture of impatience. What were the strange doctor's movements to him?

"I believe that I am right in supposing that you had a sister in Australia who married a Mr. Jameson, am I not?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, but she has been dead these five years."

"Exactly so, and I regret to say that I have come to bring you news of the death of her husband whom I have been attending in my professional capacity."

"This little boy," said the doctor, indicating the child, "was their only child. The father said there was no one to whom he could look for protection and support besides you, and almost with his dying breath urged me to bring him to you."

Dr. Lawrence glanced a little anxiously at Mr. Robinson. What sort of reception was the child likely to meet with from a cross-grained old bachelor?

Mr. Robinson looked at the boy. He was a nice-looking child, and those large, sad-looking dark eyes, where did he get them from? The old man happened to glance at a mirror, and there he saw the same large, dark eyes, only this time overshadowed by bushy, gray eyebrows.

Mr. Robinson determined to do his duty by the boy, and invited the doctor to stay for the evening, an invitation which was very readily accepted. Dr. Lawrence, who was delighted with the success of his errand, proved to be a very entertaining guest, and Mr. Robinson found that instead of having a solitary evening he was having a very pleasant time indeed.

However, there was a problem which yet remained to be solved, what was to become of the boy? This question was settled by the good-humoured landlady, who insisted that the child should remain and become a member of the household. Yes, there were to be no more lonely evenings for the old gentleman, he was to have somebody to care for, and also some one to care for him.

"The happiest birthday I have had these twenty years," murmured the old gentleman, "and" — as he looked at the child, he added, "and the most welcome birthday present."

(Rare Bits.)

LXVIII. EXPLOSION IN A COAL MINE.

One morning while the pitmen were at work in a coal mine, they heard a noise louder than thunder. In a moment every lamp was out, and men and boys threw down their tools and ran.

It is Tuesday morning. The men reach the bottom of the shaft, and count their number. Five are missing, four men and one little trapper,*) Robert Lester. People above hear the noise, and rush to the pit's mouth. The workmen are taken up. O, the agony of the wives and mothers of those who are left behind!

Brave men go back to their rescue. They light their lamps and reach the crush. There is nothing but a heap of ruins. They shout, but there is no answer. Up go pick-axes and shovels, to clear the way. It is great labour, and it involves great risk. Men flock from all quarters to offer their services. How they work!

*) The business of the trappers is to sit at the trap-doors which lead out of the passages of the mine, and to open and shut them as required. Often little boys are employed in this. It is not hard, but it is very dismal and tiresome work.

Towards night they hear something. It is not a voice, but a tapping. It can just be heard. *Clink, clink, clink, clink, clink!* five times, and then it stops. Clink, clink, five times again, and then it stops. Five more, and then a stop.

What does it mean? One man guesses. There were five missing, and the five clinks show that all the five are alive, waiting for deliverance. A shout of joy goes up, in and above the pit.

How does it fare with the poor prisoners? They were frightened like the rest by that sudden and awful noise. Little Robert left his door and ran to the men, who well knew what it meant. Waiting till everything was quiet, they went forward to examine the passage-way Robert had left. It was blocked up. They tried another; that also was blocked up. Oh, fearful thought — they were *buried alive!*

The men went back to the boy. "I want to go home; please, do let me go home," said little Robert. "Yes, yes, as soon as we find a way out, my little man," said Truman, in a kind yet husky voice. The air grew close and suffocating, and they took their oil-cans and food-bags to one of the galleries where it was better.

Truman and Logan, two of the buried hewers, were religious men. "Well, James, what shall we do next?" asked Truman. "There is but one thing we can do," said Logan. "God says, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee.' "

They all knelt down. Poor little Robert cried bitterly. But as the pitmen prayed, — first the one and then the other, — their hearts grew lighter, and even the little trapper dried his tears.

They then got their pickaxes; but what a hopeless task it seemed, to cut through that terrible mass of earth and stones to daylight! Their hearts beat with hope and joy when they first heard the sound of their friends working on the other side. It was then that they made the *clink, clink* with their pickaxes, which was heard by their deliverers, and so much encouraged them in their work.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday passed, and no rescue. What dark and dreadful days! Worse than all, the sounds beyond did not appear to draw nearer. At last Saturday came. Five days had passed; and the men outside knew that there was not an instant to lose. They were too anxious even to speak. It was only work, work, work, for dear life. For hours they had heard no signals. Were their poor comrades *dead?*

Suddenly the wall was pierced; a hole was made through it; feeble voices were heard.

"*Truman, are you there?*" "Yes, all here."

"*All living?*" "Yes, thank God, all living."

"All living! all living!" shouted the men; and the shout went up to the mouth of the pit. When Robert's father heard that his son was alive, the good news was too much for him, and he fell down senseless.

One hour more and the rescuers reached their comrades. Who can describe the meeting; or the joy and gratitude of wives, mothers, and friends, as one and another were brought up to the light? Here comes Mr. Lester with Robert in his arms! What a huzza rent the air as they came in sight. "Safe! safe! God be praised!"

LXIX. HEROES.

1. The Newfoundland coast is a peculiarly dangerous one, from the dense fogs that hang over the water, caused by the warm waters of the Gulf-stream; which rushing up from the equator, here come in contact with the cold currents from the pole, and send up such heavy vapour, that day can sometimes scarcely be discerned from night, and even at little more than arm's length objects cannot be distinguished, while from without the mist looks like a sheer precipice of snow.

2. In such a fearful fog, on the morning of 20th June, 1822, the small schooner, "Drake", struck suddenly upon a rock, and almost immediately fell over on her side, the waves breaking over her. Her commander, Captain Baker, ordered her masts to be cut away, in hopes of lightening her so that she might right herself, but in vain. One boat

was washed away, another upset as soon as she was launched, and there only remained the small boat called the captain's gig. The ship was fast breaking up, and the only hope was that the crew might reach a small rock, the point of which could be seen above the waves, at a distance that the fog made it difficult to calculate, but it was hoped might not be too great.

3. A man named Lennard seized a rope, and sprang into the sea, but the current was too strong for him, he was carried away in an opposite direction, and was obliged to be dragged on board again. Then the boatswain, whose name was Turner, volunteered to make the attempt in the gig, taking a rope fastened round his body. The crew cheered him after the gallant fashion of British seamen, though they were all hanging on by ropes to the ship, with the sea breaking over them, and threatening every moment to dash the vessel to pieces. Anxiously they watched Turner in his boat, as he made his way to within a few feet of the rock. There it was lifted high and higher by a huge wave, then hurled down on the rock and shattered to pieces; but the brave boatswain was safe, and contrived to keep his hold of the rope and to scramble upon the stone.

4. Another great wave, almost immediately after, heaved up the remains of the ship, and dashed her down close to this rock of safety, and Captain Baker, giving up the hope of saving her, commanded the crew to leave her and make their way to the rock. For the first time he met with disobedience. With one voice they refused to leave the wreck unless they saw him before them in safety. Calmly he renewed his orders, saying that his life was the last consideration; and they were obliged to obey, leaving the ship in as orderly a manner as if they were going ashore in harbour. But they were so benumbed with cold, that many were unable to climb the rock, and were swept off by the waves, among them the lieutenant. Captain Baker last of all joined his crew, and it was then discovered that they were at no great distance from the land, but that the tide was rising, and that the rock on which they stood would assuredly be covered at high water, and the heavy mist and

lonely coast gave scarcely a hope that help would come ere the slowly rising waters must devour them.

5. Still there was no murmur, and again the gallant boatswain, who still held the rope, volunteered to make an effort to save his comrades. With a few words of earnest prayer, he secured the rope round his waist, struggled hard with the waves, and reached the shore, whence he sent back the news of his safety by a loud cheer to his comrades.

There was now a line of rope between the shore and the rock, just long enough to reach from one to the other when held by a man at each end. The only hope of safety lay in working a desperate passage along this rope to the land. The spray was already beating over those who were crouched on the rock, but not a man moved till called by name by Captain Baker, and then it is recorded that not one, so summoned, stirred till he had used his best entreaties to the captain to take his place; but the captain had but one reply — "I will never leave the rock until every soul is safe."

6. Forty-four stout sailors had made their perilous way to shore. The forty-fifth looked round and saw a poor woman lying helpless, almost lifeless, on the rock, unable to move. He took her in one arm, and with the other clung to the rope. Alas! the double weight was more than the much-tried rope could bear; it broke half-way, and the poor woman and the sailor were both swallowed in the eddy. Captain Baker and three seamen remained, utterly cut off from hope or help. The men in best condition hurried off in search of help, found a farm-house, obtained a rope, and hastened back; but long ere their arrival, the waters had flowed above the head of the brave and faithful captain. All that the crew could do was, with full hearts, to write a most touching letter to an officer who had once sailed with them in the "Drake", to entreat him to represent their captain's conduct to the Lords of the Admiralty.

7. From the cold fogs of Newfoundland, let us turn to one of the most beautiful of all the tracts of old ocean, that of the Caribbean sea, where the intense blue of the tropical sky is reflected in a sea of still deeper blue, sparkling and dimpling under the full power of the sunbeams, and broken

by the wooded islands, forming the most exquisite summer scenery in the world.

But these most beautiful of seas are also the most treacherous. This is the special home of the hurricane, and of brief furious squalls, that rise almost without warning except from slight indications in the sky which only an experienced eye can detect; and from the sudden sinking of the mercury in the barometer; but this often does not take place till so immediately before the storm, that there is barely a minute in which to prepare a vessel for an encounter with this most terrific of her enemies.

8. In these seas, in the August of 1826, the little schooner "Magpie" was cruising, under the command of a young lieutenant named Edward Smith, in search of a piratical vessel, which had for some time been the terror of the western shores of the island of Cuba. The 26th had been a remarkably sultry day, and towards evening the "Magpie" lay becalmed off the Colorados rocks, when, at about eight o'clock, a slight breeze sprung up from the west, and the sails were spread, but in less than an hour the wind shifted to the southward, and a small dark lurid vapour was seen under the moon. This was the well known signal of coming peril, and instantly Lieutenant Smith was summoned on deck, the sails were furled, and the vessel made as ready as human skill could make her for her deadly encounter. The cloud was rapidly increasing, and for a few seconds there was a perfect stillness, till upon this came a rushing, roaring sound, distant at first, but in the space of a breath, quite near; while the sea, still as a lake elsewhere, was lashed in front of the black wall that moved headlong on, into one white sheet of foam, flying up like flakes of snow. It was upon them!

9. The lieutenant's voice was heard calling to cut away the masts; but even then the ship was on her side, and in a few seconds more she was sunk! A gunner's mate, named Meldrum, saw for one moment, by the light of a vivid flash of lightning, the faces of his comrades struggling in the water, then he swam clear of the eddy made by the sinking ship, found something floating, and grasping at it, obtained

first one oar and then another. The gust, having done its work, had rushed upon its way, and the sea was as still and calm as if its late fury had been only a dream.

10. Meldrum listened breathlessly for some sign of his shipmates, and presently, to his great relief, heard a voice asking if any one was near. It was that of Lieutenant Smith, who, with six more, was clinging to a boat, which had floated up clear of the ship. So many rushed to her in their first joy, that she at once capsized, and though all the ship's company, twenty-four in number, were clinging to her, some were stretched across the keel, and she was thus of course utterly useless except as a float.

11. Lieutenant Smith ordered them all to quit their position, and allow her to be righted. They obeyed, and he then placed two in her to bale out the water with their hats, directing the others to support themselves by hanging round the gunwales till the boat could be lightened enough to admit them. Just as the baling had commenced, one of the men cried out that he saw the fin of a shark, and the horror of becoming a prey to the monster made the men forget everything; they struggled to get into the boat and upset it again! Again, however, the lieutenant's firmness prevailed, the boat was righted, and he bade the men splash the water with their legs by way of frightening away the enemy.

12. All went on well, and at length the boat was able to hold four men. Morning had come, and hope with it, when about ten o'clock, the cry "A shark! a shark!" was renewed, and at least fifteen of these creatures were among them. Once more, in the panic, the boat was overturned, but after the first moment, the calm, unflinching voice of Edward Smith recalled the men to their resolution; the boat was righted, the two men replaced, and the others still hung outside where the sharks, at first in a playful mood, came rubbing against the men, and even passing over the boat. At last a cry of agony came from one of the men, whose leg had been seized by a shark, and blood once tasted, there was little more hope; yet still Smith kept his men steady, as holding by the stern, he cheered the balers, and exhorted the rest

to patience till the boat could safely hold them. But the monsters closed on their prey; shriek after shriek and reddening water showed when one after another was torn from the boat, and at last but six remained, when, as the lieutenant looked into the boat for a second, he ceased splashing, and at that moment one leg was bitten off. Still, in order not to startle his men, he endured the anguish without a cry or moan, and they were not aware of what had happened till the other limb was seized by the ravenous teeth, when, with a groan he could not repress, his hands quitted their hold. Two of the men were in time to grasp him and lift him into the boat, and there, mangled and convulsed with agony as he lay, he still turned his whole mind to the safety of his crew.

13. Calling to him a lad named Wilson, whom, as the youngest and therefore the most sheltered from danger, he thought most likely to survive, he desired him to tell the Admiral that he was going to Cape Ontario in search of the pirate when the disaster occurred. "Tell him", he added, "that my men have done their duty, and that no blame is attached to them. I have but one favour to ask, and that is, that he will promote Meldrum to be a gunner."

He then shook each man by the hand and bade him farewell, with a cheering word for all as long as he could speak; but, as the long day of burning sun, without food or water, passed by, his strength failed, and he had lost the power of speech, when at sunset, on another alarm of the sharks, a startled movement of the men caused the boat to be again upset, and his sufferings were ended in the waves.

14. The only officer now left was a young mate named Maclean, who, with the spirit of his lieutenant, again persuaded the men to right the boat, which was now able to hold them all, for only four were left, himself, the gunner's mate Meldrum, the boy Wilson and one more. Twenty hours of struggling in the water, with, latterly, the sun broiling over their heads, and not a morsel of food nor a drop to drink, had, however, nearly worn them out; the oars were lost, and though the approach of night rendered the air cooler, yet the darkness was unwelcome, as it took away all chance

of being seen and picked up by some passing vessel. At about three o'clock at night, poor young Wilson and the other man lost their senses from the sufferings they had undergone, and both jumped overboard and perished.

15. Maclean and Meldrum collected themselves after the shock, and steadily continued to bale out the water, till the boat was so nearly dry, that they could lie down in her; and so spent were they, that deep sleep came to them both; nor did they wake till the sun was glaring upon them far above the horizon. What a wakening! — alone in a frail boat, their companions gone, water all round, and swarming with the cruel sharks, — the sun burning overhead, and themselves now thirty-six hours without food, and parched with the deadly thirst, which they had the resolution not to attempt to slake with salt-water, well knowing that the momentary relief would be followed by worse suffering, perhaps by frenzy. They durst not even speak to one another, but sat, one in the bow, one in the stern, in silent patience waiting for death.

16. Hours passed away in this manner; but towards eight in the morning a white speck was seen in the distance, and both opened their parched lips to shout "A sail — a sail!" They shook hands, with tears of joy and hope, and strained their eyes as the vessel came nearer, and the dark hull could be seen above the horizon. Nearer, nearer — scarcely half a mile from them was the vessel, when, alas! she altered her course: she was sailing away. They shouted their loudest, and waved their jackets; but in vain — they were unseen, and were being left to perish!

17. The gunner's mate now rose up. He was the elder and the stronger man, and he quietly announced his intention of swimming to the vessel. It was a long, fearfully long distance for a man fasting for so many hours; and more terrible still than drowning was the other danger that was hidden under the golden ripples of these blue waters. But to remain was certain death to both, and this attempt gave the one last hope. The brave man gave his last wishes in charge to this officer, made the one entreaty, that if Maclean saw a shark in pursuit, he would not let him know, shook

hands, and, with a brief prayer for the protection of the Almighty, sprang overboard.

18. Maclean was strongly tempted to swim with this last companion, but conquered the impulse as only leading to a needless peril, cheered and waved his jacket. Once he saw the fin of a shark, and made a splashing, in hopes of scaring it from the pursuit, then watched the swimmer with earnest hope. Meldrum swam, straining every nerve, splashing as he went, to keep away the sharks, and shouting, but no one appeared on deck; and when he had accomplished about two thirds of the way, his strength failed him, and he was about to resign himself to float motionless, an easy prey to the sharks, when a head was seen in the vessel. He raised his arms, jumped himself up in the water, and was seen! The brig was hove-to, a boat was put out, and he was taken into it, still able to speak and point the way to his companion.

19. The brig was American; and, at first, the history of the last day and night was thought so incredible, that the destitute pair were taken for escaped pirates; but they were, at last, set on shore at Havannah, and thence conveyed to Port Royal by the first man-of-war that touched there.

20. At the court-martial held by Sir Lawrence Halstead these facts came out. Meldrum could not be prevailed on to tell his own story; but when his young officer had related it, both burst into tears, and embraced before the court. Not an officer present but was deeply affected; and Meldrum was, of course, at once promoted, according to the dying request of Lieutenant Smith. He died in the year 1848, but his name will ever remain connected with the memory of undaunted resolution and unwearied patience.

LXX. CASABIANCA.

1. There was a boy about thirteen years old, whose name was Casabianca. His father was the commander of a ship of war (man-of-war) called the "Orient". The little boy accompanied his father to the seas. His ship was once en-

gaged in a terrible battle upon the river Nile. In the midst of the thunders of the battle, while the heavy shots were flying thickly around, and strewing the decks with blood, this brave boy stood by the side of his father, faithfully discharging the duties which were assigned to him.

2. At last his father placed him in a particular part of the ship, to perform some service, and told him to remain at his post till he should call him away. As the father went to some distant part of the ship to notice the progress of the battle, a ball from the enemy's vessel laid him dead upon the deck. But the son, unconscious of his father's death, and faithful to the trust reposed in him, remained at his post, waiting for his father's orders. The battle raged dreadfully around him. The blood of the slain flowed at his feet.

3. The ship took fire, and the threatening flames drew nearer and nearer. Still this noble-hearted boy would not disobey his father. In the face of blood, and balls, and fire, he stood firm and obedient. The sailors began to desert the burning and sinking ship, and the boy cried out "Father! may I go?" But no voice of permission could come from the mangled body of his lifeless father. And the boy, not knowing that he was dead, would rather die than disobey. And there he stood at his post, till every man had deserted the ship: he stood and perished in the flames.

CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright, he stood,
As born to rule the storm —
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on — he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud, "Say, father! say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound —
The boy — oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea! —

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing which perish'd there
Was that young faithful heart.

Felicia Hemans.

LXXI. THE LOSS OF THE "BIRKENHEAD".

The "Birkenhead", a large troop-ship, with 632 souls on board, was sailing off the coast of Africa on a clear night, in February 1852. As the captain was anxious to shorten

the voyage, and the sea was calm, he kept as near as possible to the shore. Off Cape Danger, the vessel was steaming at the rate of nine miles an hour. Suddenly she struck upon a sunken rock with such force that in a few minutes she was a wreck.

The roll of the drum called the soldiers to arms on the upper deck. The call was promptly obeyed, though every man knew that it might be his death-summons. There they stood, as if on parade, no man showing restlessness or fear, though the ship was every moment sinking lower. Their commander, Colonel Seton of the 74th Highlanders, told them that there were only boats enough to carry the women and children on shore, and that these must be saved first.

No man uttered a complaint. Orders were given coolly, and promptly obeyed. The boats were got ready and lowered. Everything was done quickly, for there was no time to lose; but there was no haste, no panic, no wailings of despair. The women and children were got into the boats. The sailors in the boats pushed off, and made for the shore, landed their freight, and returned for another Again and again this was done, till all, or nearly all the women and children were saved — the soldiers all the while giving help, or looking on, without a murmur.

All was now done that could be done. There were no more boats for the troops, and the ship was sinking so fast that it was in vain to expect those boats to return in time to save any of them.

The soldiers stood on deck in their ranks, shoulder to shoulder, officers and men together, watching the sharks that were waiting for them in the waves, and patiently abiding the end.

And the end soon came. In half an hour from the time that she struck, the "Birkenhead" went to the bottom, and the waves closed over a band of the truest heroes the world has ever seen.

LXXII. THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

I.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death,
  Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

II.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not tho' the soldier knew
  Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
  Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;

Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not —
Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

Tennyson.

LXXIII. GRACE DARLING.

One of the most perilous but pleasing incidents in humble life, within the present century, was the heroic achievement of Grace Darling. This young woman was born in November, 1815, and was the daughter of William Darling, keeper of the lighthouse on the Longstone, one of the Farne Islands off the coast of Northumberland. The Farnes indeed are scarcely islands, being little more than bare and desolate rocks, in most parts very precipitous, and inhabited by little besides sea-fowl; but these rocks are so dangerous to ships passing near that a lighthouse has long been maintained there. Almost shut out from the world in such a spot,

Grace Darling saw very little society; yet her parents managed to give her a fair education for a girl in her station.

It was on the 6th of September, 1838, when Grace was nearly twenty-three years of age, that the event took place which has given her celebrity. The *Forfarshire,* a steamer of about 300 tons burthen, John Humble, master, was on her way from Hull to Dundee. She had a valuable cargo, and sixty-three persons on board — the master and his wife, forty-one passengers, and a crew of twenty men. A slight leak, patched up before her departure, broke out afresh when off Flamborough Head, and rendered it difficult to maintain the fires for the engine. She passed between the Farnes and the mainland about six o'clock on the evening of the 5th, and then began to encounter a high sea and a strong north wind. The leak increasing, the engine-fires were gradually extinguished; and although the sails were then used, they could not prevent the vessel from being driven southward. Wind, rain, fog, and a heavy sea, all beset the hapless vessel at once. About 4 o'clock on the morning of the 6th she struck, bow foremost, on a precipitous part of one of the islands known as Harker's Rock. Some of the crew and one of the passengers left the ship in one of the boats; two other passengers attempted to throw themselves into the boat, but were drowned. The females on board clustered round the master, shrieking and imploring aid which he could not afford them. A heavy wave, striking the vessel on the quarter, raised her from the rock, and then caused her to fall violently on it again; she encountered a steep ledge, which rent her in twain about midships; the fore part remained on the rock, while the hindpart was carried off by a rapid current through a channel called the Pifa-gut. In this fearful plight the remainder of the passengers and crew awaited the arrival of daylight, no one knowing how soon the waves might destroy them altogether.

At daybreak, William Darling descried them from the Longstone, about a mile distant; and it soon became known at Bamborough that a ship had been wrecked. So fearfully did the waves beat against the rocks, that the boatmen at Bamborough refused to go off to render assistance; and Darling, accustomed as he was to scenes of danger, at first

shrank from the peril of putting off to the wreck in a boat. His hesitation was overcome by the entreaties of his gentle but heroic daughter. She could see, with the aid of a glass, the sufferers clinging to the wreck; and, agonized at the sight, she urged him to let her go with him in a boat to endeavour to rescue them. At last he yielded. The mother helped to launch the boat into the water, and the father and daughter each took an oar. And so they rowed this fearful mile, at each instant in danger of being swamped by the waves. They reached the wreck and found nine survivors. One of them, a weaver's wife, was found in the fore-cabin, exposed to the intrusion of the sea, and two children lay stiffened corpses in her arms. The whole nine went with Darling and his daughter into the boat, and safely reached the light-house, where, owing to the severity of the weather, they were forced to remain two days, kindly attended to by the three inmates.

When the news of this exploit reached the coast, all Northumberland was filled with admiration; and speedily the whole kingdom was similarly affected. Grace Darling became known everywhere, and she herself received attentions from all quarters. Tourists came from all parts to see the Long-stone lighthouse, and, still more, to see Grace herself. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland invited her and her father to Alnwick Castle, and gave her a gold watch; the silver medal of the Shipwreck Institution was awarded to her; and testimonials came from several public bodies. A purse of £700 was presented to her by public subscription; portraits of her were eagerly sought for and purchased; and a manager of a London theatre even offered her a large sum if she would merely sit in a boat on the stage for a few minutes, during the performance of a piece constructed for the occasion. But her modest and retiring disposition revolted from this last-mentioned notoriety. She refused the offer, and throughout the whole of this novel and tempting career she never once departed from her gentle, womanly demeanour. Numerous offers of marriage were made to her, but she accepted none of them; and continued to reside with her father and mother at the lighthouse. There she died of consumption on the 20th of October, 1842, at the early age

of twenty-seven, four years after the event which had given her a fame which will be cherished for ages yet to come.

LXXIV. THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION OF 1875—76 IN SEARCH OF THE NORTH POLE.

PART I.

1. The objects of this expedition, fitted up and sent out by the English government, were to get to, or as near as possible to, the North Pole, to examine, and collect specimens of the minerals, vegetables, and animals found in these regions, and lastly, to settle the vexed question as to whether round the Pole itself there was land, an open sea, or a sea of eternal ice.

2. Many Arctic expeditions have during the past century sailed from our shores, but these have had for their chief object the discovery of a north-west passage into the Pacific Ocean. One of the most successful of the Arctic explorers was Sir John Franklin, who made many voyages of discovery to these regions between the years 1819 and 1844.

3. His last expedition was made in the year 1845 with two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*. When he had been absent about three years, and no tidings had been heard of him, the nation exhibited much anxiety as to his fate. Between the years 1848 and 1855 no fewer than seventeen expeditions from this country, and three from the United States of America, were sent out in search of him. Vague rumours came from time to time to this country of traces of him having been found.

4. Dr. Rae, an American explorer, bought articles from the Esquimaux, which were known to have belonged to his ships. It was not, however, until the year 1859 that Sir Leopold M'Clintock came back with the news that a tin case had been discovered that had been hidden in a cave, in which he had found a written account of the destruction of the ships by icebergs, and of the death of Sir John Franklin. It had been placed there by one of the explorers, who afterwards met his death like the rest of his companions by exposure to cold and famine.

5. These Arctic expeditions did much to familiarize this country with Arctic research, but they did little to open up the countries or seas around the Pole; indeed, the place where Sir John Franklin met his death was only about half-way between England and the North Pole.

6. In 1874 the government, on the recommendation of several scientific societies, determined to fit out an expedition at the cost of the nation to explore the Polar regions. No expense was spared in the fitting out of the ships, and everything was done on the advice of the most eminent Arctic explorers to ensure its success.

7. The ships chosen for this hazardous expedition were built of wood, and were specially strengthened by a lining of teak. On the top of one of the masts a sort of barrel was fixed. This was called the "crow's nest", and was used for the man on "look out". He sat up there and directed the course of the vessel in the intricate channels amongst the ice.

8. Every precaution was taken for the preservation of the health of both officers and men. Thick suits of warm clothing, and gloves lined with fur, were served out to all. Wooden shoes were taken to wear when the men walked on the ice, and spectacles to preserve their eyes from snow blindness.

Tents were taken for the men to sleep in when they made sledge journeys on the ice, and also portable stoves to be heated with spirit of wine to supply warmth, and as a means of cooking their food; in short, everything was taken that could be suggested, to ward off the effects of the cold.

9. Provisions in abundance were supplied to both ships, consisting mostly of preserved meats and *pemmican*, a kind of food much used in these cold climates composed of a mixture of meat and vegetables.

Sledges were also taken in case the seas around the Pole should be covered with ice. Some of these were constructed to be drawn by men, others by dogs. Indeed all that science and experience could do to make the expedition perfect was done!

The ships were named the *Alert* and the *Discovery*, and the command was given to Sir George Nares, an experienced officer who had shortly before commanded the *Challenger* in her scientific voyage around the world.

10. The ships left Portsmouth on the 29th of May, 1875, amidst the acclamations of a large concourse of people who had assembled to witness their departure. Many anxious eyes were fixed on them, as decked with flags they steamed out of the harbour. Amongst that large crowd were some who had fathers or brothers on board, and as the part of the world to which the ships were bound was unknown, many feared that it was the last time they would see either the ships or their crews. The whole nation, indeed, felt interested in the expedition, and the Queen herself sent a telegram to the commander wishing him success.

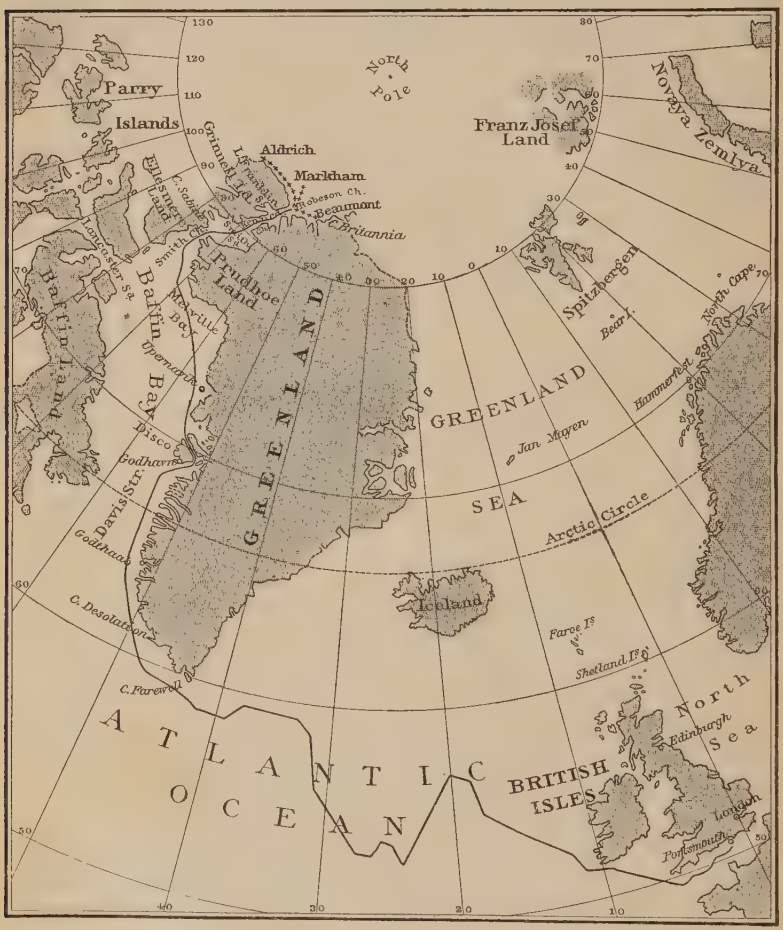
PART II.

1. After leaving the coast of Ireland, a succession of severe gales separated the ships from each other. They, however, met off the foggy headland of Cape Desolation in Greenland, and soon afterwards entered the harbour of the Danish settlement of Disco. Here they took on board a supply of dogs to draw the sledges, and two well-known Esquimaux interpreters and dog drivers, "Fred" for the *Alert*, and "Hans" for the *Discovery*.

2. The last place they called at was Upernavik. This settlement is the most northerly in the known world. It is a Danish colony, and its chief characteristics are rocks and boulders, black houses with white window shutters, and dogs. Crossing Melville Bay, the ships entered Smith's Channel, which was found filled with pack ice. They took refuge in a little rocky cove, which was for the time named "Bide a Wee" harbour, from the number of times they had to turn back into it. Before long, however, a strong wind blew the ice a little off the south shore, and both ships rounding Cape Sabine, steamed westward as there was no road to the north.

3. Large mountains of ice were now to be seen on all sides of them, and one day the ships were in great danger

from an immense iceberg, which drifted towards them and threatened to crush the ships to pieces. The danger appeared to be so imminent that the crews got their knapsacks and pocket valuables together to be prepared for the worst. Only the skill and patient watchfulness of officers and men saved the ships from destruction.



Map to illustrate the Course of the "Alert" and the "Discovery".

4. The ships now pressed on northwards through Smith's Sound and the Kennedy and Robeson Channels. Checks

and delays were of daily occurrence. Every movement of the ice was watched, and every chance of steaming on eagerly seized. On the 22nd of August a well sheltered and commodious bay was found on the north shores of Lady Franklin Strait, and here it was decided the *Discovery* should winter. A short time was spent in making preparations for the separation of the two ships, and on the 25th of August, the *Alert* amidst the hearty cheers of the crew of the *Discovery* steamed northwards.

5. It took the *Alert* three days to steam twenty miles, and in going this distance, the rudder was so crushed by icebergs, that it had to be changed for a spare one that was carried on deck. The 1st of September was a memorable day for the expedition. A south-south-westerly gale had sprung up during the previous night, and under its influence the broad floes of heavy ice separated from the steep cliffs under which the ship lay, leaving a long line of water, now widening and now narrowing, stretching along the shore into the unknown north.

6. The ship passed rapidly through under full steam, and with top-sails spread. Before noon she had passed several headlands. The land now tended to the west-ward, low undulating hills succeeded the cliffs of 1000 feet or more, along which she had passed. It snowed lightly, but not enough to conceal the fact that Robeson Channel was altogether behind, and that a broad ice-covered sea lay in front. It was not till afterwards that the true size of this sea of polar ice was ascertained. They were now obliged to stop.

7. Before them was a rugged wall of ice of from twenty to forty feet in height, further advance was therefore impossible. A channel of shallow water, however, led to a low point of land to the south. They sailed carefully down this channel and anchored in a little cove that was bounded by the shelving shore on one side, and on the other by a great iceberg that had grounded in the shallow water, and lay firmly fixed. Here it was decided the *Alert* should winter in latitude 82^0 27'. This was farther north than had ever been reached by any other ship.

8. The land here was not absolutely barren, for the few sheltered spots gave protection to some very small specimens of the Arctic poppy now withered into a brilliant green. In one spot a tiny dwarfed Arctic willow was found with a stem no thicker than a crow-quill creeping flat amongst the stones. Snow-covered land spread southward and westward, and this rose in one place about eight miles off into two dome-shaped mountains.

9. Sledging parties were sent out to explore the region round about, but the men returned to the ships, suffering from such severe frost-bites that some of them were obliged to have one or two of their toes amputated.

10. Winter now set in, and the words "below zero" began to be omitted in the daily statements of the temperature. The cold was so intense that those who dwell in this country can have but little idea of its severity. The sun was not seen for 142 days. Sometimes when the nights were clear, the stars were seen or the faint pale moon. At noon the dusky twilight was often a little brightened. Everything that goes to make up the interest of an Arctic winter, was absent in 82 degrees north; and darkness, ice, and cold, reigned supreme.

11. Snow houses were built for observatories, and the snow was banked up against the side of the ship to help to retain her heat. The daily winter routine of the men was muster on deck, succeeded by divine service, then parade for lime juice. Then followed regulation exercise, either by some occupation outside the ship, or walking a weary beat up and down a space marked out on a smooth piece of ice, with heaps of empty preserved meat tins placed at intervals to act as guides in the darkness. Many plans were adopted for keeping up the spirits of the men during this trying time. Entertainments were held, lectures given, and a night school was carried on by the officers.

12. When spring came the difficulties and dangers returned. It was quite settled that the only mode of reaching the Pole was by sledges. On the morning of the 3rd of April, seven sledges, manned by fifty-three officers and men, fell into their places on the floe alongside of the ship. The

sledges destined for the North Pole were under the command of Captain Markham. The way lay over ice and snow, and the road had to be cut with spades and pickaxes, before the dogs could draw the sledges over it. A temperature of more than 70 degrees below freezing-point was experienced the first week. Sledges and men sank deeply into the snow. Although all worked with a will, they only proceeded at the rate of a mile a day. The men now suffered the greatest hardships, and had to sleep in tents which were pitched on

the ice. At last sickness broke out, and the interpreter Petersen was so badly frost-bitten, that he died. Seeing the impossibility of getting to the Pole by this route, Captain Markham determined to return, and after incredible difficulties succeeded in getting back to the ship.

13. It now being evident that further progress to the north was absolutely impossible, Captain Nares decided to return home. The ice, however, remained firm until the 20th of July, when it began to show signs of breaking up.

The ice around the ship was now blown up with gunpowder, and on the 31st of July, when a strong south-west wind set in, the *Alert* left her winter quarters. On the 11th of August she fell in with the *Discovery*, and both ships made the best of their way southwards.

14. After many more dangers were passed the ships reached the Danish colonies of Greenland, and put on shore the dogs and the surviving interpreter. The coast of Iceland was reached on the 27th of August, 1876, and on the 2nd of November the ships re-entered Portsmouth harbour.

15. Although the expedition was not able to approach within 600 miles of the North Pole, yet many scientific discoveries were made, and the question was settled of the impracticability of reaching the Pole by the route that had been chosen.

LXXV a. A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
  Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time; —

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Longfellow

b. THE RETURN OF THE DOVE.

There was Hope in the Ark at the dawn of the day,
When o'er the wide waters the Dove flew away;
But when ere the night she came wearily back
With the leaf she had pluck'd on her desolate track,
The children of Noah knelt down and adored,
And utter'd in anthems their praise to the Lord.
Oh bird of glad tidings! oh joy in our pain!
Beautiful Dove! thou art welcome again.

When peace has departed the care-stricken breast,
And the feet of the weary one languish for rest;
When the world is a wide-spreading ocean of grief,
How blest the return of the Bird and the Leaf!
Reliance on God is the Dove to our Ark,
And peace is the olive she plucks in the dark.
The deluge abates, there is sun after rain —
Beautiful Dove! thou art welcome again!

Charles Mackay.

c. THE GIANT.

There came a Giant to my door,
A Giant fierce and strong,
His step was heavy on the floor,
His arms were ten yards long.
He scowled and frowned; he shook the ground; —
I trembled through and through; —
At length I looked him in the face
And cried: — Who cares for you?

The mighty Giant as I spoke
Grew pale and thin and small,
And through his body, as 't were smoke,
I saw the sunshine fall.
His blood-red eyes turned blue as skies,
He whispered soft and low.
Is this, I cried, with growing pride,
Is this the mighty foe?

He sunk before my earnest face,
He vanish'd quite away,
And left no shadow on his place
Between me and the day.
Such Giants come to strike us dumb —
But weak in every part,
They melt before the strong man's eyes,
And fly the true of heart.

Charles Mackay.

LXXVI. A NIGHT SCENE IN A POOR MAN'S HOUSE.

It was the middle of winter, on the night of the 23rd of January, when the weather was miserably cold; it neither decidedly froze, nor yet did it thaw; but between the two it was cold and damp, and penetrated to the very bone, even of those who sat in carpeted rooms before large fires, and were warmly clad.

It was on this evening that the seven little children of David Baird, the weaver, stood huddled together in their small room, beside a small fire, which was burning comfortlessly. The baby lay in a wooden cradle at one corner of

the hearth. The fire, to be sure, gave some warmth, because it had boiled a potful of potatoes, but it gave very little cheeriness to the room. The mother had portioned out the evening meal — a few potatoes to each — and she now sat down by the round table, lighted the farthing candle, and was preparing to do some little piece of housewifery.

"May I stir the fire?" asked David, the eldest boy.

"No, no," replied the mother; "it burns away too fast if it is stirred."

"I wish we had a good fire!" sighed Judith, the second girl.

"Bless me!" said the mother, "it is a good fire! Why, there's Dame Grundy and her grandchild gone to bed because they have no fire at all!"

"I should like some more salt to my potatoes," said little Bessy; "may I have some more, mother?"

"There is none, child," she replied; "I put the last in the pot."

"O dear!" cried out little Joey, "my feet are so bad! They get no better, mother, though I did beat them with holly."

"Poor thing!" sighed the mother; "I wish you had better shoes."

"There 's a pair," said Joey briskly, "at Timmy Nixon's, for fourteen pence."

"Fourteen pence!" repeated the mother; "it would take a long time to get fourteen pence."

"Mat Willis begged a pair of nice warm boots," replied Joey.

"We will not beg," said the mother, "if we can help it — but let me see the shoes;" and Joey put up one of his frost-bitten feet on his mother's knee. "Bless thee! my poor lad," said the mother, "thou shalt not go to work again till it is warmer."

"Mother," interrupted little Susan, "may I have some more?"

"There is no more," said she; "but I have a whole loaf yet."

"O dear, O dear, how nice!" cried the children, clapping

their hands; "and give Joey the bottom crust," said one, "because of his poor feet."

"And give me a big bit," cried Susan, holding out a fat little hand.

The mother divided the loaf — setting aside a piece for her husband — and presently the husband came.

"It rains, and is very cold," said he, shivering.

"Please God," rejoined the mother, "it will be warmer after the rain."

David Baird was a tall thin man, with an uneasy look — not that he had any fresh cause of uneasiness — his wages had not been lowered; his hours of work had not been increased, nor had he quarrelled with his master; but the life of a poor man is an uneasy life — a life of care, weariness, and never-ending anxieties. What wonder, then, if his face have a joyless look?

The children made room for their father by the fire; Susan and Neddy placed themselves between his knees, and his wife handed him the portion of supper which had been set aside for him.

Mary, the eldest girl, was sitting on a box, feeding a squirrel with the bread which her mother had given her — she was very happy, and kissed the squirrel many times. Judith was sitting beside her, and David held the cup out of which the squirrel drank.

"Nobody has inquired after that squirrel," said the father, looking at them.

"No," replied Mary, "and I hope nobody will."

"They will not now," said the younger David, "for it is three months since we found it."

"We might sell it for half-a-crown," said the father. Mary looked frightened, and held the squirrel to her bosom.

"Joey's feet are very bad," remarked the mother.

"And that doctor's bill has never been paid," said the father, "seventeen shillings and sixpence."

"'Tis more money than we get in a week," sighed the mother.

"I go round by the back-lane, to avoid passing the

door," said the father, "and he has asked me for it three times."

"We will get it paid in the summer," rejoined the mother, hopefully; "but now coals are raised, and bread, they say, will rise before the week is out."

"Lord help us!" exclaimed the father.

"Mary, fetch the other candle," cried the mother, as the farthing candle burned low in the stick, and then went out.

"There is not one!" replied Mary; "we burned out the other last night."

"Have you a farthing, David?" asked the wife.

"Not one," replied he, rather hastily.

"Nor have we one in the house," said the wife; "I paid all we had for the bread."

"Stir up the fire, then," said David.

"Nay," rejoined the wife, "coals are raised."

"Lord help us!" again sighed David, and two of the children began coughing. "Those children's coughs are not better!" remarked the father somewhat impatiently. And then the baby awoke; and so did Bessy, who had fallen asleep on the floor unobserved, crying: "I am so cold, mother; I am so cold!"

"Go to bed with her, Mary," said the mother, "for you were up betimes this morning, washing. Put your clothes on the bed, and keep her warm."

Mary went into the little dark chamber to bed with her sister, and her mother tried to hush the crying infant.

David was distracted. He was cold, hungry, weary, and in gloom. Eight children whom he loved were about him, but he thought of them only as born to poverty, uneasiness, and care, like himself: he felt unhappy, and grew almost angry as the baby continued to cry.

Cheer up, David, honest man! there is that coming even now — coming within three streets' length of thee — which shall raise thee above want for ever! Cheer up! This is the last hour any of you shall want for fire — the last hour you shall want for candle-light. Thou shalt keep thy squirrel, Mary! Bessy, thou shalt have blankets to warm thee! The doctor's bill shall be paid — nor, David Baird, shalt thou

ever again skulk by back-ways to thy work to avoid an importunate creditor! Joey, thou shalt turn the wheel no longer — thy feet shall get well in woollen stockings, and warm shoes at five shillings a pair! You shall no more want salt to your potatoes, nor shall Susan again go short of her supper! But of all this, as yet, you know nothing, good people; and there you sit, hopeless and comfortless, and know nothing about the relief — and such splendid relief too — that even now is approaching your door. Wail, little baby, as thou wilt; nurse thy poor tingling feet, Joey, by the fire; and muse in sadness on thy poverty, David Baird, yet a few moments longer; it can do you no harm, for the good news is even now turning the corner of your street.

Knock, knock, knock! David started from his reverie. "Some one is at the door," said the wife; and up jumped little David. "If it is neighbour Wood come to borrow some meal, you can get her a cupful," added the mother, as the knock was repeated more hastily.

Up rose David Baird, and thinking of the apothecary's bill, opened the door reluctantly.

"Are you David Baird?" asked the letter-carrier, who had knocked.

"I am," said David.

"This, then, is for you; and there are twenty-two pence to pay on it," said the man, holding forth a large letter.

"Is it a summons?" cried the wife in dismay: "for what is David Baird summoned?" and she rushed to the door with the baby in her arms.

"It is no summons," replied the man, "but a money-letter, I take it."

"It is not for me," said David, half glad to escape his liability to pay the two-and-twenty pence.

"But are you not David Baird, the weaver?"

"I am," said David.

"Then," continued the letter-carrier, "pay me the twenty-two pence, and, if it is not right, they will return you the money at the post-office."

"Twenty-two pence!" repeated David, ashamed to confess his poverty.

"One shilling and tenpence," said the wife; "we have not so much money by us, good man."

"Light a candle," said the letter-carrier, bustling into the house, "and hunt up what you have."

David was pushed to an extremity. "We have none," said he; "we have not money to buy a candle!"

"Lord bless me!" said the letter-carrier, and he gave David the younger fourpence to fetch half a pound of candles. David and his wife knew not what to think; and the letter-man shook the wet from his hat. In a few moments the candles came, and the letter was put into David's hands.

"Open it, can't you?" said the letter-man.

"Is it for me?" inquired David again.

"It is," replied the other, impatiently — "what a fuss is here about opening a letter!"

"What is this?" exclaimed David, taking out a bill for one hundred pounds.

"Oh!" sighed the wife, "if, after all, it should not be for us! but read the letter, David;" and David read it.

"Sir — You, David Baird, weaver, of — —, and son of the late David Baird, of Marden-on-Wear, lineal descendant of Sir David Baird, of Monkshaughton Castle, county of Yorkshire, and sole heir of Sir Peter Baird, of Monkshaughton aforesaid, lately deceased, are requested to meet Mr Dennis, solicitor, at York, as soon after the receipt of this as possible. It will be necessary for you to bring your family with you; and, to cover travelling and other expenses, you will receive enclosed a bill for one hundred pounds, payable at sight.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your humble servant,
J. Smith, for Mr Dennis."

"Sure enough," said David, "David Baird, of Marden-on-Wear, was my father."

"Oh, oh, oh!" chuckled out little David, as he hopped about behind the group, "a hundred pounds and a castle!"

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated the wife, while she hugged the baby in her arms.

"And," continued David, "the great Sir David Baird was our ancestor; but we never looked for anything from that quarter."

"Then the letter is for you?" asked the man.

"It is. Please Heaven to make us thankful for it," said David, seriously; "but," hesitated he, "you want the money?"

"No," said the letter-carrier, going out, "I'll call for that to-morrow."

"Bolt the door, wife," said David, as she shut the door after the man; "this money requires safe keeping."

"Mend the fire!" said the mother; and her son David put on a shovelful of coal, and raked out the ashes.

"Kiss me, my children!" exclaimed the father, with emotion; "kiss me, and bless God, for we shall never want bread again."

"Is the house on fire?" screamed Mary, at the top of the stairs, "for there is such a blaze!"

"We are burning a mould candle," said Judith, "and have such a big fire!"

"Come here, Mary," said the father, and Mary slid downstairs, wrapped in an old cloak.

"Father's a rich man! we 're all rich — and shall live in a grand castle!" laughed out young David.

"We shall have coats, and blankets, and stockings, and shoes!" cried Joey, all alert, yet still remembering his poor frost-bitten feet.

"We shall have roast-beef and plum-pudding!" said Susan.

"We shall have rice-pudding every day!" cried Neddy.

"And let me have a horse, father," said young David.

David Baird was again distracted; but how different were his feelings. He could have done a thousand extravagant things. At length he said: "Wife, send the children to bed, and let us talk over this good-fortune together."

LXXVII a. THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
  Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
  From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
  Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
  That my soul cannot resist.

Come, read to me some poem,
  Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
  And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
  Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
  Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
  Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
  And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
  Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
  Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour,
  And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
  Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
  The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
  That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Longfellow.

b. TWILIGHT.

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the colour from her cheek?

. . . . . .

Longfellow.

LXXVIII. THE STORY OF A MATCH BOY.

1. Not long ago, in the city of Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of an hotel one very cold day, when a little boy with a poor thin blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said, "Please, sir, buy some matches."

2. "No, we don't want any," the gentleman said. "But they are only a penny a box," the poor little fellow pleaded. "Yes, but you see we don't want a box," the gentleman said again. "Then I will sell you two boxes for a penny," the boy said at last; and so to get rid of him, the gentleman, who tells the story, says, "I bought a box; but then I found I had no change, so I said, 'I will buy a box tomorrow.'"

3. 'Oh, do buy them to-night, if you please,' the boy pleaded again; 'I will run and get you the change, for I am very hungry.' So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came.

4. "Then I thought I had lost my shilling; still there was something in the boy's face that I trusted, and I did not like to think badly of him. Late in the evening I was told a little boy wanted to see me. When he was brought in, I found he was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling, but if possible, thinner and more ragged.

5. "He stood for a moment, diving into his rags as if seeking for something, and then said, 'Are you the gentleman that bought the matches from Sandie?' 'Yes.' 'Well, then, here's fourpence out of the shilling; Sandie cannot come; he's very ill; a cart ran over him and knocked him down, and he lost his cap and his matches and your eleven pence, and both his legs are broken, and the doctor says he will die; and that's all.' And then, putting the fourpence on the table, the poor child broke out into great sobs.

6. "So I fed the little lad, and I went with him to see Sandie. I found that the two little things lived alone, their father and mother being dead. Poor Sandie was lying on a bundle of shavings. He knew me as soon as I came in,

and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back; and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs were broken.

7. "'And oh, Reuby! little Reuby! I am sure I am dying, and who will take care of you when I am gone? What will you do, Reuby?' Then I took his hand, and said I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look up at me as if to thank me; and the light went out of his blue eyes."

LXXIX a. THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize, —
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? A mother sat there;
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear,
And heeded the words of truth that fell
From the lips of a mother that loved me well.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on; but the last one sped —
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
I learned how much the heart can bear
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me; 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm chair.

Eliza Cook.

b. THE OLD COTTAGE-CLOCK.

Oh! the old, old clock of the household stock
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
'T was a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations alter'd;
And its voice still strong warn'd old and young,
When the voice of friendship falter'd.
Tick, tick, it said; — quick, quick, to bed, —
For ten I've given warning;
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning.

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And bless'd the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling.
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it call'd at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn look'd grey o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly.
Tick, tick, it said, — quick, out of bed, —
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning.

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never,
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost for ever!

Its heart beats on — though hearts are gone,
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move, — though hands we love
Are clasp'd on earth no longer!
Tick, tick, it said, — to the church-yard bed,
The grave hath given warning, —
Up, up, and rise to the Angel skies —
And enter a Heavenly Morning!

Charles Swain.

LXXX. THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight —
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one;
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his lone bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain;
He wrapped his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one — o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest who played
  Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
  Around one parent knee;

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
  And cheered with song the hearth! —
Alas, for love! if thou wert all,
  And nought beyond, O Earth!

Felicia Hemans.

LXXXI. THE OPEN WINDOW.

The old house by the lindens
  Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
  The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
  Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children,
  They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
  Was standing by the door;
He looked for his little playmates,
  Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
  They played not in the hall;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness
  Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
  With sweet, familiar tone;
But the voices of the children
  Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,
  He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
  I pressed his warm, soft hand.

Longfellow.

LXXXII. THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Wolfe.

LXXXIII. THE GOODWIN SANDS.

1. Off the peaceful coast of Kent, about five or six miles from the shore, there is a stretch of ten miles of sand-banks, which has been more destructive to life and property than any other part of the British coasts. It is the treacherous Goodwin Sands, the scene of many a terrible shipwreck, and of many a noble battle for life waged by these bravest of storm-warriors, the lifeboat-men of the Kentish coast.

2. Smooth and harmless as the Sands look at ebb tide, gentle as is the ripple that often plays over them at high-water, the sailor has much more reason to dread them than he has to fear the most dangerous of sunken rocks. On a rock a lighthouse may be built, or a beacon of some kind may be erected; but on the Goodwins no stable foundation

can be got, and even the anchorage of the lightships is insecure. There powerful and richly laden merchantmen have been shattered by the waves, and great line-of-battle ships have been reduced to wrecks and swallowed up in the inconstant sand.

3. At low-water the sand becomes firm, and may be walked on in safety; but as the tide rises the water saturates (wets through and through) the mass of sand and transforms it into a pulp of the consistency of mud. It is when in this state that the Sands are most dangerous; not only because ships that then strike on them gradually sink into the ooze, but also because then the sand shifts from place to place, so as to render charts useless for any length of time.

4. These Sands derive their name from Godwin, Earl of Kent, the father-in-law of Edward the Confessor, and the father of King Harold who was slain in the Battle of Hastings. The story runs at one time these Sands consisted of some thousands of acres of low land protected from the sea by a wall; that after the Norman Conquest William I. gave this land to the Abbey of St. Augustine at Canterbury; that the abbot allowed the sea-wall to fall into decay; and that, in 1100, the sea rushed in and overwhelmed the whole.

5. A narrow channel divides the Sands into two portions. Between their banks and the coast of Kent is the wide and secure anchorage called the Downs, to which the Goodwins serve as a breakwater against easterly winds. When the west wind blows strongly, the Downs are not safe. Ships are then apt to drag their anchors, and to be stranded on the deadly Goodwins.

6. Three **lightships** are placed to warn sailors of their approach to this dangerous shoal (a sandbank or a shallow); one at the northern extremity, one at the southern extremity, and one on the Gull, a point about the middle of the western side. Besides showing a bright light at night, each of these ships carries a bell, which is frequently sounded in foggy weather. A lighthouse was erected in 1846, on iron piles driven deep into the sand, but the storms of a single winter washed it away. In stormy weather the watchmen on board

the lightships are constantly on the look-out for wrecks. As soon as one is observed, rockets are sent up as a signal to those on shore, and the lifeboats are sent out from Ramsgate or from Deal, as the case may be, or one of the hovelling luggers that are always on the watch for such events makes for the spot. (A *lugger* is a small vessel carrying three masts with lug or square sails.)

7. Once, in the midst of a wild storm, it became known in Ramsgate that a ship had struck on the Sands and was fast going to pieces. The harbour-master (an officer who has charge of the mooring of ships etc.) immediately gave orders "Man the lifeboat"; and at once there was a rush to the pier (a projecting wharf or landing place) of the brave fellows who had been waiting for the order. "First come, first in," is the rule; so no time is wasted in hesitation or preparation. The news rapidly spread. Each boatman, as he heard it, snatched up his bag of waterproof overalls and his south-wester cap, and made for the boat with all possible speed. Man after man might be seen racing down the pier, hoping to find a place still vacant. If the race had been to save their lives, rather than to risk them, it could hardly have been more hotly contested.

8. When the lifeboat reached the scene of the wreck, the crew saw that the hull of the ship had settled down

on the sand. The fore-mast[1] was gone, but the main-mast was still standing, though the top-mast[2] was broken off eight feet above the cross-trees[3]. On the main-top[2], seven or eight men were huddled together, while three others were clinging to the shrouds[4], some half naked, some half dead with cold and fear, and all holding on for dear life. Every minute huge mountain-waves were breaking over them, tearing up the platform to which they clung, and making their position more perilous.

9. At length the life-boat gets within reach of the wreck. Her anchor is cast over the side: yard by yard the cable is cautiously payed out, and the great rolling seas are allowed to carry her little by little nearer to the vessel. A corner of the sail is hoisted, to let the boat sheer in. A huge wave lifts her; the cable is let go a few yards by the run, and the boat is alongside of the wreck. With a yell of joy three men jump in, then a huge sea carries her away many yards, and a loud wail is heard from the poor fellows remaining on the mast. The lifeboat-men, however, have no idea of leaving one of them there. Back again they come, cautiously but boldly; and at last all the survivors of the shipwrecked crew — eleven men — are safely on board.

10. The lifeboat had been away from Ramsgate upwards of six hours, and anxious crowds were beginning to gather on the pier, and to watch for her return. When at length a steamer was announced with the lifeboat in tow, the watchers shouted for very joy. And as the brave boat-men

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[1] A full-rigged ship has three masts: the fore-mast, main-mast and the mizzen-mast.

[2] Each mast consists of three parts, which are spoken of as three distinct masts, for inst.: the main-mast proper, the main-top-mast, the main-top-gallant-mast.

[3] Cross-trees, pieces of timber at the upper end of the lower mast, and also of the top-mast, to extend the shrouds.

[4] The masts are kept firmly in position by shrouds and stays. The shrouds extend from the main-top to the sides of the ship, the stays extend fore-and-aft, that is to say in the direction of the stem and the stern. Stem is the prow or fore-part, and stern is the hind-part of a ship.

entered the harbour, waving the strong right arms that had worked so well, and shouting, "All saved! all saved!" cheer after cheer broke from the crowd.

The rescued men were at once well cared for, and the lifeboat-men escorted home to their families, the crowd cheering again and again as the brave fellows passed up the pier.

LXXXIV. THE CANVAS BOAT.

PART I.

More than two hundred years ago, seven English sailors were captured by pirates, and carried off to Algiers, on the coast of Africa. Here they spent five miserable years, during which they were treated not only as prisoners, but as slaves.

At length, they could bear their hard fate no longer. They had no hope either of being set free by their masters, or of being rescued by their friends. They therefore resolved to make their escape.

They were watched so closely, and kept so hard at work, that this was very difficult indeed. But any fate would be better than bondage; and the difficulties they met with only made them more determined to succeed.

Their plan was, to make a boat in separate parts; and to carry these to the coast, and join them together there. By good luck it happened that one of them had got the use of a cellar, in which to store the goods that he sold for his master's benefit. Here the captives met, as often as they could, to talk over their plans; and here, in their stolen half-hours, they made their preparations.

First, they made a keel, in two parts; then they made the ribs. They were afraid that if they covered these with boards, the noise of their hammering would let out their secret. So they got as much stout canvas as would make a double covering for their little skiff; and, in order to make it water-tight, they first soaked it in tallow, and then covered it with pitch.

As they could work very little at their boat each day, and often whole days passed without their being able to touch it, it was a very long time before it was finished. At last everything was ready, and they were in high spirits. When they had found a piece of cloth that would make a sail, they thought themselves the luckiest fellows in the world.

Secretly, and in the dark, they carried their boat, piece by piece, to a quiet valley about half a mile from the sea. Here they put the pieces together, and bore their boat in

triumph to the shore. On launching it, what was their dismay to find that their tiny craft would carry at most only five of their number!

They cast lots to settle who were to be left behind; and, after a sad leave-taking, the little crew set sail, promising, if they ever reached home, to make the case of their comrades known. The only provisions they were able to take with them were two leather bottles of fresh water, and a little bread.

Questions. By whom were the English sailors captured? Where were they sent? How many years were they kept there? How were they treated? What did they at last resolve to do? What was their plan? Where did they make their preparations? Why did they use a canvas covering? What did they find on launching their boat? How did they settle who were to be left?

PART II.

They soon found that their boat leaked very much, and that it needed constant labour to bale it. Before they had been three days afloat, their stock of bread was spoiled by the salt water; and the fresh water had become stale, and hardly fit for drinking.

There was scarcely any wind to help them; and the labour of rowing with rude oars, under a broiling sun, soon began to tell upon the strongest arms and the stoutest hearts amongst them.

The island of Minorca was the place to which they had tried to steer their course, by the help of a pocket-compass during the day, and of the stars by night.

Five days had gone, nor were there any signs of land. On every side the glittering waters stretched away as far as they could see. Famine stared them in the face.

It is no wonder that hope died out in their hearts. They threw down their oars in despair. They crouched down in the bottom of the boat, their ghastly faces showing that the end was not far off.

Will Adams, their leader, was the last to give in. His hand still nervously grasped the tiller, and his eye was bent eagerly towards the horizon.

Suddenly he called out, "Cheer up, lads! we have one chance more. Do you see that dark speck in the shining waters ahead? I am much mistaken if it is not a turtle."

Silently every man seized his oar, and settled to his work. They rowed very quietly towards the creature, and seized it before it was aware of their approach. At once they cut off its head, fed upon its flesh, and drank its blood.

Hope revived in their hearts, as they found their strength returning. They plied their oars with all their might; and ere many hours had passed, the eagle eye of Adams descried a thin gray (grey) line stretching along between sea and sky.

Before night, they felt sure that it was land; and morning showed them the rugged mountains of Minorca distinctly against the sky. By ten o'clock that night they had landed; and "gave thanks unto Him who had brought them unto the haven where they would be."

The Spaniards supplied them with food, and treated them with the greatest kindness. In due time they were sent to England in one of the King's ships. The canvas boat was placed as a memorial in the great church in Minorca, where its ribs and skeleton were seen by a traveller more than one hundred years afterwards.

Questions. What needed constant labour after they had sailed? How did they steer? Where did they try to go? After how many days' rowing did they lose all hope? What revived them? What did they see the same night? What did they do on landing? What was done with the canvas boat?

LXXXV. ALEXANDER SELKIRK, THE ORIGINAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.

The adventurers' voyage to the Pacific was prosperous, and they steered directly for the island of Juan Fernandez; but on approaching it they had cause to suspect that the Spaniards had established a garrison upon it, as a fire was distinctly seen during the night; and accordingly a small boat was sent to reconnoitre.

As the boat drew near, a man was seen on the shore waving a white flag; and on her nearer approach he called to the people in the boat in the English language, and directed them to a landing-place. As the boat did not return so soon as was expected, the pinnace was sent in search of her. The circumstance which caused the delay is thus related by Captain Woodes Rogers: —

"The pinnace came back immediately from the shore, and brought abundance of cray-fish; and a man clothed in goat-skins, who looked more wild than the first owners of them. He had been on the island four years and four months. His name was Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who had been master of the *Cinque Ports*, a ship which came here with Captain Dampier, who told me that he was the best man in her; so I immediately agreed with him to be a mate on board our ship. It was he who made the fire last night, judging our ships to be English."

During the first eight months of his residence on the island, Selkirk found it difficult to bear up against melancholy, and the tediousness of his solitary life. He built himself two huts with pimento trees, covered them with long grass, and lined them with the skins of goats, which he killed with his gun so long as his small store of powder lasted. Just as that was expended, he found out the method of kindling fire by rubbing together two pieces of pimento wood. He employed himself in praying and singing psalms. At first his appetite entirely failed him; he could not relish his food, from dejection and want of salt; nor used he to go to rest until he was no longer able to watch.

Pimento wood served him for fire and candle, burning very clearly, and with a fragrant refreshing smell.

When his powder was all expended, he was obliged to catch the goats by running them down; and he grew so fleet of foot as to be able to outstrip a good dog. On one occasion his agility nearly cost him his life. He pursued a goat at full speed to the edge of a precipice, which the bushes had concealed from his view; he fell, in consequence, from a great height, and was so bruised and stunned by the fall that he narrowly escaped with his life. When he

came to his senses, he found the goat lying dead under him. He lay in this situation about four-and-twenty hours, then crawled with difficulty to his hut, which was a mile distant; he did not recover from the effects of this accident for several days.

Goats and cats, which had been brought to the island — the former by the Spaniards, the latter by the buccaneers and cruisers — were found by Selkirk to have multiplied exceedingly. Of the goats he killed above five hundred, and caught as many more, which he dismissed after marking them in the ear. He had also tamed a number of kids; and in order to amuse himself, he used sometimes to sing and dance with them and with his cats.

His clothes and stockings were soon worn out by running through the woods; but his feet grew so hard by exercise, that he could run over the roughest ground without inconvenience, and found it difficult afterwards to reconcile himself to the use of shoes. When his clothes were worn to rags, he made himself a coat and cap of goat-skin, which he sewed together with thongs of the same material. His only needle was a nail; and when his knife was completely worn out, he made a new one from some iron hoops that had been left on shore. As he had some linen cloth among his stores, he made himself some shirts of it, sewing them together with the yarn of his worsted stockings.

In the proper season he had plenty of good turnips, which had been sown by Dampier's men, and increased so as to cover some acres of ground. The cabbage-palms also furnished him with good nourishment. He made excellent goat-soup, and seasoned it with the fruit of the pimento, or Jamaica pepper.

Alexander Selkirk always remembered with pleasure his abode on Juan Fernandez. His residence there was caused by a disagreement with Shadling, the captain of the *Cinque Ports;* and dreading the leaky state of the ship, he chose to remain alone on the island, rather than to continue any longer under the command of Shadling. His desire was complied with; and he was set on shore, with his clothes, bedding, a gun, one pound of gunpowder, a hatchet, cook-

ing utensils, some tobacco, and books. Before the ship sailed, however, Selkirk changed his mind, dreading the loneliness of his chosen fate, but the captain would not receive him; and he consequently remained there, until found by Woodes Rogers in the manner already described.

He was only thirty years of age when left on the island; and when the pains of loneliness had worn off, and his health was improved by exercise, temperance, and a fine climate, he became much attached to his wild but tranquil life. His countenance ever after retained the traits that mark the hunter in his solitary occupation. In the streets of London he went along with an air of complete abstraction, and often ran at full speed, totally regardless and unaware of the crowds that stood wondering at him.

The adventures of Alexander Selkirk formed the groundwork of Defoe's famous story of "Robinson Crusoe".

LXXXVI. ADRIFT ON AN ICE-FLOE.

THE "POLARIS" EXPEDITION, 1871—73.

1. One of the most indefatigable of recent Arctic explorers was the American navigator, Charles Francis Hall. He first visited the Polar Regions in 1860, when his explorations among the Eskimos convinced him that they knew the secret of Sir John Franklin's fate; and that it was only to be learned by living among them long enough to acquire their confidence.

2. All his energies, therefore, were devoted to the task of raising funds for a suitable expedition; and he was so far successful, that in the summer of 1864 he was enabled to start for Repulse Bay. He ascertained, from evidence furnished by the natives, that one of Franklin's vessels had actually accomplished the North-West Passage while five of her crew were still on board; further, that when abandoned by the crew, she was found by the Eskimos, in the spring of 1849, near O'Reilly Island, imprisoned in the ice.

3. At various times, during his long absence from the United States, he made attempts to discover the remnant of Franklin's party; for he clung persistently to the con-

viction that some of them were still alive. The last of these journeys, made in 1867—68, fully convinced even Hall himself that his sanguine anticipations were groundless. Abandoning, therefore, all hope of rescuing the unfortunate men, who had undoubtedly perished two or three years before, he returned to the United States, his mind intent on a new object — the discovery of the North Pole.

4. In due time the *Polaris* was fitted out; officers and men were engaged; and Hall, after the American manner, was presented with a flag which De Haven, and Dr. Kane, and Dr. Hayes had successively carried nearer and nearer to the coveted terminus of discovery. The *Polaris* sailed from New London on the 3rd of July 1871. The progress

made by the expedition was uneventful and unusually rapid. By the beginning of September they had reached lat. 82° 16′; and there they resolved to winter in a tolerably sheltered cove, about twelve miles long and nine miles wide, which Hall named "Thank God Harbour".

5. While preparations for "wintering" were being made, Captain Hall went on a sledge-journey. On his return he fell suddenly ill. At first it was supposed to be only a temporary bilious attack, but on the following day the symptoms became alarming, and he was frequently delirious. His illness continued, and gradually assumed the appearance of paralysis, and early in the morning of the 8th of November the heroic explorer died.

6. Three days later, he was buried at noon by lantern-light, the coffin being hauled to the grave on a sledge, over which was spread, for a pall, the American flag. That lonely grave, amid the peaks and icebergs of the Polar World, is surely a fitting sepulchre for so dauntless an explorer. On no man was the strange magical spell of the North more powerfully laid than on Charles Francis Hall, who now sleeps where the cold Northern winds blow across his grave, under the weird radiance of the aurora.

7. Several sledge-journeys were made during the winter, and when the ice began to break up boat-excursions were undertaken; but these were not attended with very great success. At last the *Polaris* weighed anchor, on the 12th of August, and steamed slowly in a southerly direction. Being caught in the ice, she was moored to a floe, and thus slowly drifted down Kane Basin into Smith Sound, and on the 4th of October passed Rensselaer Harbour, where Kane had spent several winters.

8. During the night of the 15th of October the ship was nipped in the ice; and so terrible was the pressure, that all on board thought she would be reduced to a wreck. In a moment of panic, Captain Buddington, Hall's successor, shouted to his men to "throw everything on the ice"; and immediately the direst confusion prevailed. The men seized the stores, which had previously been brought up from the

hold in anticipation of a catastrophe, and flung them overboard indiscriminately.

9. As the vessel, by its rising and falling motion, was constantly breaking up the ice, and as no care was exercised where or how the things were thrown, Captain Tyson, with some of the men, got on the floe and endeavoured to introduce a little order into the terrible confusion. While they were thus engaged, the ice began to crack; shortly afterwards it exploded under their feet, and shivered into many pieces; -- the ship broke away in the darkness, and was out of sight in a moment!

10. When morning came, Tyson found that, fortunately, two boats were lying on the floe on which he and his companions were afloat. It was a nearly circular floe, about four miles in circumference. The little company thus strangely brought together on an floating piece of ice, numbered nineteen — twelve men, two women, and five children. The supply of provisions consisted only of fourteen cans of pemmican, eleven and a half bags of bread, one can of dried apples, and fourteen small hams.

11. On this floe the little company were forced to spend the next five months, living in snow-houses which they built for themselves, and enduring the most terrible hardships. Every one's strength rapidly declined, from the scanty allowance of food. A seal was occasionally caught by the Eskimos, of whom there were two among the men of the party; but this afforded only temporary relief.

12. On the 19th of January the sun reäppeared, after an absence of only eighty-three days; from which they concluded that they had drifted considerably southward. Seals were now caught more frequently, and the pressure of hunger was less felt; but the trials of the castaways were not yet over, and the prospect of their ultimate deliverance seemed very uncertain.

13. The ice-raft broke up into hundreds of pieces on the 11th of March, and the castaways found themselves afloat on one which measured no more than seventy-five by one hundred yards. Soon this small ice-floe began to wear away very rapidly, and Captain Tyson determined on taking to

the one boat now left to them, with the view of reaching the main pack. This was a work of great difficulty and danger; but at length it was safely accomplished, and all were landed on the pack-ice.

14. On the night of the 20th of April a heavy sea suddenly arose, and sweeping in violent billows over the ice-floe occupied by the castaways, carried off their tent and most of their bed-clothing — everything, in fact, that was movable. Only a few articles were saved, which they contrived to stow in the boat: the women and children were already in it, else the little ones must certainly have perished. It required all the efforts of the men to save the boat. They knew that their lives depended on its preservation; and this knowledge inspired them to exertions which, in their enfeebled condition, were almost superhuman. For twelve hours they held on to it, "like grim Death". Scarcely a voice was heard except the crying of the children, and Captain Tyson's orders to "Hold on", "Put on all your weight"; and the responsive "Ay, ay, sir", which, in this terrible crisis, came readily enough.

15. For ten days longer they continued in this desperate situation. During that time they were occasionally tantalized by the appearance of steamers in the distance. They hoisted signals and fired guns, but failed to attract notice, till the 30th of April, when, for the fourth time, a steamer hove in sight, and by-and-by bore down on them. She was the *Tigress,* of Conception Bay, Newfoundland. Her boats were lowered, and the castaways — men, women, and children — were soon all on board, and were fed and clothed and carefully tended. Their thankfulness for so marvellous a deliverance was even greater than the joy of being restored to the comforts of life.

LXXXVII. SPEAKING.

Men express the ideas in their mind, or their thoughts, by certain sounds uttered by their mouths. The *tongue,* is the chief thing used in making these sounds, which are called *language*, from a Latin word meaning the tongue.

To utter such sounds is to speak, and the power of uttering them is called *speech.* Beasts, birds, and other animals have not the power of speech, although they have some kind of feelings, they cannot make known these feelings in *words.*

All that animals can do in the way of speaking is to make certain *sounds* or *cries.* The horse neighs; the dog barks, growls, and whines; the cock crows; the hen cackles and clucks; the cow lows; sheep and lambs bleat; the lion roars; the wolf howls; the fox barks; mice squeak; canaries and linnets sing; the swallow twitters; the sparrow chirps; the rook caws; the bittern booms; the bee hums, the pigeon coos; the cat purrs; the pig squeaks; the hog grunts; the turkey gobbles; the peacock screams; the ass brays; the ox bellows; the duck quacks; monkeys chatter; the owl hoots; frogs croak; and snakes hiss. By such sounds they express pleasure, or pain, or anger, or defiance, or supplication. In some instances the animal only means to let its companions know that it is near at hand. When the blackbird whistles, its mate hears the far-sounding notes, and comes quickly to it.

The sounds and cries which animals make are sometimes called the language of beasts and birds; but it is a language of a very imperfect kind. Starlings, parrots, and cockatoos can be taught to utter words, but they do not know the meaning of what they say; they only repeat by rote what they are taught.

The want of the powers of thought and speech keeps animals in a humble station, far below that of human beings. They cannot tell each other where they were born, or how old they are, or what is their name, or anything else connected with their condition. They therefore cannot instruct each other, or lay plans to make themselves happy. And though we were to make any animal very clever at playing tricks, still that animal's young ones would be just as ignorant as ever. All living creatures, except mankind, are fixed down for ever to a humble condition, and most of them can be easily subdued and ruled over by men.

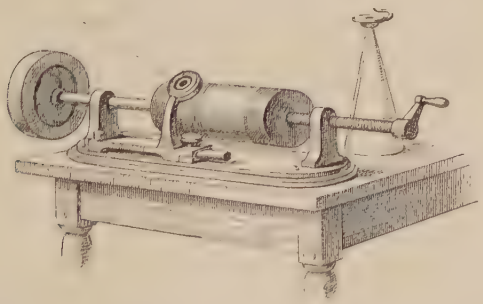
The faculty of language has been given to mankind for the wisest of purposes by his Creator. It is because our

minds have the power of thinking or reflection, that we have received a tongue able to utter what the mind thinks upon. The tongue, and the windpipe through which the sounds come, are called the *organs of speech*. Some persons are so unfortunate as to be unable to speak, and they are said to be *dumb*.

By speaking, we can tell of all the things that we have heard from our fathers; and men who have studied much, can tell the young and the ignorant of many things that they would perhaps never find out themselves. In this manner, by one telling another, every new generation is a little more intelligent than that which went before it, by which means the human mind is being gradually improved.

LXXXVIII. THE PHONOGRAPH AND ITS INVENTOR.

The telephone, the phonograph, and the microphone have given us a new mastery over sound. By the telephone the words of our lips may be transported in an instant to distant countries; by the phonograph they may be treasured



up in cells of crystal silence for ages, then called forth like a voice from the grave; and by the microphone we are enabled to listen to the clamour of minute life, which poets long have fancied but never heard — the gossip of butterflies, the trumpeting of a gnat, the footfalls of a spider, the rush of sap in the spring grasses, or the fairy rain of pollen-dust from a flower.

The phonograph, however, is universally regarded as the most marvellous of the three, chiefly because of its extreme simplicity and wonderful capabilities. It does for sound what the photograph does for light, capturing it and imprisoning it. But while in photographs colour is lost, in the phonograph the quality of the voice can be at least partially preserved, and familiar accents are reproduced with startling fidelity.

Yet this talking-machine has neither tongue nor teeth, larynx nor pharynx; it is as simple as a coffee-mill. A vibrating diaphragm to take up the sounds, and a stylus to impress them on a sheet of tinfoil, are its essential parts. Looking at the sound record one sees only the scoring of the stylus on the smooth yielding surface of the foil, like the track of an Alpine tourist across a virgin snow-field. It is these meaningless scratches which are the footprints of the voice.

The inventor of the phonograph, Thomas Alva Edison, was born in Ohio in the year 1847. He commenced his enterprising career as a news-boy on the Grand Trunk Railway. Very soon he had obtained a monopoly for the sale of papers over the line, and employed four boy-assistants.

By-and-by he conceived the idea of publishing for himself. There was an old springless car, with a smoking-room, attached to the train on which he sold his papers; and as no one would travel in it, Edison got leave to use it. He bought an old press and quantity of type, fitted it up in the smoking-room, and regularly issued a small weekly print called the *Grand Trunk Herald,* price three cents, containing gossip of the neighbourhood, accidents, and other matter. Robert Stephenson, at work on the Montreal tubular bridge, found Edison engaged on his paper, and was so pleased with the boy's earnestness that he ordered an extra edition for himself.

This connection with the press introduced him to the telegraph, which he straightway determined to master. Having learned how to send and receive messages, at the age of seventeen he obtained a situation as telegraph operator in Stratford, Canada. Thence he went from city to city of the States — west, south, and east — Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, New Orleans, Boston, and New York, leading an

unsettled operator's life; now being discharged, now leaving of his own accord. All his spare cash and time were spent in providing experimental electrical apparatus to illustrate his studies, or to try some of the original ideas which thronged his brain.

At Indianapolis he produced his first inventive success, an automatic signalling instrument, and at Cincinnati in 1865 he perfected a duplex system for sending two messages in contrary directions over one wire at once. He was pooh-poohed and ridiculed until he went to Boston in 1868, where an appreciative superintendent of the office recognized in him the fire of suppressed genius. It happened that eight years ago there was unusual excitement in the gold market, and at the climax of the hurry the company's indicating instrument broke down. The superintendent was out, and no one could set it right. In the midst of the confusion, Edison stepped up and volunteered to do it. The manager looked somewhat dubiously at the new-comer; but the emergency was great, and Edison's offer was accepted. In a few moments the instrument was working as before, and Edison was forthwith engaged at a good salary in the service of the company.

Edison lives at Menlo Park, a sequestered spot twenty-four miles from New York. His establishment here consists of his laboratory, dwelling-house, and the cottages of his workmen, including a restaurant started by a smart Yankee for the convenience of Edison's visitors.

The laboratory is a plain wooden building, two stories high, isolated on an eminence. The lower part is occupied by Edison's office and library, and a mechanics' shop, where a dozen fitters are forging and shaping his ideas into iron and wood. Up-stairs is the laboratory proper, a long room lined from end to end with an array of chemicals. On tables and in show-cases about the room are lying all manner of telegraphic apparatus, lenses, crucibles, and pieces of his own instruments — telephones, phonographs, and aerophones. A perfect tangle of telegraph-wires from all parts of the Union are focussed at one end of the room. An ash-covering forge, a cabinet organ, a rusty stove with an old pivot-chair, a table well stained with oils and acids, complete the furniture of this curious den, into which the sunlight filters

through the chemical jars, and falls in particoloured patches on the dusty floor.

Edison is an inventor by sheer dint of native genius. His scientific knowledge of electricity is by no means thorough; mathematics are repulsive to him. As soon as his mind lights upon any new peculiar fact, at once he conceives an application of it. The phonograph was discovered in the following manner: — He had invented an apparatus for recording ordinary telegraph signals by a stylus on yielding material, so that the record could serve to re-transmit the message automatically. One day, while experimenting with a vibrating telephone diaphragm, to which a pricker was fixed, the pricker pierced his fingers by the force of the vibrations, and drew blood. In an instant there flashed into his mind the idea of the phonograph. He saw that the voice had power to cause a similar pricker to indent its vibrations in a sheet of tinfoil, so that they could be automatically reproduced. As proof of his power of work, it may be further said that the idea of the phonograph occurred to him one Wednesday afternoon, and he worked on all Wednesday night, Thursday, Thursday night, Friday, and Friday night, till Saturday morning. By that time he had constructed a completely successful phonograph; then he went to bed, and slept with hardly a break till Monday morning.

The "World."

LXXXIX. PERSEVERANCE.

PART I.

What is India-rubber? It is sap from a tree which grows in hot countries. It is of a pale yellow colour, and thickens by exposure to the air. Our fathers used it only to rub out pencil-marks, and did not know anything else that it was good for. In 1820, some very clumsy-looking india-rubber shoes were made by the Indians of South America. For this purpose the sap was run into clay-moulds, and dried in smoke.

A busy man of Boston, United States, thought the idea could be turned to a good account. He mixed the India-rubber gum with turpentine, and spread it on cloth by a

machine which he invented for the purpose, and then dried the cloth in the air.

That was the first piece of India-rubber cloth; and what a wonder it was! Being water-tight, caps, coats, shoes, and waggon-covers were made of it, and found a ready sale. But alas! when the hot weather came, the shoes melted, the coats stuck together, and back came the new goods by cart-loads to the disappointed maker. So he failed, and a great failure it was.

One day a young man went into a warehouse to see some of the new goods. As he showed a clever turn of mind, he was told of the difficulty that had been met with. Any money, it was said, would be given to know the secret of making India-rubber stand the heat of summer. The young man's name was Charles Goodyear, and he was very poor.

On his way home his head was full of thoughts. He believed the difficulty could be got over, and he thought also that he could show how. He hired a small house, bought some of the gum, boiled, baked, and kneaded it, rolled it in sheets, and tried to make shoes. As before, the hot weather turned them into paste. He saw that something must be found to mix with the rubber to prevent the summer softening and the winter hardening it. What *was* that something?

Charles Goodyear tried everything he could think of. He then moved to New York. One friend lent him a room, another gave him tools, and away he worked, often, month after month, so poor that his little family had neither bread to eat, nor money to buy any. From time to time friends gave or lent him the means to live; but most people thought him "India-rubber mad".

In the autumn of 1836, he went to a large city, carrying in his hand a carpet-bag filled with choice samples of his work. Though most people there were weary of the talk about India-rubber, he managed to interest a few gentlemen in his scheme, as he thought he had found out the secret. So, renting an old factory, he went to work, and with so much success, that Government sent him an order

for one hundred and fifty India-rubber mail-bags. When they were finished, he hung them round his shop, and invited the public to come and inspect his fine waterproof bags. Were they not a success? Had he not accomplished the object of his desire?

In about a month, however, he found them all dropping from their handles, soft, sticky, and good for nothing. Four years of patient labour, and nothing but disappointment! Friends who had helped him, and hoped against hope, now shut their hearts and pockets against him.

Poor man! was he not almost ready to give up? Not he. He had faith in his work, and faith *holds on*. It lifts us above despair, and keeps hope and heart alive.

PART II.

One day Charles Goodyear saw a man drying before a fire a piece of India-rubber cloth sprinkled with sulphur. He noticed that the heat to which the cloth was exposed neither melted nor even softened the rubber. Was not this a clue to the discovery? He talked with the man, and found him quite ready to disclose whatever knowledge he possessed on the subject.

After satisfying him for the information he was able to give, Mr. Goodyear commenced to work out an idea of his own. But how much sulphur, how much stirring, how much boiling were necessary to make the new compound, it took many a long and weary year to find out.

He was showing some of the substance one day to a group of gentlemen, who, as usual, told him it would not do. But as he went on zealously talking of its merits, he accidentally brought the substance in contact with the stove, which was hot enough to melt any India-rubber ever seen before. He drew it back and examined it, and found there was not a sticky spot upon it. Then it *could* stand heat! Hurrah! Hurrah!

The poor man was filled with joy. Nobody that has not worked for a single object through five years of poverty and neglect could understand his delight. Next he baked a batch of sulphur and India-rubber in his wife's oven. He

boiled it in her saucepans, roasted it in the ashes of her grate; toasted it now before a slow fire and now before a quick; and for different periods of time, from one hour to twenty-five. He then, assisted by his old father and his little son, built an oven for the purpose of continuing these experiments.

He was soon assured that he had obtained the article he wanted — one which no heat could melt, and that would not stiffen, though placed between blocks of ice on a winter's night. He was certain of success; and yet, on account of his poverty and previous failures, it was years before he established that success before the world.

Still he worked on, although he became poorer than ever. But the neighbours were kind. One paid his milk bill, another his meat bill, while another gave him wood. One gentleman to whom he went through a drifting snow-storm for help, assisted his little family through a very severe winter. It took ten years of hard battling with disappointment and neglect before he began again to make people believe in him.

"I *know* I have invented something which will be widely serviceable to man," he said. At last there were men ready to give him another trial, and to furnish means to perfect his experiments. The result was that a new article of commerce was formed called *vulcanite*, which can be made as pliable as kid, as tough as ox-hide, as elastic as whalebone, and as rigid as flint. Many different articles are now made of it, as thimbles, combs, jewelry, dressing-cases, work-boxes, handles, washing-machines, &c.; and it is largely used in all kinds of machinery. Hundreds of factories are turning out these goods. Indeed, we now wonder how the world ever got on without vulcanite.

Charles Goodyear died in New York in 1860, aged sixty. He died poor, reaping little reward from that which has made many rich. But he lived long enough to see a new and important branch of industry founded by his many years' patient, painstaking labour.

Thus it is that the world is enriched by men who, forgetting themselves, think only of the great work they are called by Providence to perform.

XC. A MAGNET.

It will not be imposing a hard task on the reader if we ask him to obtain, for the experiments we are about to describe, a magnet, a few iron filings, and a few sewing needles.

The magnet may be either straight or shaped like a horse-shoe. A small mark should be filed on one end to distinguish it from the other. The ends are called the poles of the magnet, so that we may call one the marked, and the other the unmarked pole.

If the magnet be dipped into iron filings and slowly lifted out, clusters of filings will be found clinging like fringes to the poles. If the magnet be slowly moved towards some filings, before it touches them they will rush to meet it. This shows that the power of the magnet is not due to any adhesive substance on its surface.

Every piece of iron or steel is not a magnet. If we take a sewing needle and dip it in the filings, it has no more influence on them than a stone would have, for the sewing needle is not a magnet. Place the ends of the needle in two small bits of cork, and float it in a basin of water. Bring the magnet near the basin, and observe the needle. Whichever pole of the magnet is turned to it, the needle moves towards the pole.

Now take off the corks and rub the needle with the magnet several times in the same direction, drawing the marked pole from the point to the head of the needle, and then lifting it off. If we then plunge the needle into iron filings, a fringe of filings will be found adhering to both its ends. Evidently, something has been given to the needle which it had not before; it is, in fact, now a perfect magnet. If the ends be put again into small pieces of cork, and the needle floated, it will not rest in whatever position it may

be placed, as before, but will turn until it lies in one direction only, namely, from north to south.

The eye cannot discern any change in the needle, yet we see there is now a great difference in its behaviour with regard to the direction it assumes in relation to earth, but also with respect to our magnet; for if the marked pole be brought near the point of the needle, it will be found to drive the point away, and to attract the head, while the unmarked end will attract the point, but repel the head.

Let us next magnetize and float another needle in exactly the same way as we did the former. For the sake of distinction, let us put bits of red paper on those ends of the needles which point to the north, and bits of blue paper on the ends which point to the south, and then place both the needles in a basin of water. The red ends repel one another and the blue ends repel one another, but a red pole attracts a blue, and a blue attracts a red. The reds are unfriendly poles, and so are the blues, for they repel each other; but a red and a blue are friendly poles, as they attract each other. Hence we see that, while unmagnetized iron is attracted to either pole of a magnet, a magnetized needle obeys the law that like poles repel, and unlike poles attract each other.

This attraction and repulsion is not affected if we place between the magnets a sheet of paper, a board, or a book. The power of a magnet is not weakened by the presence of other bodies. If the floating needle be on one side of a wall and the magnet on the other, the point is still repelled by the marked pole, and attracted by the unmarked pole.

Let us now ask whether the magnet has any effect on the wall, or on any other object interposed between them. We find that these bodies, unless made of iron, do not interfere with the action of the magnet, nor are they in any way affected by the transmission of its power. A person standing between the magnet and the needle neither affects their mutual action nor is affected by it. He may screen the needle with his body or his head, and the needle will be driven aside or attracted in the same way, without his

feeling the least sensation. Here is one of the many puzzles connected with this wonderful influence. The power of the magnet passes through opaque and solid bodies without hindrance, and through the heart or brain of a person without his feeling it.

What, then, is magnetism, and how is it transmitted? The answers to these questions have yet to be discovered. We know that magnetism is not a gas or a fluid which goes into the iron when it is magnetized, for when we magnetized the needle we did not increase its weight, nor was our magnet weakened by the process. We might magnetize any number of needles without diminishing in the slightest degree the power of the magnet. This could not be the case if magnetism were a material fluid, for, just as a tank of water, however large, will be emptied in time by continually taking a little out of it, so the fluid stored in a magnet would in time be exhausted, when little by little it is given to other bodies.

The reader who is desirous of making some new discovery, and adding to the stock of human knowledge, will find in the subject of magnetism a region in which there are vast unexplored tracts, the extent and vastness of which no one can foretell. No man, perhaps, knew more of it than Michael Faraday, and yet, towards the end of his days, he said, "How mysterious is that power! The more I brood over it the less I seem to know about it." Alexander the Great is said to have wept for want of new worlds to conquer, but the student of science can never have the same regret. No limit can be seen to the conquests open to him to achieve.

XCI. THE CHEMISTRY OF A CANDLE.

PART I.

"And now, uncle," asked Harry, who was a favourite with the old gentleman, "can you tell me what you do when you put a candle out?"

"Put an extinguisher on it, you young rogue, to be sure."

"Oh, but I mean, you cut off its supply of oxygen," said Master Harry.

"Cut off its what?"

"He means something he heard at the Royal Institution,"*) observed Mrs. Wilkinson. "He reads a great deal about chemistry, and he attended Professor Faraday's lectures there on the chemical history of a candle, and has been full of it ever since."

"Now, you, sir," said Uncle Bagges, "come you here to me, and tell me what you have to say about this chemical eh? — or comical, which? — this — comical chemical history of a candle."

"Harry, don't be troublesome to your uncle," said Mr. Wilkinson.

"Troublesome? Oh, not at all. I like to hear him."

"Let us get a wax candle then, uncle. There's one on the mantle-shelf. Let me light it."

"Take care you don't burn your fingers, or set anything on fire," said Mrs. Wilkinson.

"Now, uncle," commenced Harry, having drawn his chair to the side of Mr. Bagges, "we have got our candle burning. Look down on the top of it, around the wick. See, it is a little cup full of melted wax. The heat of the flame has melted the wax just round the wick. The cold air keeps the outside of it hard, so as to make the rim of it. The melted wax in the little cup goes up through the wick to be burned, just as oil does in the wick of a lamp. What do you think makes it go up, uncle?"

"Why — why, the flame *draws* it up, doesn't it?"

"Not exactly, uncle. It goes up through little tiny passages in the cotton wick, because very, very small channels, or pipes, or pores, have the power in themselves of sucking up liquids. What they do it by is called capillary

*) Royal Institution — founded in London in 1799, by Count Rumford and Sir Joseph Banks. Faraday was director of the laboratory and Fullerian Professor there from 1825 till his death. His lectures on the chemistry of a candle formed part of the series of Christmas lectures adapted to a juvenile audience, which Faraday commenced in 1827 "for boys home for the holidays." They were very successful.

attraction;*) — just as a sponge sucks up water, or a bit of lump-sugar the little drop of tea or coffee left in the bottom of a cup.

"Now, I'll blow the candle out; not to be in the dark, but to find out what it is. — Look at the smoke rising from the wick. I'll hold a bit of lighted paper in the smoke so as not to touch the wick. But see, for all that, the candle lights again! So this shows that the melted wax sucked up through the wick is turned into vapour, and the vapour burns. The heat of the burning vapour keeps on melting more wax, and that is sucked up too within the flame, and turned into vapour and burned; and so on till the wax is all used up and the candle is gone. So the flame, uncle, you see, is the last of the candle; and the candle seems to go through the flame into nothing, although it doesn't, but goes into several things; — and isn't it curious, as Professor Faraday said, that the candle should look so splendid and glorious in going away?

"I dare say that the flame of the candle looks flat to you; but if we were to put a lamp-glass over it, so as to shelter it from the draught, you would see it is round — round sideways, and running up to a peak. It is drawn up by the hot air. You know that hot air always rises, and that is the way smoke is taken up the chimney. What do you think is in the middle of the flame?"

"I should say fire," replied Uncle Bagges.

"Oh, no. The flame is hollow. The bright flame we see is something no thicker than a thin peel or skin, and it doesn't touch the wick. Inside of it is the vapour I told you of just now. If you put one end of a bent pipe into the middle of the flame, and let the other end of the pipe dip into a warm bottle, the vapour or gas from the candle will mix with the air there; and if you were to set fire to

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*) **Capill'ary attraction** is the property of liquids which causes them to rise, contrary to gravity, when in contact with other bodies. So water rises on the sides of a sheet of glass placed in it. If a glass tube be placed in water, the water will rise within the glass; and the finer the tube, the higher will it rise. *Capillary* means hair-like.

the mixture of gas from the candle and air in the bottle, it would go off with a bang."

"I wish you'd do that, Harry," said Master Tom, the younger brother of the juvenile lecturer.

"I want the proper things," answered Harry. — "Well, uncle, the flame of the candle is a little shining case, with gas in the inside of it and air on the outside, so that the case of flame is between the air and the gas. The gas keeps going into the flame to burn; and when the candle burns properly, none of the gas ever passes out through the flame, and none of the air ever gets in through the flame to the gas. The greatest heat of the candle is in this skin, or peel, or case of flame."

"Case of flame!" repeated Mr. Bagges. "Live and learn. I should have thought a candle-flame was as thick as my poor old noddle."

"I can show you the contrary," said Harry. "I take this piece of white paper, look, and hold it a second or two down on the candle-flame, keeping the flame very steady. Now, I'll rub off the black of the smoke, and — there — you find that the paper is scorched in the shape of a ring, but inside the ring it is only dirtied, and not singed at all."

"Seeing is believing," remarked the uncle.

"But," proceeded Harry, "there is more in the candle-flame than the gas that comes out of the candle. You know a candle won't burn without air. There must be always air around the gas, and touching it, as it were, to make it burn. If a candle hasn't got enough of air it goes out, or burns badly, so that some of the vapour inside of the flame comes out through it in the form of smoke; and this is the reason of a candle smoking. So now you know why a great clumsy dip smokes more than a neat wax candle: it is because the thick wick of the dip makes too much fuel in proportion to the air that can get to it.

"What should you say now," continued Harry, "if I were to tell you that the smoke that comes out of a candle is the very thing that makes a candle burn with a bright light? Yes; a candle shines by consuming its own smoke. The smoke of a candle is a cloud of small dust; and the

little grains of dust are bits of charcoal, or carbon, as chemists call it. They are burnt the moment they are made; and the place they are made in is the case of flame itself, where the strongest heat is. The great heat separates them from the gas which comes from the melted wax; and as soon as they touch the air on the outside of the thin case of flame they burn."

"Can you tell me how it is that the little bits of carbon cause the brightness of the flame?" asked Mr. Wilkinson.

"Because they are pieces of solid matter," answered Harry. "To make a flame shine, there must always be some solid, or at least dense, matter in it."

"Very good," said Mr. Bagges; "solid stuff necessary to brightness!"

"Some gases and other things," resumed Harry, "that burn with a flame you can hardly see, burn splendidly when something solid is put into them. Hydrogen*) gas, if blown through a pipe, burns with very little light; but if the flame is blown upon a piece of quick-lime,**) it gets so bright as to be quite dazzling. If you now send some oxygen***) on to the flame, the flame gets no brighter, but the lime shines like a little sun. Make the smoke of oil of turpentine pass through the same oxygen, and it gives the flame a beautiful brightness directly. Well, carbon, or charcoal, is what causes the brightness of all lamps, and candles, and other common lights; so, of course, there is carbon in what they are all made of."

"So carbon is smoke, eh? and light is owing to your carbon. Giving light out of smoke, eh? as they say in the classics," observed Mr. Bagges.

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*) Hy'drogen, *lit.* water-producing; because this gas mixed with oxygen produces water.

**) Quick'-lime, lime in a quick or active state; any calcareous substance (as chalk, limestone, &c.) deprived of its carbonic acid by the action of intense heat.

***) Ox'ygen, *lit.* acid-producing; because it was formerly supposed to be an essential element of all acids.

"But what becomes of the candle," pursued Harry, "as it burns away? where does it go?"

"Nowhere, I should think. It burns to nothing."

"Oh, dear, no!" said Harry; "everything goes somewhere. You can see it goes into smoke, which makes soot, for one thing. There are other things it goes into, not to be seen by merely looking, but you can get to see them by taking the right means. Just put your hand over the candle, uncle."

"Thank you, my young gentleman, I would rather be excused."

"Not close enough down to burn you, uncle; — higher up. There; — you feel a stream of hot air, so something seems to rise from the candle. Suppose you were to put a long glass lamp-chimney over the flame, and let the flame burn just within the end of it, as if it were a chimney, some of the hot steam would go up and pass out at the top, but a sort of dew would be left behind in the glass chimney, if the chimney was cold enough when you put it on. There are ways of collecting this dew; and when it is collected it turns out to be really water. I am not joking, uncle. Water is one of the things which the candle turns into while burning — water coming out of fire! In some lighthouses, Professor Faraday says, two gallons of oil are burned in a single night; and if the windows are cold, the steam from the oil clouds them, and, in frosty weather, freezes into ice."

"Water out of a candle, eh?" exclaimed Mr. Bagges. "As hard to get, I should have thought, as blood out of a post. Where does it come from?"

"Part from the wax, and part from the air; and yet not a drop of it comes from either the air or the wax. What do you make of that, uncle?"

"Eh? Oh, I'm no hand at riddles! Give it up."

"No riddle at all, uncle. That which comes from the wax is a gas called hydrogen. We can obtain it from water by passing the steam of boiling water through a red-hot gun-barrel which contains a quantity of iron wire or turnings. Part of the steam will mix with the iron turnings, and change

them into rust; and the other part, which comes out of the end of the barrel, will be hydrogen gas, and this part of the water we can set on fire."

"Eh?" cried Mr. Bagges "Upon my word! One of these days we shall have you setting the river on fire!"

"Nothing more easy," said Harry. "When pure hydrogen burns, we get nothing but water. I should like to show you how light this hydrogen is; and I wish I had a small balloon to fill with it and send up to the ceiling; or a pipe full of it to blow soap-bubbles with, and show how much faster they rise than common ones blown with the breath."

"So do I," interposed Master Tom.

"And so," resumed Harry, "hydrogen, you know, uncle, is part of water, and just one-ninth part. The other eight parts are a gas also, called oxygen. This is a very curious gas. It won't burn in air at all itself, like gas from a lamp; but it has a wonderful power of making things burn that are lighted and put into it. A lighted candle put into a jar of oxygen blazes up directly, and is consumed before you can say Jack Robinson. Charcoal burns away in it as fast, with beautiful bright sparks; phosphorus burns with a light that would dazzle you to look at; and a piece of iron or steel, just made red-hot at the end first, may be burned in oxygen more quickly than a stick could be in common air. The experiment of burning things in oxygen beats any fire-works."

"How funny that must be!" exclaimed Tom.

"Now we see, uncle," Harry continued, "that water is hydrogen and oxygen united together; that water is got whenever hydrogen is burned in common air; that a candle won't burn without air; and that when a candle burns, there is hydrogen in it burning and forming water. Now, then, where does the hydrogen of the candle get the oxygen, to turn into water with it?"

"From the air, eh?"

"Just so. It is the oxygen in the air that makes things burn; but if the air were nothing but oxygen, a candle would not last above a minute.

"'If a house were on fire in oxygen,' as Professor Fara-

day said, 'every iron bar, or, rather, every pillar, every nail and iron tool, and the grate itself; all the zinc and copper roofs, and leaden coverings, and gutters, and pipes, would consume and burn, increasing the combustion.' "

"That would be, indeed, 'burning like a house on fire,' " observed Mr. Bagges.

"But there is another gas, called nitrogen,"*) said Harry, "which is mixed with the air; and it is this which prevents a candle from burning out too fast."

"Eh?" said Mr. Bagges. "Well, I do think we are under considerable obligations to nitrogen."

"I have explained to you, uncle," continued Harry, "how a candle, in burning, turns into water. But it turns into something else besides that. The little bits of carbon that I told you about, which are burned in the flame of a candle, and which make the flame bright, mingle with the oxygen in burning, and form still another gas, called carbonic acid**) gas, which is very destructive to life when we breathe it. So you see that a candle-flame is vapour burning; and that the vapour, in burning, turns into water and carbonic acid gas."

"Haven't you pretty nearly come to your candle's end?" said Mr. Wilkinson.

"Nearly. I only want to tell uncle that the burning of a candle is almost exactly like our breathing. Breathing is consuming oxygen, only not so fast as burning. In breathing, we throw out from our lungs water in the form of vapour, and carbonic acid gas, and take oxygen in. Oxygen is as necessary to support the life of the body as it is to keep up the flame of a candle."

"Well," said Mr. Bagges, "any more to tell us about the candle?"

"If I had time, I could tell you a great deal more that Professor Faraday said about oxygen, and hydrogen, and

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*) **Ni'trogen,** *lit.* nitre-producing; an elementary gas, forming about four fifths of the atmosphere. It is incapable of supporting life.

) **Carbon'ic acid. This is the gas which is generated by fermentation. It is often destructive to life in mines, wells, and very confined apartments. Though it is poison to animal life, it is food to vegetable life.

carbon, and water, and breathing; but you should go and hear him yourself, uncle."

"Eh? well, I think I shall. Some of us seniors may learn something from a juvenile lecture, at any rate if given by a Faraday. And now, my boy, I tell you what," added Mr. Bagges; "I am very glad to find you so fond of study and science; and you deserve to be encouraged; and so I'll give you a — what-d'ye-call-it? — a galvanic battery*) on your next birthday; and so much for your teaching your old uncle the Chemistry of a Candle."

XCII. SIGNS OF RAIN.

Forty reasons for not accepting the invitation of a friend to make an excursion:

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in haloes hid her head.
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark how the chairs and tables crack;
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are seeming nigh;
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine;

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*) **Galvan'ic battery**, an apparatus (called also a *Voltaic battery)* for producing electricity by chemical action. In its simplest form it consists of a series of vessels containing sulphuric acid and water, in each of which are placed a plate of copper and a plate of zinc, not touching each other. The zinc plate in the first vessel is connected with the copper plate in the second by a wire, and so on. A wire of any length is attached to the last zinc plate, and another to the first copper plate. A soon as the two last-mentioned wires are brought into contact, the circuit is completed, and a current of electricity passes round the entire circuit.

Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings!
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy dell last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Hopping and crawling o'er the green.
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays.
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is drest.
Though June, the air is cold and still,
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones, on grass to feast.
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight!
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain; I see with sorrow
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

Dr. Jenner.

XCIII. RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;

And swift and wide
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!
The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.
From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the dryer grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.
These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees!
He can behold
Aquarius old,
Walking the fenceless fields of air,
And from each ample fold
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly told, —
Have not yet been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground;
And sees them, when the rain is done,
On the bridge of colours seven,
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear,
In the perpetual round of strange
Mysterious change

From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

Longfellow.

XCIV. THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold and dark and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining —
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Longfellow.

XCV. LESSON FROM THE RAIN.

Let us suppose that it is summer time, that you are in the country, and that you have fixed upon a certain day for a holiday ramble. Some of you are going to gather wild-flowers, some to collect pebbles, and some without any very definite aim beyond the love of the holiday and of any sport or adventure which it may bring with it. Soon after sunrise on the eventful day you are awake, and great is your delight to find the sky clear and the sun shining warmly. It is arranged, however, that you do not start until after breakfast-time, and meanwhile you busy yourselves in getting

ready all the baskets and sticks and other gear of which you are to make use during the day. But the brightness of the morning begins to get dimmed. The few clouds which were to be seen at first have grown large, and seem evidently gathering together for a storm. And sure enough, ere breakfast is well over, the first ominous big drops are seen falling. You cling to the hope that it is only a shower which will soon be over, and you go on with the preparations for the journey notwithstanding. But the rain shows no symptom of soon ceasing. The big drops come down thicker and faster; little pools of water begin to form in the hollows of the road, and the window-panes are now streaming with rain. With sad hearts you have to give up all hope of holding your excursion to-day.

It is no doubt very tantalizing to be disappointed in this way when the promised pleasure was on the very point of becoming yours. But let us see if we cannot derive some compensation even from the bad weather. Late in the afternoon the sky clears a little, and the rain ceases. You are glad to get outside again, and so we all sally forth for a walk. Streams of muddy water are still coursing along the sloping roadway. If you will let me be your guide, I would advise that we should take our walk by the neighbouring river. We wend our way by wet paths and green lanes, where every hedgerow is still dripping with moisture, until we gain the bridge, and see the river right beneath us. What a change this one day's heavy rain has made! Yesterday you could almost count the stones in the channel, so small and clear was the current. But look at it now! The water fills the channel from bank to bank, and rolls along swiftly. We can watch it for a little from the bridge. As it rushes past, innumerable leaves and twigs are seen floating on its surface. Now and then a larger branch, or even a whole tree-trunk, comes down, tossing and rolling about on the flood. Sheaves of straw or hay, planks of wood, pieces of wooden fence, sometimes a poor duck, unable to struggle against the current, roll past us and show how the river has risen above its banks and done damage to the farms higher up its course.

We linger for a while on the bridge, watching this unceasing tumultuous rush of water and the constant variety of objects which it carries down the channel. You think it was perhaps almost worth while to lose your holiday for the sake of seeing so grand a sight as this angry and swollen river, roaring and rushing with its full burden of dark water. Now, while the scene is still fresh before you, ask yourselves a few simple questions about it, and you will find perhaps additional reasons for not regretting the failure of the promised excursion.

In the first place, where does all this added mass of water in the river come from? You say it was the rain that brought it. Well, but how should it find its way into this broad channel? Why does not the rain run off the ground without making any river at all?

But, in the second place, where does the rain come from? In the early morning the sky was bright, then clouds appeared, and then came the rain, and you answer that it was the clouds which supplied the rain. But the clouds must have derived the water from some source. How is it that clouds gather rain, and let it descend upon the earth?

In the third place, what is it which causes the river to rush on in one direction more than another? When the water was low, and you could, perhaps, almost step across the channel on the stones and gravel, the current, small though it might be, was still quite perceptible. You saw that the water was moving along the channel always from the same quarter. And now when the channel is filled with this rolling torrent of dark water, you see that the direction of the current is still the same. Can you tell why this should be?

Again, yesterday the water was clear, to-day it is dark and discoloured. Take a little of this dirty-looking water home with you, and let it stand all night in a glass. To-morrow morning you will find that it is clear, and that a fine layer of mud has sunk to the bottom. It is mud, therefore, which discolours the swollen river. But where did this mud come from? Plainly, it must have something to do with the heavy rain and the flooded state of the stream.

Well, this river, whether in shallow or in flood, is always moving onward in one direction, and the mud which it bears along is carried towards the same point to which the river itself is hastening. While we sit on the bridge watching the foaming water as it eddies and whirls past us, the question comes home to us — what becomes of all this vast quantity of water and mud?

Remember, now, that our river is only one of many hundreds which flow across this country, and that there are thousands more in other countries where the same thing may be seen which we have been watching to-day. They are all flooded when heavy rains come; they all flow downwards; and all of them carry more or less mud along with them.

As we walk homewards again, it will be well to put together some of the chief features of this day's experience. We have seen that sometimes the sky is clear and blue, with the sun shining brightly and warmly in it; that sometimes clouds come across the sky, and that when they gather thickly rain is apt to fall. We have seen that a river flows; that it is swollen by heavy rain, and that when swollen it is apt to be muddy. In this way we have learnt that there is a close connection between the sky above us and the earth under our feet. In the morning, it seemed but a little thing that clouds should be seen gathering overhead; and yet, ere evening fell, these clouds led by degrees to the flooding of the river, the sweeping down of trees, and fences, and farm produce; and it might even be to the destruction of bridges, the inundation of fields and villages and towns, and a large destruction of human life and property.

But perhaps you live in a large town and have no opportunity of seeing such country sights as I have been describing, and in that case you may naturally enough imagine that these things cannot have much interest for you. You may learn a great deal, however, about rain and streams even in the streets of a town. Catch a little of the rain in a plate, and you will find it to be so much clear water. But look at it as it courses along the gutters. You see how muddy it is. It has swept away the loose dust worn by

wheels and feet from the stones of the street, and carried it into the gutters. Each gutter thus becomes like the flooded river. You can watch, too, how chips of straw, corks, bits of wood, and other loose objects lying in the street are borne away, very much as the trunks of trees are carried by the river. Even in a town, therefore, you can follow how changes in the sky lead to changes on the earth.

If you think for a little, you will recall many other illustrations of the way in which the common things of everyday life are connected together. As far back as you can remember, you have been familiar with such things as sunshine, clouds, wind, rain, rivers, frost, and snow, and they have grown so commonplace that you never think of considering about them. You cannot imagine them, perhaps, as in any way different from what they are; they seem, indeed, so natural and so necessary that you may even be surprised when any one asks you to give a reason for them. But if you had lived all your lives in a country where no rain ever fell, and if you were to be brought to such a country as this, and were to see such a storm of rain as you have been watching to-day, would it not be very strange to you, and would you not naturally enough begin to ask the meaning of it? Or suppose that a boy from some very warm part of the world were to visit this country in winter, and to see for the first time snow fall, and the rivers solidly frozen-over, would you be surprised if he showed great astonishment? If he asked you to tell him what snow is, and why the ground is so hard, and the air so cold, why the streams no longer flow, but have become crusted with ice — could you answer his questions?

And yet these questions relate to very common, everyday things. If you think about them, you will learn, perhaps, that the answers are not quite so easily found as you had imagined. Do not suppose that because a thing is common, it can have no interest for you. There is really nothing so common as not to deserve your attention, and which will not reward you for your pains.

I would fain have you not to be content with what is said in this little book, or in other books, whether small or

great, but rather to get into the habit of using your own eyes and seeing for yourselves what takes place in this wonderful world of ours. All round you there is abundant material for this most delightful inquiry. No excursion you ever made in pursuit of mere enjoyment and adventure by river, heath, or hill, could give you more hearty pleasure than a ramble with eyes and ears alike open to note the lessons to be learnt from every day and from every landscape. Remember that besides the printed books which you use at home, or at school, there is the great book of Nature, wherein each of us, young and old, may read, and go on reading all through life without exhausting even a small part of what it has to teach us.

It is this great book — Air, Earth, and Sea — which I would have you look into. Do not be content with merely noticing that such and such events take place. For instance, to return to our walk to the flooded river, do not let a fact such as a storm or a flood pass without trying to find out something about it. Get into the habit of asking Nature questions, as we did in the course of our homeward walk. Never rest until you get at the reasons for what you notice going on around you. In this way even the commonest things will come to wear a new interest for you. Wherever you go there will be something for you to notice; something that will serve to increase the pleasure which the landscape would otherwise afford. You will thus learn to use your eyes quickly and correctly; and this habit of observation will be of the utmost value to you, no matter what may be the path of life which lies before you. A. Geikie.

XCVI. WHAT THE AIR IS MADE OF.

Above and around us, to what part soever of the earth's surface we may go, at the top of the highest mountain as well as at the bottom of the deepest mine, we find ourselves surrounded by the invisible ocean of gas and vapour which we call air. It must, therefore, wrap the whole planet round as an outer envelope. Considered in this light, it receives the distinctive name of the atmosphere, that is, the vapour-

sphere — the region of clouds, rain, snow, hail, lightning, breezes, and tempests.

In early times men regarded the air as one of the four elements out of which the world has been made. It is not so very long since this old notion disappeared. But now it is well known that the air is not an element, but a compound of two elements — viz, the gases called *Nitrogen* and *Oxygen*.

In various ways chemists have analysed or decomposed air into its component elements, but the result is always the same, namely, that in every hundred parts of ordinary air there are by weight about seventy-nine of nitrogen and twenty-one of oxygen.

Air, when carefully tested, is always found to contain something else than nitrogen and oxygen. Solid particles, with various gases and vapours, are invariably present, but always in exceedingly minute, though most irregular, quantities, when compared with the wonderfully constant proportions of the two chief gases. Some of these additional components of air are not less important than the nitrogen and oxygen. That they exist may be easily proved, and some light may thereby be thrown on the nature and uses of the air.

The presence of vast numbers of *solid particles* in the air may be shown by letting a beam of sunlight or of any strong artificial light fall through a hole or chink into a dark room. Thousands of minute motes are then seen driving to and fro across the beam as the movements of the air carry them hither and thither. Such particles are always present in the air, though usually too small to be seen unless when, as in the darkened room, they are made visible against surrounding darkness by the light which they reflect from their surfaces when they cross the path of any strong light-rays. They are quite as abundant in the dark parts of the room, though for want of light falling upon them they are not seen there.

Could we intercept these dancing motes and examine them with a strong microscope, we should find them to consist chiefly of little specks of dust. But among them

there sometimes occur also minute living germs, from which, when they find a fitting resting-place, lowly forms of plants or animals may spring. Some diseases appear to spread by means of the lodging and growth of these infinitesimal germs in our bodies, for they are so small as to pass with the air into our lungs, and thus to reach our blood.

It is difficult to catch these tiny motes from a sunbeam, but rain does this admirably for us. One great office of rain is to wash the air and free it from these impurities. Hence, when rain-water is carefully collected, especially in large towns, it is found to contain plenty of these solid particles, which it has brought down with it in its fall through the air. This can be clearly seen when a small quantity of rain, gathered from an open space in a town, is evaporated to dryness, and the residue is placed under a microscope. Abundant particles of dust or soot are mingled with minute crystals of such substances as sulphate of soda and common salt. Hence we learn that, besides the solid particles, there must be floating in the air the vapours or minute particles of various soluble substances which are caught up by the rain and carried down with it to the soil. In seizing these impurities and taking them with it to the ground, the rain purifies the air and makes it more healthy, while at the same time it supplies the soil with substances useful to plants.

But far more important than these solid ingredients are three invisible substances, two of them gases, called respectively ozone and carbonic acid gas, the third the vapour of water. After a thunder-storm the air may sometimes be perceived to have a peculiar smell, which, however, is more distinctly given off from an electric machine. This is *ozone*, which is believed to be oxygen gas in a peculiar and very active condition. It promotes the rapid decomposition of decaying animal or vegetable matter, uniting with the noxious gases, and thus disinfecting and purifying the air. It is most abundant where sea-breezes blow, and least in the air of the crowded parts of towns. The healthiness or unhealthiness of the air seems to depend much on the quantity of ozone, which is estimated by the amount of discoloration produced

by the air within a certain time upon a piece of paper prepared with starch and iodide of potassium.

Consider next the *carbonic acid gas.* When a piece of coal is set on fire it burns away until nothing but a little ash is left behind. Or when a candle is lighted it continues to burn until the whole is consumed. Now, what has become of the original substance of the coal and the candle? It seems to have been completely lost; yet in truth we have not destroyed one atom of it. We have simply, by burning, changed it into another and invisible form, but it is just as really existent as ever. We cannot put it back into the form which it had in the coal and candle, but we can at least show that it is present in the air.

The substance of a piece of coal or of a candle is composed of different elements, one of which is called *carbon.* This element forms one of the main ingredients out of which the substance of all plants and animals is built up. Our own bodies, for example, are in great part made of it. In burning a bit of coal, therefore, (which is made of ancient vegetation compressed and altered into stone), or a candle (which is prepared from animal fat), we set free its carbon, which goes off at once to mix with the air. Some of it escapes in the form of little solid particles of soot, as we may show by holding a plate over the candle flame, when the faint column of dark smoke at once begins to deposit these minute flakes of carbon as a black coating of soot on the cool plate. The black smoke issuing from chimneys is another similar illustration of the way in which solid particles are conveyed into the air.

But the largest part of the carbon does not go off in smoke. It is in the act of burning seized by the oxygen of the air, with which it enters into chemical combination, forming the invisible carbonic acid gas. It is, indeed, this very chemical union which constitutes what we call burning, or combustion. The moment we prevent the flame from getting access of air, it drops down and soon goes out, because the supply of oxygen is cut off. All ordinary burning substances, therefore, furnish carbonic acid gas to the atmosphere.

The amount thus supplied is of course comparatively

small, for the quantity of vegetable or animal substance burnt either by man or naturally must be but insignificant, when the whole mass of the atmosphere is considered. An infinitely larger quantity is furnished by living air-breathing animals. In breathing we take air into our lungs, where it reaches our blood. A kind of burning goes on there, for the oxygen of the air unites with the carbon of the blood, carbonic acid is produced and comes away with the exhausted air, which we exhale again before taking the next breath. Just as we put out the burning of a candle by inverting a glass over it, and closing it from the air, so we put an end to our own lives if we shut ourselves off from the air. When we reflect that every air-breathing animal is continually supplying carbonic acid gas to the atmosphere, we perceive how important this source of supply must be.

Living plants in the presence of sunlight have the power of abstracting from the carbonic acid of the air the carbon of which their framework is so largely made. When they die, their decay once more sets loose the carbon, which uniting again with oxygen becomes carbonic acid gas, and is carried by rain into the soil, or taken up by the air. All decaying plants and animals which are freely exposed to the air furnish it with this gas.

Lastly, in many parts of the world, particularly in volcanic regions, this same gas is given out in large quantities from the ground. From all these various sources then, the atmosphere is continually replenished with carbonic acid gas, to supply the loss caused by the enormous demands of the vegetable world for carbon.

Nevertheless, the quantity of this gas present in the air is very small compared with the volume of the nitrogen and oxygen. It has been found to amount to no more in ordinary pure air than four parts in every ten thousand of air. Yet this small proportion suffices to support all the luxuriant growing vegetation of the earth's surface.

By the term *water-vapour* or *aqueous-vapour,* is meant the invisible steam always present in the air. Every one is familiar with the fact, that when water is heated it passes

into vapour, which becomes invisibly dissolved in the air. A vessel of water, for instance, may be placed on a table in the middle of a room, heated by means of a spirit lamp till it boils, and kept boiling till the water is entirely driven off into vapour, or evaporated. The air in the room shows no visible change, though it has had all this water-vapour added to it. But it may be easily made to yield back some of the vapour. Let an ice-cold piece of glass, metal, or any other substance be brought into the room. Though perfectly dry before, its surfarce instantly grows dim and damp. And if it is large and thick enough to require some minutes to get as warm as the air in the room, the dimness or mist on its surface will pass into trickling drops of water. The air of the room is chilled by the cold glass, and gives up some of its moisture. Cold air cannot retain so much dissolved vapour as warm air, so that the capacity of the air for vapour is regulated by its temperature.

It is not needful, of course, to boil water in order to get enough of water-vapour in the air of a room to be capable of being caught and shown in this way. In a warm sitting-room, where a few persons are assembled, there is always vapour enough to be made visible on a cold glass. In frosty weather the windows may be found streaming with water inside, which has been taken out of the air by the ice-cold window-panes. Whence came this moisture? It has been for the most part breathed out into the air by the people in the room.

Each of us is every moment breathing out water-vapour into the air. As a rule, we do not see it, because the air around us is warm enough to dissolve it at once. But anything which chills our breath will make the vapour visible, such as breathing on a cold piece of glass, or metal, when a film of mist at once appears on the object, or walking outside on a very cold frosty day, when the vapour of each breath becomes visible as a little cloud of mist in the air.

No matter, therefore, how dry the air may appear to be, more or less of this invisible water-vapour is always diffused through it. Every mist or cloud which gathers in the sky — every shower of rain, snow, or hail, which falls

to the ground — every little drop of dew which at nightfall gathers upon the leaves, bears witness to its presence.

The importance of this ingredient of the atmosphere in the general plan of our world, can hardly be overestimated. It is to the vapour of the atmosphere that we owe all the water circulation of the land — rain, springs, brooks, rivers, lakes — on which the very life of plants and animals depends, and without which, as far as we know, the land would become as barren, silent, and lifeless as the surface of the moon. It is, likewise, to the changes in the supply of this same invisible, but ever present substance, that the rise of winds and storms is largely due.

The quantity of water-vapour in the air varies from day to day, and, indeed, from hour to hour. It is always comparatively small in amount, ranging from about four to about sixteen parts by weight in 1,000 parts of air. A. Geikie.

XCVII. THREE STATES OF MATTER.

The term *matter* signifies the substance, or elements, of which all bodies are composed. Matter exists in three very different states, namely, the solid, the liquid, and the gaseous; and each of these states has certain properties which serve to distinguish it.

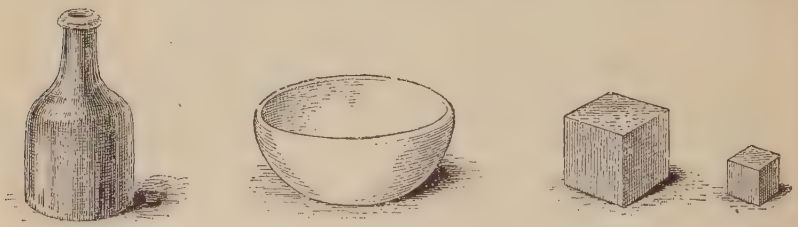
A substance is said to be solid when its several parts unite firmly; as iron, wood, stone, or coal. A solid body, such as a piece of iron or wood, resists any attempt to alter its shape or its size, always keeping the same size or volume and the same shape, unless it be violently destroyed.

In the case of a bottle and a glass or basin, you have two vessels of different shapes, but they may be of the same size; so that, if you fill the bottle with water and pour the water into the glass or basin, you will find that the water exactly fills the glass or basin also. On the other hand, two pieces of wood, the one six inches square and the other two inches square, have both the same shape or figure, but the one is much larger than the other; their size is different.

You see now what is meant by space or size or volume (for the three words mean the same thing), and what by

figure or shape. Now, you cannot take a solid which has the shape of the one vessel and force it into the shape of the other, although the size or volume of both is the same; nor can you take a solid of the size or volume of the first wooden block and squeeze it into that of the second, although the shape of both blocks is the same. A perfect solid will keep its figure, and it will also keep its size. Bear in mind, however, that, when we say we cannot do a thing, we really mean we cannot do it without very great difficulty, and then not completely, but only to a very small extent.

Liquids have a good deal of freedom of motion among their particles, readily adapting themselves to the form of the vessels that contain them; as water, beer, vinegar. A liquid, like water, when kept in a bottle or other vessel, always spreads itself out, so as to make its surface level,



but yet it will always keep its proper size or volume. You cannot by any means force a quart of water into a pint measure; it will insist upon having its full volume, but it is not particular as to shape.

Let us, for example, take a quantity of water shut in at one end, while at the other there is a water-tight piston or plug. Now let us try to drive this piston down in order to force the water into smaller volume, and to do so let us put a large weight upon the piston; but, notwithstanding all this, we cannot compress the water.

A liquid, such as water, presses downwards and sideways in every direction, the surface being level or tending to become level. The surface cannot remain slanting, for the part that is high up would at once begin to slide down towards the lowest part; there would be nothing to keep it

up. You may press the water in a basin on one side so as to make it rise on the other side; but as soon as you withdraw the pressure, it will begin to return to the same level all over the basin. If the withdrawal be sudden, then the water will surge back with force proportional to the pressure, but the oscillation from side to side constantly tends to decrease, and the water gradually settles down to a level surface. Even in the case where tubes of different shapes and sizes — it matters not what the shape or the size may be — rise from the upper surface of a close vessel with which they have free communication, the water poured into one tube will in the first place fill the closed vessel and presently ascend the different tubes, keeping always exactly at the same level in them all.

A gas, again, has no surface; for, if you put a quantity of gas into a perfectly empty vessel, the gas will fill the whole vessel, and not a part only. A gas possesses freedom of motion among its particles in a more eminent degree than a liquid does; and in fact it has an intense desire to spread itself out and to fill any vacant space that is not already filled, and will strongly exert itself to do so. But a gas does not insist so violently as a liquid upon occupying a certain space; for by means of a proper amount of force, you may compress the gas which now fills a pint bottle into half a pint, or even into less space. In fact, a gas will be persuaded to go into less space, but a liquid will not be persuaded. Gases, however, on being liberated, regain their former dimensions. Hence they are called elastic fluids. Of this class are the air we breathe and the gas so extensively employed in lighting streets and dwellings.

We have now seen that, in the three different states of matter, the particles are held together with different degrees of firmness. If we take a piece of string or of wire, and try to break it into two parts, it exerts a force to prevent our doing so, and it is only when the force we exert is greater than the force with which it resists us that we succeed in breaking it. The different parts or particles of the string or of the wire are held together by a force which resists any attempt to pull them asunder. And so are the various

parts or particles of all solid bodies, such as wood, stone, metals, and so on. It is often very difficult to break a substance to pieces, or bend it, or powder it, or alter its shape or size in any way. Now this force, which the neighbouring particles of a body exert to keep each other together, is called *cohesion*. But cohesion does not act except when the particles are very near each other; for, if once a thing is broken or ground to powder, its particles cannot come easily together again.

Solids, liquids, and gases all expand — that is, separate their particles more or less — under the influence of heat; and often with immense force. If you were to fill an iron ball quite full of water, shut it tightly down by means of a screw, and then heat the ball, — the force of the expansion would be great enough to burst the ball. In large iron and tubular bridges allowance must be made so that the iron has room to expand; for in the middle of summer the bridge will be somewhat longer than in the middle of winter, and if it has not room to lengthen out, it will be injured by the force tending to expand it. There is an arrangement for this purpose in the Menai Tubular Bridge. We take advantage of the force of expansion and contraction in many ways — for instance, in making carriage wheels. The iron tire is first made red-hot, and in this state is fitted on loosely upon the wheel; it is then rapidly cooled, and in so doing it contracts, grasps the wheel firmly, and becomes quite tight.

Substances when heated pass first from the solid to the liquid, and then from the liquid to the gaseous state. Ice, water, and steam have precisely the same composition; ice becomes water if it be heated, while water becomes steam if we continue the heat. The very same change will happen to other substances if we treat them in the same way. Let us, for instance, take a piece of the metal called zinc, and heat it; after some time it will melt, and if we still continue to heat it, it will at last pass away in the shape of zinc vapour. Even hard, solid iron or steel may be made to melt, and even driven away in the shape of vapour; and by means of an agent called electricity we can probably

heat any substance sufficiently to drive it away in the state of vapour or gas.

We cannot, however, cool all bodies sufficiently to bring them into the solid or even into the liquid state. Thus, for instance, pure alcohol has never been cooled into a solid; but we know very well that all we have to do is to obtain greater cold in order to succeed in freezing alcohol. In like manner, we have never been able to cool the atmospheric air sufficiently to bring it into the liquid form; but we know very well that all we require in order to succeed is to obtain greater cold. You must not, however, imagine from what has been said, that cold means anything else than the absence of heat. Platinum is so difficult to melt that we cannot tell at what temperature it does so. And carbon is still more difficult to melt — indeed in the very hottest fire the coal or carbon is always solid; and no one ever heard of the coal melting down and trickling out through the furnace bars.

We thus see that the same sort of change takes place in all bodies through heat; that is to say, if we could reach a temperature sufficiently low, all bodies would become solid like ice, and if we could reach one sufficiently high, all would become gaseous like steam.

Prof. Balfour Stewart's Physics Primer (adapted).

XCVIII. THE TRUE FAIRY TALE.

And now I will tell you a fairy tale. I call it a fairy tale, because it is so strange; indeed I think I ought to call it the fairy tale of all fairy tales, for, by the time we get to the end of it, I think it will explain to you how our forefathers got to believe in fairies, and trolls, and elves, and scratlings, and all the strange little people who were said to haunt the mountains and the caves.

Well, once upon a time, so long ago that no man can tell when, the land was so much higher, that between England and Ireland, and, what is more, between England and Norway, was firm dry land. The country then must have looked — at least we know it looked so in Norfolk — very like what our moors look like here. There were forests of

Scotch fir, and of spruce too, which is not wild in England now, though you may see plenty in every plantation. There were oaks and alders, yews and sloes, just as there are in our woods now. There was buck-bean in the bogs, and white and yellow waterlilies, horn-wort, and pond-weeds, just as there are now in our ponds. There were wild horses, wild deer, and wild oxen, those last of an enormous size. There were little yellow roe-deer, which will not surprise you, for there are hundreds and thousands in Scotland to this day; and, as you know, they will thrive well enough in our woods now. There were beavers too: but that must not surprise you, for there were beavers in South Wales long after the Norman Conquest, and there are beavers still in the mountain glens of the south-east of France. There were honest little water-rats too, who I dare say sat up on their hind-legs like monkeys, nibbling the water-lily pods, thousands of years ago, as they do in our ponds now. Well, so far we have come to nothing strange: but now begins the fairy tale.

Mixed with all these animals, there wandered about great herds of elephants and rhinoceroses; not smooth-skinned, mind, but covered with hair and wool, like those which are still found sticking out of the everlasting ice cliffs, at the mouth of the Lena and other Siberian rivers, with the flesh, and skin, and hair so fresh upon them, that the wild wolves tear it off, and snarl and growl over the carcases of monsters who were frozen up thousands of years ago. And with them, stranger still, were great hippopotamuses; who came, perhaps, northward in summer time along the sea-shore and down the rivers, having spread hither all the way from Africa; for in those days, you must understand, Sicily, and Italy, and Malta — look at your map — were joined to the coast of Africa: and so, it may be, was the rock of Gibraltar itself; and over the sea where the Straits of Gibraltar now flow was firm dry land, over which hyænas and leopards, elephants and rhinoceroses ranged into Spain; for their bones are found at this day in the Gibraltar caves. And this is the first chapter of my fairy tale.

Now while all this was going on, and perhaps before

this began, the climate was getting colder year by year — we do not know how; and, what is more, the land was sinking; and it sank so deep, that at last nothing was left out of the water but the tops of the mountains in Ireland, and Scotland, and Wales. It sank so deep that it left beds of shells belonging to the Arctic regions nearly two thousand feet high upon the mountain side. And so

"It grew wondrous cold,
And ice mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald."

But there were no masts then to measure the icebergs by, nor any ship nor human being there. All we know is that the icebergs brought with them vast quantities of mud, which sank to the bottom, and covered up that pleasant old forest-land in what is called boulder-clay; clay full of bits of broken rock, and of blocks of stone so enormous, that nothing but an iceberg could have carried them. So all the animals were drowned or driven away, and nothing was left alive, perhaps, except a few little hardy plants which clung about cracks and gullies in the mountain tops; and whose descendants live there still. That was a dreadful time; the worst, perhaps, of all the age of Ice; and so ends the second chapter of my fairy tale.

Now for my third chapter. "When things come to the worst," says the proverb, "they commonly mend;" and so did this poor frozen and drowned land of England and France and Germany, though it mended very slowly. The land began to rise out of the sea once more, and rose till it was perhaps as high as it had been at first, and hundreds of feet higher than it is now; but still it was very cold, covered, in Scotland at least, with one great sea of ice and glaciers descending down into the sea. But as the land rose, and grew warmer too, while it rose, the wild beasts who had been driven out by the great drowning came gradually back again. As the bottom of the old icy sea turned into dry land, and got covered with grasses, and weeds, and shrubs once more, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, oxen — sometimes the same species, sometimes slightly different ones — returned to France, and then to England

(for there was no British Channel then to stop them); and with them came other strange animals, especially the great Irish elk, as he is called, as large as the largest horse, with horns sometimes ten feet across. You can judge what a noble animal he must have been. Enormous bears came too, and hyænas, and a tiger or lion (I cannot say which), as large as the largest Bengal tiger now to be seen in India.

And in those days — we cannot, of course, exactly say when — there came — first I suppose into the south and east of France, and then gradually onward into England and Scotland and Ireland — creatures without any hair to keep them warm, or scales to defend them, without horns or tusk to fight with, or teeth to worry and bite; the weakest you would have thought of the beasts, and yet stronger than all the animals, because they were Men, with reasonable souls. Whence they came we cannot tell, nor why; perhaps from mere hunting after food, and love of wandering and being independent and alone. Perhaps they came into that icy land for fear of stronger and cleverer people than themselves; for we have no proof, none at all, that they were the first men that trod this earth. But be that as it may, they came; and so cunning were these savage men, and so brave likewise, though they had no iron among them, only flint and sharpened bones, yet they contrived to kill and eat the mammoths, and the giant oxen, and the wild horses, and the reindeer, and to hold their own against the hyænas, and tigers, and bears, simply because they had wits, and the dumb animals had none. And that is the strangest part to me of all my fairy tale. For what a man's wits are, and why he has them, and therefore is able to invent and to improve, while even the cleverest ape has none, and therefore can invent and improve nothing, and therefore cannot better himself, but must remain from father to son, and father to son again, a stupid, pitiful, ridiculous ape, while men can go on civilizing themselves, and growing richer and more comfortable, wiser and happier, year by year — how that comes to pass, I say, is to me a wonder and a prodigy and a miracle, stranger than all the most fantastic marvels you ever read in fairy tales.

You may find the flint weapons which these old savages used buried in many a gravel-pit up and down France and the south of England. But most of their remains are found in caves which water has eaten out of the limestone rocks, like that famous cave of Kent's Hole at Torquay. In it, and in many another cave, lie the bones of animals which the savages ate, and cracked to get the marrow out of them, mixed up with their flint-weapons and bone harpoons, and sometimes with burnt ashes and with round stones, used perhaps to heat water, as savages do now, all baked together into a hard paste or breccia by the lime. These are in the water, and are often covered with a floor of stalagmite which has dripped from the roof above and hardened into stone. In these caves, no doubt, the savages lived: for not only have weapons been found in them, but actually drawings scratched (I suppose with flint) on bone or mammoth ivory — drawings of elk, and bull, and horse, and ibex — and one, which was found in France, of the great mammoth himself, the woolly elephant, with a mane on his shoulders like a lion's mane.

Sometimes, again, especially in Denmark, these savages have left behind upon the shore mounds of dirt, which are called there "kjökken-möddings" — "kitchen-middens" as they would say in Scotland, "kitchen-dirt-heaps" as we should say here down South — and a very good name for them that is; for they are made up of the shells of oysters, cockles, mussels, and periwinkles, and other shore-shells besides, on which those poor creatures fed; and mingled with them are broken bones of beasts, and fishes, and birds; and flint knives, and axes, and sling stones; and here and there hearths, on which they have cooked their meals in some rough way. And that is nearly all we know about them; but this we know from the size of certain of the shells, and from other reasons which you would not understand, that these mounds were made an enormous time ago, when the water of the Baltic Sea was far more salt than it is now.

But what has all this to do with my fairy tale? This: — —

Suppose that these people, after all, had been fairies?

I am in earnest. Of course, I do not mean that these folk could make themselves invisible, or that they had any supernatural powers — any more, at least, than you and I have — or that they were anything but savages: but this I do think, that out of old stories of these savages grew up the stories of fairies, elves, and trolls, and scratlings, and cluricaunes, and ogres, of which you have read so many.

When stronger and bolder people, like the Irish, and the Highlanders of Scotland, and the Gauls of France, came northward with their bronze and iron weapons; and still more, when our own forefathers, the Germans and the Norsemen, came, these poor little savages, with their flint arrows and axes, were no match for them and had to run away northward, or to be all killed out; for people were fierce and cruel in those old times, and looked on every one of a different race from themselves as a natural enemy. They had not learnt — alas! too many have not learnt it yet — that all men are brothers for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. So these poor savages were driven out, till none were left, save the little Lapps up in the north of Norway, where they live to this day.

But stories of them, and of how they dwelt in caves, and had strange customs, and used strange weapons, and how the elf-bolts (as their flint arrow-heads are still called) belonged to them, lingered on, and were told round the fire on winter nights, and added to, and played with, half in fun, till a hundred legends sprang up about them, which used once to be believed by grown-up folk, but which now only amuse children. And because some of these savages were very short, as the Lapps and Esquimaux are now, the story grew of their being so small that they could make themselves invisible; and because others of them were (but probably only a few) very tall and terrible, the story grew that there were giants in that old world, like that famous Gogmagog, whom Brutus and his Britons met (so old fables tell), when they landed first at Plymouth, and fought him, and threw him over the cliff. Ogres, too — of whom you read in fairy tales — I am afraid that there were such people once, even here in Europe; strong and terrible savages, who

ate human beings. Of course, the legends and tales about them became ridiculous and exaggerated as they passed from mouth to mouth over the Christmas fire, in the days when no one could read or write. But that the tales began by being true any one may well believe who knows how many cannibal savages there are in the world even now. I think that, if ever there was an ogre in the world, he must have been very like a certain person who lived, or was buried, in a cave in the Neanderthal, between Elberfeld and Dusseldorf, on the Lower Rhine. The skull and bones which were found there (and which are very famous now among scientific men) belonged to a personage whom I should have been very sorry to meet, and still more to let you meet, in the wild forest; to a savage of enormous strength of limb (and I suppose of jaw), likewise,

"like an ape,
With forehead villanous low;"

who could have eaten you if he would; and (I fear) also would have eaten you if he could. Such savages may have lingered (I believe, from the old ballads and romances, that they did linger) for a long time in lonely forests and mountain caves, till they were all killed out by warriors who wore mail-armour, and carried steel sword, and battle-axe, and lance.

And so ends my fairy tale.

But is it not a wonderful tale? More wonderful, if you will think over it, than any story invented by man.

Ch. Kingsley.

XCIX. DIVISION OF LABOUR.

I. HOW DIVISION OF LABOUR ARISES.

When a number of workmen are engaged on any work, we find that each man usually takes one part of the work, and leaves other parts of the work to his mates. People by degrees arrange themselves into different trades, so that the whole work done in any place is divided into many employments or crafts. This division of labour is found in all civilized countries, and more or less in all states of society which are not merely barbarous. In every village there is

the butcher and the baker, and the blacksmith and the carpenter. Even in a single family there is division of labour: the husband ploughs, or cuts timber; the wife cooks, manages the house, and spins or weaves; the sons hunt or tend sheep; the daughters employ themselves as milkmaids. There is a popular couplet which says —

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

It seems to express the fact that this division of labour existed in very early times, before there were any gentlemen.

In modern times the division of labour is immensely complicated: not only has every town and village its different tradespeople, and artisans and men in different posts and employments, but each district has its peculiar manufactures. In one place cotton goods are produced; in another, woollen goods; in other parts of the country flax, jute, silk, are manufactured. Iron is made in Staffordshire, Cleveland, South Wales, and Scotland; copper is smelted in South Wales; crockery is baked in the potteries; hosiery is manufactured in Nottingham and Leicester; linens are sewed in the North of Ireland; and so on. In every separate factory, again, there is division of labour; there is the manager, the chief clerk, the assistant clerks; the foremen of different departments, the timekeeper, the engine-tender, and stokers, the common labourers, the carters, errand boys, porters, &c., all in addition to the actual mechanics of different kinds and ranks who do the principal work. Thus the division of labour spreads itself throughout the whole of society, from the Queen and her Ministers, down to the errand boy, or the street scavenger.

II. ADVANTAGES OF DIVISION OF LABOUR.

There are many ways in which we gain by the division of labour, but Adam Smith has treated the subject so excellently that we had better, in the first place, consider his view of the matter. There are, as he thought, three ways in which advantage arises from the division of labour, namely —

(I.) Increase of dexterity in every particular workman.

(II.) Saving of the time which is commonly lost in passing from one kind of work to another.

(III.) The invention of a great number of machines, which facilitate and abridge labour, and enable one man to do the work of many.

There can be no doubt as to the *increase of dexterity* which arises from practice. Any one who has tried to imitate a juggler, or to play the piano, without having learned to do it, knows how absurdly he fails. Nobody could possibly do the work of a glass-blower without long practice. Even when a man can do a job in some sort of way, he will do it much more quickly if he does it often. Adam Smith states that if a blacksmith had to make nails without having been accustomed to the work, he would not make above 200 or 300 bad nails in a day. With practice he might learn to make 800 or 1 000 nails in a day; but boys who are brought up to the nailer's trade can turn out 2 300 nails of the same kind in the same time. But there is no need of many examples: everything that we see well or quickly made has been made by men who have spent a great deal of time and trouble in learning and practising the work.

Secondly, there is *a great deal of time lost when a man changes from one kind of work to another* many times in the day. Before you can make a thing you must get all the right tools and materials around you; when you have finished one box, for instance, you are all ready to make another with less trouble than the first; but if you have to go off and do something quite different, such as to mend a pair of shoes or write a letter, a different set of implements have to be got ready. A man, as Adam Smith thought, saunters a little in turning his hand from one kind of employment to another, and if this happens frequently, he is likely to become lazy.

In the third place, Smith asserted that *the division of labour leads to the invention of machines* which abridge labour, because men, he thought, are much more likely to discover easy methods of attaining an object when their whole attention is directed to that object. But it seems doubtful how far this is correct. Workmen do occasionally

invent some mode of lessening their labour, and a few important inventions have been made in this way. But, as a general rule, the division of labour leads to invention, because it enables ingenious men to make invention their profession. The greatest inventors, such as James Watt, Fulton, Roberts, Nasmyth, Howe, Fairbairn, Whitworth, the Stephensons, Wheatstone, Bessemer, Siemens, have not been led to invention in the way described by Adam Smith, but have cultivated an original genius by careful study and long practice in mechanical construction. But the division of labour greatly assists invention, because it enables each factory to adopt particular kinds of machinery. In England, the division of labour is continually becoming more and more minute, and it is not uncommon to find that the whole supply of some commodity is furnished from a single manufactory, which can then afford to have a set of machines invented on purpose to produce this one commodity. Such is even more the case in the large manufactories of the United States.

I will now describe four other ways in which great saving of labour arises from the division of labour, as follows: —

The Multiplication of Services. A great deal of labour is often saved by arranging work so that a labourer may serve many persons as easily as one. If a messenger is going to carry a letter to the post-office, he can as readily carry a score. Instead of twenty people each carrying their own letters, one messenger can do the whole work without more trouble. This explains why the post-office is able to forward a letter from any part of the kingdom to any other part for a penny, or even a halfpenny. There are so many people sending and receiving letters, that a postman usually carries a great many, and often delivers half a dozen at once. But it would be quite impossible to send telegrams so cheaply, because every message has to be separately telegraphed along the wires, and then delivered at once by a special messenger, who can seldom carry more than one message at a time. Archbishop Whately pointed out that when a party of travellers exploring a new country camp out at night, they naturally divide the work: one attends to

the horses, another unpacks the stores, a third makes a fire and cooks the supper, a fourth goes for water, and so on. It would be quite absurd if a dozen travellers in one party were to light a dozen separate fires, and cook a dozen separate meals. The labour of lighting a fire and cooking for twelve persons is not much greater than doing the same for one or two. There are many things which, if once done, will serve for thousands or millions of people. If a person gets important information, as, for instance, that a storm is coming across the Atlantic Ocean, he can warn a whole nation by means of the newspapers. It is a great benefit to have a meteorological office in London, where two or three men spend their labour in learning the weather all over the country by means of the telegraph, and thus enable us to judge, as far as possible, of the weather which is coming. This is a good case of the *multiplication of services*.

The Multiplication of Copies is also a means of increasing immensely the produce of labour. When the proper tools and models for making a thing are once provided, it is sometimes possible to go on multiplying copies with little further trouble. To cut the dies for striking a medal or coin is a very slow and costly work; but, when once good dies are finished, it is easy to strike a great many coins with them, and the cost of the striking is very small. The printing press, however, is the best case of multiplication of copies. To have the whole of Shakespeare's Plays copied out by a law stationer would cost more than two hundred pounds, and every new copy would cost as much as the first. Before the invention of printing, books used to be thus copied out, and manuscript books were therefore very expensive, besides being full of mistakes. The whole of Shakespeare's Plays can now be bought for a shilling; and any one of the Waverley Novels can be had for sixpence. It may cost several hundred pounds to set up the type for a large book and stereotype it; but when this is once done, hundreds of thousands of copies can be struck off and the cost of each copy is little more than that of the paper and the binding.

Almost all the common things we use now, such as

ordinary chairs and tables, cups and saucers, teapots, spoons and forks, &c., are made by machinery, and are copies of an original pattern. A good chair can be bought for five shillings or less, but if you wanted to have a chair made of a new pattern, it would cost perhaps five or ten times as much.

Personal Adaptation. A further advantage of the division of labour is that, when there are many different trades, every person can choose that trade for which he is best suited — the strong healthy man becomes a blacksmith; the weaker one works a loom or makes shoes; the skilful man learns to be a watchmaker; the most ignorant and unskilful can find work in breaking stones or mending the hedges. Each man will generally work at the trade in which he can get the best wages, and it is an evident loss of skill if the artisan should break stones or sweep the streets. Now, the greater the division of labour and the more extensive factories become, the better chance there is for finding an employment just suited to each person's powers; clever workmen do the work which no one else can do; they have common labourers to help them in things which require no skill; foremen plan out the work, and allot it to the artisans; clerks, who are quick at accounts, keep the books, and pay and receive money; the manager of the factory is an ingenious experienced man, who can give his whole attention to directing the work, to making good bargains, or to inventing improvements in the business. Every one is thus occupied in the way in which his labour will be most productive and useful to other people, and at the same time most profitable to himself.

Local Adaptation. Lastly, the division of labour allows of local adaptation — that is, it allows every kind of work to be done in the place most suitable for it. Each kind of labour should be carried on where it is most productive; but this cannot be done unless there be division of labour — so that, while the French grow wine, weave silk, or make *articles de Paris,* they buy the cottons of Manchester, the beer of Burton-on-Trent, or the coals of Newcastle. When trade is free, and the division of labour is perfect, each town or district learns to make some commodity better than other places:

watches are made in Clerkenwell; steel pens in Birmingham, needles at Redditch; cutlery at Sheffield; pottery at Stoke; ribbons at Coventry; glass at St. Helen's; straw bonnets at Luton; and so forth.

It is not always possible to say exactly why certain goods are made better in one place — for instance, silks in Lyons — than anywhere else; but so it often is, and people should be left as free as possible to buy the goods they like best. Commodities are manufactured in order that they may produce pleasure and be useful, not, as we shall see, in order that labourers may be kept hard at work. Now, when trade is left free it gives rise to division of labour, not only between town and town, county and county, but between the most distant nations of the earth. Thus is created what may be called *the territorial division of labour*. Commerce between nation and nation is not only one of the best means of increasing wealth and saving labour, but it brings us nearer to the time when all nations will live in harmony, as if they were but one nation.

III. THE COMBINATION OF LABOUR.

We now see what great advantages arise from each man learning a single trade thoroughly. This is called the division of labour, because it divides up the work into a great many different operations; nevertheless, it leads men to assist each other, and to work together in manufacturing the same goods. Thus, in producing a book, a great many trades must assist each other: typefounders cast the type; mechanics make the printing press; the paper is manufactured at the paper works; printers' ink is prepared at other works; the publishers arrange the business; the author supplies the copy; the compositors set up the type; the reader corrects the proofs; the pressmen work off the printed sheets; then there are still the bookbinders, and the booksellers, besides a great many other small trades which supply the tools wanted by the principal trades. Thus, society is like a very complicated machine, in which there is a great number of wheels, and wheels within wheels; each part goes on attending to its own business, and doing the same work over and over again.

There is what we should call a *complex organization* (Greek, *organon,* instrument), that is to say, different people and different trades work as instruments of each other, all assisting in the ultimate result.

But it is to be observed that nobody plans out these systems of divided labour; indeed few people ever know how many trades there are, and how they are connected together. There are said to be about thirty-six distinct kinds of employment in making and putting together the parts of a piano; there are about forty trades engaged in watchmaking; in the cotton business there are more than a hundred occupations. But new trades are frequently created, especially when any new discovery takes place; thus, there are at least sixteen different trades occupied in photography, or in making the things required by photographers; and railways have produced whole series of employments which did not exist fifty years ago. These trades arise without any Act of Parliament to make them or allow them. There is no law to say how many trades there shall be, nor how many people shall go into each trade, because nobody can tell what will be wanted in future years. These things are arranged by a kind of *social instinct.* Each person takes up the kind of work which seems to suit him and to pay him best at the time.

Another and a totally different kind of combination of labour arises when men arrange to assist each other in doing the same work. Thus, sailors pulling at the same rope combine their labour together; other instances are, carrying the same ladder, rowing the same boat, and so forth. In this case there is said to be *simple combination of labour,* because the men do the same sort of work. When the men have different operations to perform, there is said to be *complex combination of labour*, as when one man points a pin and another makes the head. On board a ship there is both simple and complex combination. When several men work at the same capstan the combination is simple, because one man does exactly the same as the others. But the captain, mate, steersman, carpenter, boatswain, and cook, work together in complex combination, since each attends to

his own proper duties. Similarly, in a company of soldiers the privates act together in simple combination, but the officers of different ranks have distinct duties to perform, so that the combination becomes complex. Men who thus assist each other are usually able to do far more work than if they acted separately.

IV. DISADVANTAGES OF DIVISION OF LABOUR.

There are certainly some evils which arise out of the great division of labour now existing in civilized countries. These evils are of no account compared with the immense benefits which we receive; still it is well to notice them.

In the first place, *division of labour tends to make a man's power narrow and restricted;* he does one kind of work so constantly, that he has no time to learn and practise other kinds of work. A man becomes, as it has been said, worthy only the tenth part of a pin; that is, there are men who know only how to make, for instance, the head of a pin. In the time of the Romans it was said, *ne sutor ultra crepidam,* "let not the shoemaker go beyond his last". When a man accustomed only to making pins or shoes goes into the far west states of America, he finds himself unfitted for doing all the kinds of hard work required from a settler. The poor peasant from Norway or Sweden, who seems at first sight a less intelligent man, is able to build his own house, till the ground, tend his horse, and in a rough way make his own carts, implements, and household furniture. Even the Red Indian is much better able to take care of himself in a new country than the educated mechanic. The only thing to be said is that the skilled shoemaker, or mechanic, of whatever sort, must endeavour to keep to the trade which he has learnt so well. It is a misfortune both for himself and for other people if he is obliged to undertake work which he cannot do so well.

A second disadvantage of the division of labour is that *trade becomes very complicated, and when deranged the results are ruinous to some people.* Each person learns to supply only a particular kind of goods, and if change of fashion or any other cause leads to a falling off in the de-

mand for that kind of goods, the producer is left in poverty, until he can learn another trade. At one time the making of crinoline skirts for ladies was a large and profitable trade; now it has ceased almost entirely, and those who learnt the business have had to seek other employments. But each trade is generally well supplied with hands perfectly trained to the work, and it is very difficult for fresh workmen, especially when old, to learn the new work, and compete with those who have long practised it. In some cases this has been successfully done; thus the Cornish miners, when the mines in Cornwall were no longer profitable, went into the collieries where more hewers of coal were much wanted. But, generally speaking, it is very difficult to find a new employment in England, and this is a strong reason why trades-unions should make no objection to new men entering a trade to which they have not been brought up.

The colliers tried to keep the Cornish miners out of the coal pits. In order to keep their own wages as high as possible, they would let other men starve. But this is a very selfish and hurtful way of acting. If every trade were thus to try and keep all other people away, as if the trade were their own property, there would constantly be a number of unfortunate people brought to the workhouse through no fault of their own. It is most important, therefore, to maintain a man's right to do whatever kind of work he can get. It is one of the first and most necessary rights of a labourer to labour in any honest way he finds most profitable to himself. *Labour must be free.* W. Stanley Jevons.

APPENDIX.

I. A JOURNEY TO LONDON.

I. PREPARATIONS.

William. Hurrah! Here is a letter from Uncle Robert in London. Perhaps he has invited us all for the holidays. Do read it quickly, Father.

Father. (Laughing.) Your uncle invites me to go over for a few weeks.

William. Oh, father! How nice for you! I wish he had invited us too. Oh, how we should like to go to London! Our teacher at school told us so much about London that I should like to see it above all things. It would be fun! Mary would like it too, wouldn't you, Mary?

Mary. I should indeed. Do take us with you father, and take mother too of course. Our holidays begin next week; then there would be nothing to prevent our going. Uncle did say he would invite us.

Father. (Laughing.) Well, I'll read the letter through once more, perhaps after all you are invited. Now, don't be impatient. Yes, here it is! "I should like to see you all; you know my nephew and niece are still strangers to me." — As uncle wishes it, we will certainly go. Where is your mother?

Children. Oh! here she comes.

Father. Uncle Robert's invitation has come at last, and we may as well take advantage of it. He wants us to leave here on Monday. Would that allow you time enough for packing and settling up household affairs?

Mother. Oh, yes! There's plenty of time to get everything ready. Jane can bring down the trunks the first thing in the morning and help to pack, so that there need be no fuss at the last minute.

William. Oh, thank you very much, dear father. It will be a treat for us two. Only think! None of our schoolfellows have been there, and what a lot there will be to tell them when we come back!

Mary. But when shall we start?

Father. We shall start next Monday, by the first train, which leaves at 6 o'clock.

William. And what route are we to take? **Via** Rotterdam and Harwich, or Hook of Holland, or Ostend and Dover, or Calais and Dover, or Flushing and Queenboro'?

Father. I like the latter route best, so we shall travel by Flushing and Queenboro'. The train leaves here at 6. A. M., and is due at Flushing about 9 o'clock P. M., when we shall go on board immediately, for the steamer sails out of harbour as soon as she has taken up her passengers, and stowed the luggage in the hold.

Mary. Oh, dear, I am afraid I shall be seasick! How frightful!

Father. You need not be uneasy about that. If the weather continues as fine as it has been for the last few days, the Sea will be as smooth as glass. Don't let that trouble you, Mary. Always look at the bright side.

II. DEPARTURE.

Father. Mary and William, are you ready? Make haste. It is five o'clock, and the train leaves at six precisely. Go and get your breakfast.

Mother. I ordered a two-horse cab and told the driver to be here at twenty minutes past five. I hope he will be punctual.

Mary. Hark! There it comes round the corner; it is only a quarter past.

Mother. It is a good thing to be punctual. Remember the story of Mr. Scott of Exeter, and, above all, of Admiral

Nelson, who was always to be found at his post a quarter of an hour before the appointed time.

Father. The cab is at the door. Is that all the luggage? Two large trunks, one portmanteau and my hat-box, driver, for the outside.

Cabman. All right, sir. Please jump in; what station shall I drive to, sir?

Father. To the Central Station. We have time enough?

Cabman. No fear, sir, plenty of time.

Mother. Good-bye, Jane! I trust you to look after things properly in our absence.

III. AT THE STATION.

Father. What's your fare, cabman?

Driver. Two and six, sir. Thank you, sir.

Father. I say, porter, luggage here to be weighed; can you take it to the Office? I shall follow with the tickets. The Booking Office is open.

Porter. Directly, sir, I'll get a truck.

Father. Can we take return tickets for London here, or do you only issue single ones?

Booking-Clerk. The Company issues Monthly Returns at a considerable reduction, sir.

Father. That will just do. Four Second Class return tickets, please.

Mother. Can we travel Second Class all the way?

Father. We must take additional tickets for First Class on the boat; it is not advisable to travel Second, as in that case you could not have private cabins. I shall now go to the Luggage Office to have our luggage registered and labelled.

Mother. Then we had better wait for you in the First Class Refreshment Room. William and Mary might be able to take a cup of coffee or cocoa; they were too excited to take anything before we left.

Mary. I can't help being excited. Just think of a girl under twelve years old, going to see the largest city in the world!

William. Father's coming!

Father. Our luggage is registered and labelled. We shall have no further trouble with it till we reach the Custom House at Queenboro', after leaving the boat. But, I hear the bell for our train. There, the guard has unlocked the door. Let us cross by the Underground-Passage. Don't forget anything; we have the portmanteau and hat-box, bag and umbrellas.

Mother. Don't let us get into a smoking compartment.

Father. No, dear, of course not. I can go into a smoking compartment when I want to smoke. — Will this do? Here is an empty carriage, let us get in. We will close the door and hope that nobody else will come. Mind your fingers, William.

Mother. Do open the other window, dear; it is so very close; there will be no draught. As soon as the train starts we can shut one.

Father (Listening to a call on the platform). London Papers! Daily News! Graphic!

William. Which shall I buy?

Father. Take the Daily News and the Graphic.

William. There they are. Here comes the Ticket Inspector to examine the tickets. Now we shall be off soon. I shall look out of the window, I would rather, than read.

IV. ON THE WAY.

Mary. There goes the whistle! Now we are really off. What big towns shall we stop at?

William. We shall stop at Mayence and Cologne. When shall we be at Cologne, father?

Father. Here is the time-table. Look for yourself. I have marked the page.

William. Oh, I see. We arrive at Cologne at 1. 13, P. M. and leave again at 2. 15, by the Flushing train. We shall have time for some dinner. Perhaps we might get a peep at the cathedral, too. I should like to see the large bell called the Emperor's bell. I saw it being taken down the Rhine on a raft and remember it was some time before they could succeed in ringing it after it was hung.

Mary. And couldn't we buy some Eau de Cologne to take to Aunt?

Mother. Oh, yes, but we shall have to hurry. The genuine Eau de Cologne is bought at No. 4 Julich's Square. We shall see the sign-board as we pass by.

William. I see the Rhine and Mayence. We shall cross in a minute.

Father. There is the Rhine. It has a very nice iron bridge. We shall pass through a tunnel soon, and we shall be at the station immediately. But the train does not stop long; we shall soon puff off again. Do not look out of the window towards the engine, Mary; remember what happened to Alice Johnson.

Mary. Oh, yes, she did so, and some soot from the funnel flew into her eye. I'll be careful; that would be no joke and a very bad beginning.

Mother. Now we come to the most beautiful part of the Rhine. On both banks you see old castles, most of them in ruins, but some inhabited. And the slopes are planted with vines. Do you know that the English call the wine of the Rhine, Rhine wine or Hock, doubtless from the name "Hochheim"?

Mary. It must be nice to go down the Rhine on board one of those large steamers.

Mother. Yes, indeed; on fine days the steamers are crowded. I wish we could have managed to do this part of our journey by steamer, but that was impossible this time. Travelling by boat is much pleasanter than by rail. I cannot bear all the rattling and shunting of a train; it tires me to death.

Mary. Couldn't you try to sleep a bit, mother? Do try, we will wake you up when the time comes.

William. Yes, do, mother. I'll make a cosy corner ready for you. There! Pleasant dreams, and no fear that we should leave our Mother behind. Not we!

Father. Look children! Do you see that large net on the other side of the Rhine? You can see it quite well, for the river is very narrow here. What sort of fish do you think they are catching?

William. They are catching salmon, but on the whole they do not catch much salmon now. Grandfather told me that some time ago they used to catch so much, that the inhabitants of the small towns and villages we see had to eat salmon, cooked in one way or another, every day. At last, servants on entering service made it a condition that they should not have salmon to eat more than once a week!

Father. You see how times have changed. As we are speaking of fish, I will read you a merry story about fishing, which is in to-day's paper. It is an extract from a new book, called, "Three Men in a Boat. (To Say Nothing of the Dog.)"

A very funny story indeed.

One of the three who made the boating excursion relates the story.

While our train is waiting for the up train to cross, I will read it to you.

V. THE STORY OF THREE MEN IN A BOAT.

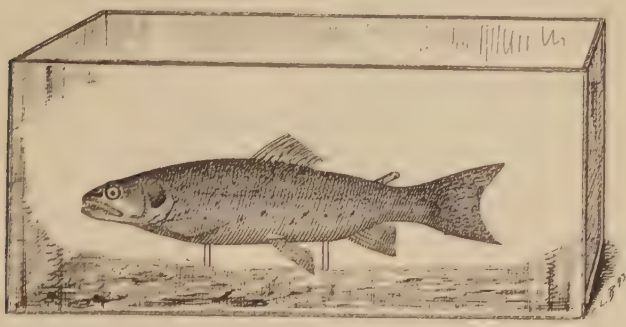
"We went into the parlour of the little village inn (the village was situated on the Thames) and sat down. There was an old fellow there, smoking a long clay pipe, and we naturally began chatting.

He told us that it had been a fine day to-day and we told him that it had been a fine day yesterday, and then we all told each other that it would be a fine day to-morrow; and George said the crops seemed to be coming up nicely. After that it came out, somehow or other, that we were strangers in the neighbourhood, and that we were going away the next morning.

Then a pause ensued in the conversation, during which our eyes wandered round the room. They finally settled upon a dusty old glass-case, fixed very high up above the chimney-piece, and containing a trout.

It rather fascinated me that trout; it was such a monstrous fish. In fact, at first glance, I thought it was a cod. "Ah!" said the old gentleman, following the direction of my gaze, "fine fellow that, ain't he?" "Quite uncommon," I murmured; and George asked the old man how much it

weighed. "Eighteen pound six ounces," said our friend, rising and taking down his coat. "Yes," he continued, "it was sixteen years ago, come the third of next month, that I landed him. I caught him just below the bridge with a minnow. They told me he was in the river, and I said I'd have him, and so I did. You don't see many fish that size about here now, I'm thinking. Good-night, gentlemen, good-night." And out he went and left us alone. We could not take our eyes off the fish after that. It really was a remarkably fine fish. We were still looking at it, when the local carrier, who had just stopped at the inn, came to the door of the room with a pot of beer in his hand, and he also looked at the fish.



"Good-sized trout, that," said George, turning round to him.

"Ah! you may well say that, sir," replied the man; and then, after a pull at his beer, he added, "Maybe you wasn't here, sir, when that fish was caught?"

"No," we told him. We were strangers in the neighbourhood. "Ah!" said the carrier, "then of course, how should you? It was nearly five years ago that I caught that trout." "Oh! was it you who caught it, then?" said I.

"Yes, sir," replied the genial old fellow. "I caught him just below the lock — leastways what was the lock then — one Friday afternoon; and the remarkable thing about it is that I caught him with a fly. I'd gone out pike fishing, bless you, never thinking of a trout, and when I saw that whopper on the end of my line, blest if it didn't quite take me aback.

Well, you see, he weighed twenty-six pounds. Good-night, gentlemen, good-night."

Five minutes afterwards, a third man came in, and described how he had caught it early one morning, with bleak; and then he left; and a stolid, solemn-looking, middle-aged individual came in, and sat down over by the window.

None of us spoke for a while; but, at length, George turned to the new comer, and said: "I beg your pardon, I hope you will forgive the liberty that we — perfect strangers in the neighbourhood — are taking, but my friend here and myself would be so much obliged if you would tell us how you caught that trout up there."

"Why, who told you I caught that trout!" was the surprised query.

We said that nobody had told us so, but somehow or other we felt instinctively that it was he who had done it.

"Well, it's a most remarkable thing — most remarkable," answered the stolid stranger, laughing; "because, as a matter of fact, you are quite right. I did catch it. But fancy your guessing it like that. Dear me, it's really a most remarkable thing."

And then he went on, and told us how it had taken him half an hour to land it, and how it had broken his rod. He said he had weighed it carefully when he reached home, and it had turned the scale at thirty-four pounds.

He went in his turn, and when he had gone, the landlord came in.

We told him the various stories we had heard about this trout, and he was immensely amused, and so we all laughed very heartily.

"Fancy Jim Bates and Joe Muggles and Mr. Jones and old Billy Maunders all telling you that they had caught it. Ha! ha! ha! Well, that is good," said the honest old fellow, laughing heartily. "Yes, they are the sort to give it me, to put up in my parlour, if they had caught it, they are! Ha! ha! ha!"

And then he told us the real history of the fish. It seemed that he had caught it himself, years ago, when he was quite a lad; not by any art or skill, but by that un-

accountable luck that appears to always wait upon a boy when he plays the wag from school, and goes out fishing on a sunny afternoon, with a bit of string tied on to the end of a tree. He said that bringing home that trout had saved him from a whacking, and that even his schoolmaster had said it was worth the rule-of-three and practice put together.

He was called out of the room at this point, and George and I again turned our gaze upon the fish.

It really was a most astonishing trout. The more we looked at it, the more we marvelled at it. It excited George so much that he climbed up on the back of a chair to get a better view of it. And the chair slipped, and George clutched wildly at the trout-case to save himself, and down it came with a crash, George and the chair on the top of it.

"You haven't injured the fish, have you?" I cried in alarm, rushing up.

"I hope not," said George, rising cautiously and looking about. But he had.

That trout lay shattered into a thousand fragments. I say a thousand, but they may have only been nine hundred. I did not count them.

We thought it strange and unaccountable that a stuffed trout should break up into little pieces like that.

And so it would have been strange and unaccountable, if it had been a stuffed trout, but it was not.

"That trout was plaster-of-Paris."

Father. That is the story, children, and I must confess, it is very well told. But, see, you have waked your mother with laughing so loudly.

Mary. Don't be cross, mother, but we couldn't help laughing at the story father read to us. It was killing!

Mother. It does not matter, dears. I think I could not have slept much longer. We cannot be very far from Cologne. It is some time since I fell asleep.

Father. You are quite right, dear. We have already passed Bonn, and soon we shall see the spire of Cologne Cathedral. What time is it, William?

William. It is one o'clock, and the train is slackening speed, father.

Father. Then we will be getting the things down from the rack, so that we do not forget anything. There is the inspector again; how often he looks at the tickets! He does not mean us to get lost.

Mary. How long did you say we should have to wait at Cologne, father?

Father. About an hour, but I am sorry to say we are not up to time, so we cannot go to the Cathedral. We must put off seeing it till the return journey.

William. Oh! it does not matter for me, but how about the Eau de Cologne for Aunt Mary? Look, Mary, what a tall spire that is! But the engine is whistling, and the first houses of the city are in sight.

Father. We shall be there in a few minutes, so take up the bags, and, in getting out, William, take care of Mary and follow us closely.

VI. ON THE PLATFORM, COLOGNE.

Mother. Do mind yourselves, children, for there are such crowds of people about! We shall have difficulty in edging our way through to the Refreshment Room.

Father. At last! And the waiter sees us. Waiter! The bill of fare, please, at once, we have no time to spare.

Mother. How energetic he is! Why, he is actually coming back again! And with a tray full of dishes. It is ours. I should like you to have meat, Mary, but shall not insist on your taking soup, as the day is so hot.

Mary. Thank you, mother, I am not so very hungry, only very thirsty; I should like a glass of lemonade first.

Mother. A very refreshing drink, dear. The waiter shall bring some. Now, enjoy your dinner; you need not hurry over it; there is still some time before our train leaves.

William. I see a large picture with a Flushing and Queenboro' steamer, over there.

Mary. You said that a picture like that was called an advertisement. I remember seeing a smaller one of the same kind somewhere or other.

Father. Let us examine it to pass away the time. What large letters those are, and what an immense vessel she must

be! There is the man on the bridge, and the man at the wheel who steers the ship. We shall see him to-night before going below, but you must not speak to him. You may not speak to the man at the wheel. He has a very responsible post. — But our time is up. The train is standing alongside the platform, we had better hurry. The heat, chattering and bustle become intolerable here. —

William. There is a through carriage to Flushing and it is empty. What a blessing! Do tip the guard, to let nobody else in, father, do!

Mother. What a sad sight! A poor woman is saying "Good-bye", and the tears stream down her furrowed cheeks. Perhaps her son is an emigrant, bound for a foreign land. Now the train is in motion. Here are some periodicals to read now. Later on you must look out at the Dutch stations and examine the country too. The language will sound so strange and funny to you from the train.

Then the dress of the peasants is so quaint, not to forget the wooden shoes, which make a great clatter; however, they seem in keeping with the dress.

Pay attention, too, to their head-gear. You will see much to interest you; Dutch dog-carts; farmhouses with their prim gardens and trees; then the green window-shutters, and the picturesque windmills; and so on, till we reach the low, watery stretch of land on the bank of the Schelde.

Mary. Thank you, mother. The way cannot be too long with so much to see. —

Father. "It's a long lane that has no turning," and "'Tis a long run that never ends." After all, I dare say we shall all be glad to reach Flushing. The engine has put on speed.

VII. FLUSHING.

Father. Here is Flushing. Now we must get out to go on board the ship which lies at anchor close to the station. But take care in crossing the bridge, you get so jostled about in the crush.

William. Oh! there it is! a big vessel, much bigger than those we saw on the Rhine.

Mary. I should like to know what she is called.

Father. Look at the paddle-box. There you will find her name; she is called the "John Bull".

Father. Now, I will take the additional tickets, and then we can ask the Steward or the Stewardess to show us to our cabins. And, William, "Look before you leap", — don't tumble down the companion (ladder). You may very easily do so if you are not careful.

Mother. Let us come up on deck when we have chosen our cabins. The night is so warm, just such a one to enjoy a sea-breeze.

Father. A very good idea, but we must go down to our berths early, for if a ground-swell should come on, we should certainly be ill.

William. It's a grand night. The scene on the deck which is illuminated with so many electric lights, makes this the best part of the journey, I think. Why, there's the man at the wheel in a big, thick pea-jacket. And that is the horn blowing. There seem to be a good many passengers too.

Mother. Look at the lighthouse-tower. — One, two, there's the light! three, four, there it is again! How lovely the lamps in the harbour are, just like a row of burning beads. Now they are fading away in the distance; but the stars replace them, one by one. See, Mary, how they twinkle.

Mary. Good-night, mother! Good-night, Lady Moon! Peep out of your black cloud, peep out soon!

VIII. IN THE MORNING.

Father. We are drawing near the English coast. The grey pier of Queenborough is already in sight. "Welcome sons of Albion and the friends of our shore," they seem to say.

William. How kind of you, father, to give us this great treat! Look! There's a sea-gull. What a flock! Just tipping the waves with their outstretched wings. — And what a number of ships of all kinds! How that buoy bobs up and down in the water!

Mother. We have had a very good passage indeed. The sea was not at all rough, and I hear that none of the passengers were sea-sick. What a bright morning it is, but

a little cold. We can distinguish the people on the pier. The sailors are getting ready to throw the rope. But the tickets are wanted; and, there! what can that grating noise be?

Father. It is the scraping of chains and cables.

IX. ENGLAND.

Father. On land! England —

What a change, eh? All bustle and life. The difference strikes you already, I see it does. Listen to those people talking there. Don't they seem to speak quickly? — But, we are at the Custom House already. Here the luggage will be examined by the Custom House Officers. It is their business to see that no articles liable to duty are allowed to pass the Customs without payment. For my part, I have only a few cigars for my own private use. I hope you have not taken any "Tauchnitz-Books", else our troubles will begin.

Mother. Dear! dear! but of course not What a business! Why there is our luggage on that truck being brought in here! What a piece of good luck! but I am rather afraid.

Officer. Have you anything to declare, madam? (They produce their keys with all readiness in order to disarm suspicion, and the trunks are made to display their closely-packed trays.)

Mother. Welcome chalk mark!

C. H. Officer. Pass on, sir! Good-day, madam!

William. Did you see the man next but one to us? His smuggling of cigars cost him dear, father. And wasn't it a take-down! Honesty is a safer policy than that of "catch-me-if-you-can". He won't do it another time.

Father. The London express train is standing just in front of us, we may as well secure our seats. You will admit being a bit shaky, mother, I am sure. —

The part of England we go through is called Kent. You will see many hop gardens, and some pretty English homesteads with charming green meadows; parks, too, with groups of beautiful trees under which Alderney cows, or flocks of sheep graze; a pretty sight.

William. But the tickets have not been examined. How is that?

Father. The inspector looked at them before the train left. He called out, "All tickets ready". Probably you did not understand that. O, I remember now, you and Mary were discussing the smuggling affair, and did not hear him. In London we shall arrive at Holborn Viaduct station. We might have chosen Victoria, but I prefer the former station.

William. It's quite deafening. The trains in England seem to travel at a furious rate, quite a mile a minute, I should say. You can't get more than a glimpse in passing, and as to reading the names of the stations I give it up. What is the matter?

Father. The engine is shutting off steam; we shall be at our journey's end in a minute. — Yes, it is Holborn. Keep a sharp look out for Uncle Robert. — Porters are running along in a line with the carriages. So, now we are in London at last! And there's Uncle Robert, I believe; there, in the other direction.

X. ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

William. Uncle is here, father. We found him, mother, didn't we, Mary? (Greetings.)

Uncle R. A right hearty welcome to you all! Well, Maud! It is your first visit to England. With my nephew and niece I have just been making acquaintance; we shall be good friends, eh? The luggage is coming; let us take our seats, here is the carriage.

Father. William can sit outside and have a first view of the sights of London; he would like that, I know. —

Uncle R. Right, Wilkins, drive on. — We have changed our residence. Tavistock place was too noisy. We are living at 10 Fitzroy Square. You remember I wrote at the time of moving.

Mary. What a strange-looking carriage! The driver is sitting on the top; no, not quite, but on a funny seat behind, such a long way from the horse. There it is, and it has glass doors in front: "a hansom," did you say, Uncle Robert?

Uncle R. Yes, Mary but without the d and e, not handsome, you know.

Mary. Why are we waiting, and why do all those carriages drive one behind the other like that?

Uncle R. Not so fast, Mary! In the first place it is a crossing. The policemen will give a signal for vehicles (carriages, carts, busses, and so on), to pass on each in its turn, for you know order must be kept in driving, else there would be untold accidents in such a city as London. Now we have turned into our square. That is the house, and your aunt is watching for us. Look! The servants are at the door. (Greetings.)

William and *Mary.* Oh! Aunt Mary! How glad we are to come! What a big house! Do you and Uncle Robert live here alone?

Aunt. What a question! why of course we do. You shall explore it from garret to cellar, when you like. But you must be tired out now, and ready for a wash. That will freshen you up. They have taken up the luggage. Don't be long, you must do justice to the breakfast. —

Uncle R. What, ready, William? That's right. Did you keep your eyes open on the box?

Uncle R. It is the postman's knock. He knocks or raps with the door-knocker when he puts the letters into the letter-box and goes on. But when letters or papers are too large, the postman rings the bell for the servant to come and take them.

William. Then you have both a bell and a door-knocker, uncle?

Uncle R. Yes,

William. I should think I did, Uncle Robert. What do you call those men with helmets and belts, dressed in blue, quite dark blue clothes?

Uncle R. Policemen. Hanging from their belts you saw a long leather pocket, or case. It contains a stick, or staff, called a **truncheon.** These truncheons are very heavy. And what else was it you wanted to know?

The men with boards behind and before? They are **Walking Advertisements,** or **Sandwichmen,** as they are called. You know a sandwich when you see one, don't you? You had meat between your bread and butter, but here a man marches about between two signboards!

William. What is that loud knocking?

but some houses have not. There are different kinds of knockers. Some are made of brass, others of iron, bronze, etc. They are generally made to represent some head or other, such as a lion's or an eagle's. But here are the others coming. Now to breakfast.

XI. A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

Uncle R. Now children, are you coming? You said you would like to inspect the house.

William. Oh, yes, we should, uncle. Where shall we go first?

Uncle R. I should suggest our going to the front-door, beginning with the door-knocker outside.

William. Oh, I say, uncle! You are making fun of me!

Uncle R. Not at all. There is the door-knocker; you can rap at the door, if you like.

William. What are those railings there for?

Uncle R. They surround the areas — that is, the spaces between the pavement and the wall — to protect the kitchen windows, to keep thieves from getting in, people in the street from falling into the areas, and so on.

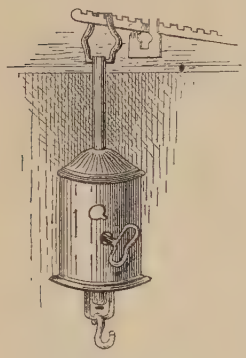
William. Where do those steps lead to, Uncle Robert, please?

Uncle R. They lead to the kitchen and to the tradesmen's door. There is a bell at the top of them.

Mary. Could we see the kitchen now? I want to look at a jack. I read about one in an English book, only I could not quite understand it.

Uncle R. That is right, use your eyes, Mary, when you have the opportunity.

"Seeing is believing," as the saying goes.



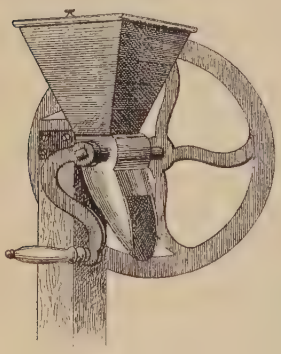
You see it now. It is a kind of box with a hook. It is called a jack, because it is an instrument which supplies the place of a boy or helper. There is a **boot-jack** and **jack-screw**. **Jack Tar** denotes a sailor, too. Then there is the Union Jack of England.

Mary. What is the Jack used for?

Uncle R. It causes the meat to turn round slowly on the spit while roasting.

Mary. How does it work?

Uncle R. The box contains springs and wheels which can be set in motion, something like the works of a clock. There, William, you see the "Roast beef of Old England" roasting.



Mary. What machine is that?

Uncle R. It is a coffee-mill. You have a different kind of coffee-mill in Germany.

Mary. What are those things hanging on the wall?

Uncle T. They are dish-covers. They are put over dishes when brought to table, to keep what is in them hot, meat, poultry, etc.

A. M. Robinson.

LETTER I.

10 Fitzroy Square,

My dear Aunt, July 5th 1893.

The sights of London are so numerous that it is almost impossible to attempt to describe them. We have visited the Tower and Zoological Gardens. As Mary is writing all about the "Zoo" I will tell you what the Tower is like, and how we get about this great, big London.

I do not wonder the English people are proud of their city, for it seems to contain everything and everybody; and when I am a man I hope I shall come back again and learn more about it.

Do you remember the population? It is something over 4 millions.

Does it not make you open your eyes, and begin to wonder how this multitude is fed, lodged and kept in order? Ah! you must come over and see for yourself.

I am told that London, owing to its good sanitary arrangements, is one of the healthiest, as well as the largest, cities in the world.

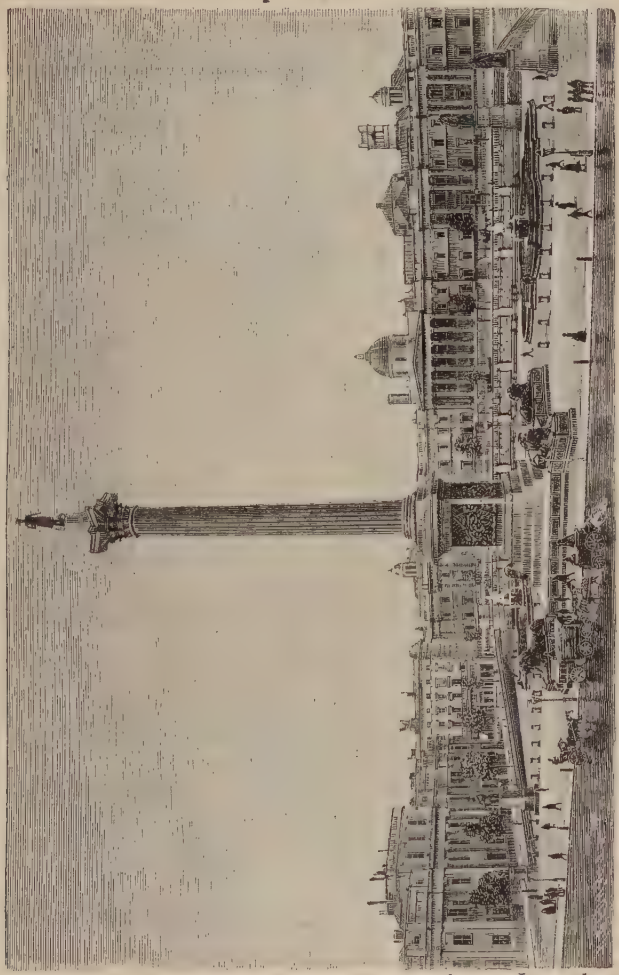
The best way to get a good idea of the place is to ride outside an omnibus. This is one of the easiest and cheapest ways of getting about. The omnibus service is so good and the open air so pleasant in fine weather that it is a very favourite mode of saving one's legs. The fight is to secure a place. You would laugh outright could you see the strange sights at some of the busiest stops. Fat old men and women, thin young ladies, working men, swells in top hats and shiny boots, all jostling against one another and trying to be first. It is of no use giving way to others. Politeness is out of the question here. "Wait a moment, ladies," says the conductor, "allow these to come down first" — and so when all who are alighting have made their descent, you are allowed to take your chance. You may or may not get on! If not, you wait for the next, which means only a few minutes' delay.

We started early in the morning for the Tower from Kensington. The omnibus starts there too, so we got comfortably seated. Leaving Kensington, we drove through Westbourne Grove, passing Whiteley's, "the Universal Provider," a sort of huge store well known in London, passing Paddington Station and Hotel; then on by the Edgeware Road to the **Marble Arch**, one of the many beautiful entrances to Hyde Park and an important omnibus "stop"; by Oxford Street and Regent Street to Piccadilly Circus, and through the Haymarket into Trafalgar Square. There are

four huge lions at the Corners of the square, and in the middle is the statue of Nelson, whose famous victories you know all about. This square is used for "Mass Meetings" and very skilfully managed, I am told, they are. You may believe it too, for could you see the way in which the police make a passage for foot passengers in the sea of vehicles at the busiest parts, you would know the use and power of this vast body of Her Majesty's servants. It makes me think of the path through the Red Sea, only instead of walls of water you see walls of horses' noses, and carriages and carts.

On the North side of the square is the National Gallery, full of paintings bought by the Government and most of them by old masters. It is a majestic looking building with a long, wide flight of steps. Near this is St. Martin's Lane, a busy thoroughfare, and at the corner is an old and interesting church, called St. Martin's in the Fields. We came in from the West. On the East side of the church lies the Strand from which many streets lead to the Thames. We took another omnibus just here at a place called Charing Cross and went down Parliament Street, passing the Royal

Horse Guards on our right and Whitehall Palace on our left. Of course you remember that the English King, Charles I., was beheaded here by Cromwell's party. Uncle Robert reminded me of it as we passed. You don't know what a



Trafalgar Square.

sight the Horse Guards are on a sunny day. It so happened that a detachement was galloping by. They take no heed of the vehicles, they just push right on as though charging an enemy at full speed. At the corner of Parliament Strect

the omnibus stopped a minute for passengers, so we saw Westminster Abbey, a building which you must see. I cannot describe it here, it would take too long. I must bring home a book with views to show you. Near this is Westminster

The Houses of Parliament.

Bridge, over which we drove and under which flows the Thames. The Houses of Parliament are built on the left bank, and a large Hospital stands on the right bank. After this the ride was very different, though not less interesting.

We passed through busy thoroughfares crowded with foot-passengers, all coming and going at a great rate as though they hadn't much longer to live.

We saw great poverty and indeed some distressing sights, after we left Westminster Bridge, but you see the Tower of London is situated in the South of London and in this part of the great city the population is composed mainly of workmen. I believe the East End is the worst of all, but in so enormous a place there must be much poverty and want, however well it is governed and managed.

When we arrived at the Tower it was about 11. 30 The Tower of London is of very ancient construction. The ground on which it stands was selected by William the Conqueror, but part of the wall dates back to the time when the Romans occupied Britain.

The River Thames runs at its side. It is not a single tower as you might suppose, but in reality a collection of towers and strong fortresses, each of which has a separate name, and is remarkable for having been the place of imprisonment of some noted persons. The walls are immensely thick and strong; they differ in architecture according to the time of building.

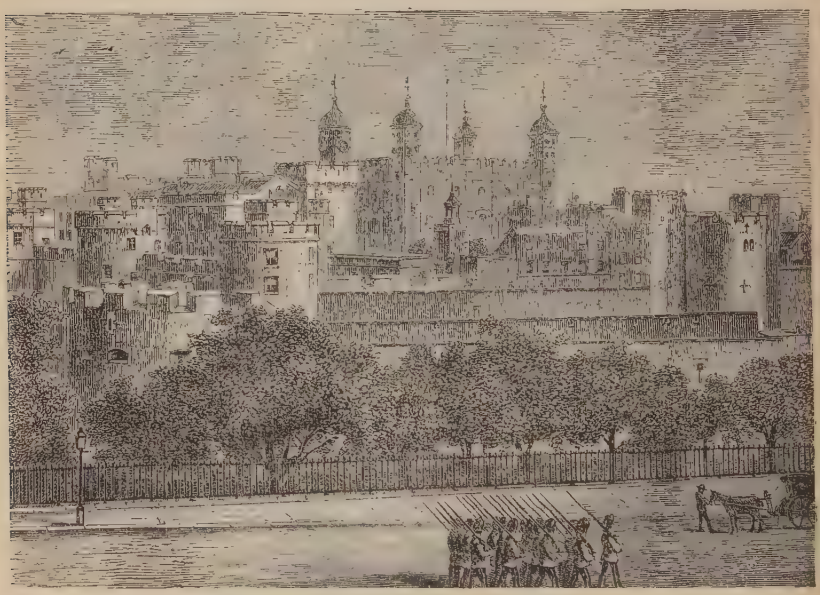
The Tower contains a beautiful collection of relics of the past, but it makes one sad to think how many persons have suffered death within its walls, or just outside. Tower Hill which is close by, was, as you know, the principal place for executions. I shall not mention the victims' names, they are far too numerous. But I could not help thinking of Lady Jane Grey who, I am told, actually saw the headless body of her husband, while she herself was awaiting death in the so-called Queen's House. This is rather a pretty building and has a green plot in front of it. Then there was that noble man, Sir Thomas More, and Henry the Eighth's three wives, and many others. You remember, too, how the little Princes were confined, and supposed to have been murdered and buried here.

Visitors are taken first to the Wakefield Tower where the Regalia of England are kept. The splendid objects which

form the Regalia are well arranged in a double iron cage in the middle of the chamber.

The crown of Queen Victoria is beautiful, and it weighs about 39 ounces, and is, of course, the chief object of interest. There are other crowns, coronets, and several very exquisite sceptres.

Then there is the White Tower in the centre. The Royal Chapel of St. John's is the largest and most complete example of a castle chapel of the Norman Period now remaining in England. It was in the White Tower that the supposed remains of Edward V. and his brother Richard, Duke of York, were found at the foot of a staircase.



After the jewels we were shown the Tower of Armoury. It is quite a museum of armour, evidently collected from all periods. The arrangement is good; the men and horses look quite real, and the swords are so arranged as to form a kind of fence. I felt a great longing to take one and have a good go at one of those old warriors on horse. Some of the figures are on foot and carry pole axes. There is a

great deal to be seen, and it is all so interesting that I thought you would like a better account of it than I can give, so when I come back I will bring you a book and you can read about it for yourself.

We stayed nearly two hours, and by the end of that time were so hungry with our long ride and eager gazing, that Uncle thought the best thing we could do next would be to have a good luncheon. I suppose you can draw your own conclusion as to how we enjoyed that, having had an early breakfast, and only a bun since!

I intended giving you an account of the rest of the day's proceedings, but the light is gone, and you shall hear again shortly from me, dear Aunt.

Your affectionate nephew

William Miller.

LETTER II.

10 Fitzroy Square,
London,
July 10th 1893.

My dear Gertrude,

We have now been in London a fortnight and we are getting quite accustomed to English ways. Our uncle and aunt have taken us to see many of the sights of London of which we have so often read in our books at home. The place I have enjoyed the most has been the Zoological Gardens, where we went last week and which I must tell you about. The "Zoo", as everyone here calls it, is in Regent's Park, which is one of the chief parks of London. It is quite the opposite side of London to that in which we live. We had a journey to get there, in the train and in the omnibus, and it took us more than an hour!

We reached the "Zoo" about three o'clock, and first went to the part where there was a band playing, and many people sitting listening to the music. It made me think of our Stadtgarten at home! The gardens are very large and full of beautiful flowers and trees, and the different houses for the animals are scattered here and there.

Going down the widest walk, we were much surprised to see an elephant come marching along, and particularly so when he put out his long trunk, expecting us to give him something to eat. We afterwards saw that many of the people fed him with buns, biscuits and bread. Presently we had a ride on the back of one of the elephants, his name was "General". It gives one such a funny, rolling sensation as he walks along, quite different from anything else I have felt. There are two seats on his back, each holding about three and we sit sideways, back to back. To get on these seats there are two ladders, and the elephant stands quite quietly in between them.

We went to see the lions and tigers who were being fed by the keeper. Large pieces of raw meat and bone are given them, which they tear and gnaw at. At the back of their houses large cages are built in the open air, and here the lions go in the daytime when the weather is fine. We went to the seal after the lions. He has a large, deep tank of water, but we saw very little of him as he kept swimming under water all the time, only occasionally coming to the top to breathe. We were very much interested in a little sea-lion that had been brought from the Cape of Good Hope eight years ago, as the keeper told us. The same keeper had some friends with him, and one of them photographed the sea-lion taking a fish from a boy's hand. The sea-lion ate two fish, but the third one the keeper rubbed in the dirt and then gave it him saying: "Dirty fish!" The sea-lion then went back to the water with the fish in his mouth and washed it ever so many times before he would eat it. Don't you think it was very clever of him to understand when he was told that the fish was dirty? I must not forget to tell you about the monkeys, who have a large house to themselves.

They are kept in big iron cages in which are swings, and ropes, and trunks of trees for the monkeys to climb. They are very clever and mischievous, and if one goes too near the cage, they stretch one of their arms out and grab what they can reach. There are bears of all kinds at the

Gardens; brown, black, and grizzly; two polar bears had some water to swim in.

We saw the beavers building with branches of trees; they were working busily.

A new Reptile House has lately been built where snakes are kept, and in a large tank in the middle we saw a great many crocodiles.

We saw too the Rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the camels and the zebras.

We did not see a giraffe, for they have all died. They cannot live in the English climate, except in a very favoured place.

We spent the whole afternoon and evening in the Gardens, and we were very sorry when we were obliged to leave at eight o'clock, when the place is closed.

We came home feeling very tired, but pleased at everything we had seen.

Good-bye. I hope you will be satisfied with this letter, but it would have been better if you could have seen it all with us.

I remain
Your affectionate friend
Mary.

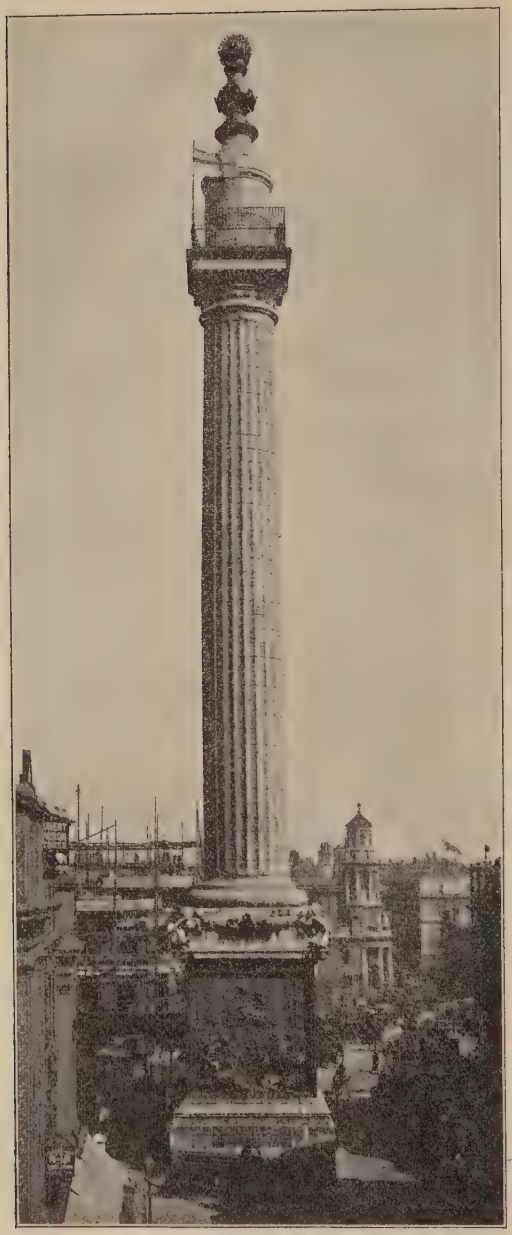
LETTER III.

10 Fitzroy Square,
London,
July 15th 1893.

My dear Adelheid,

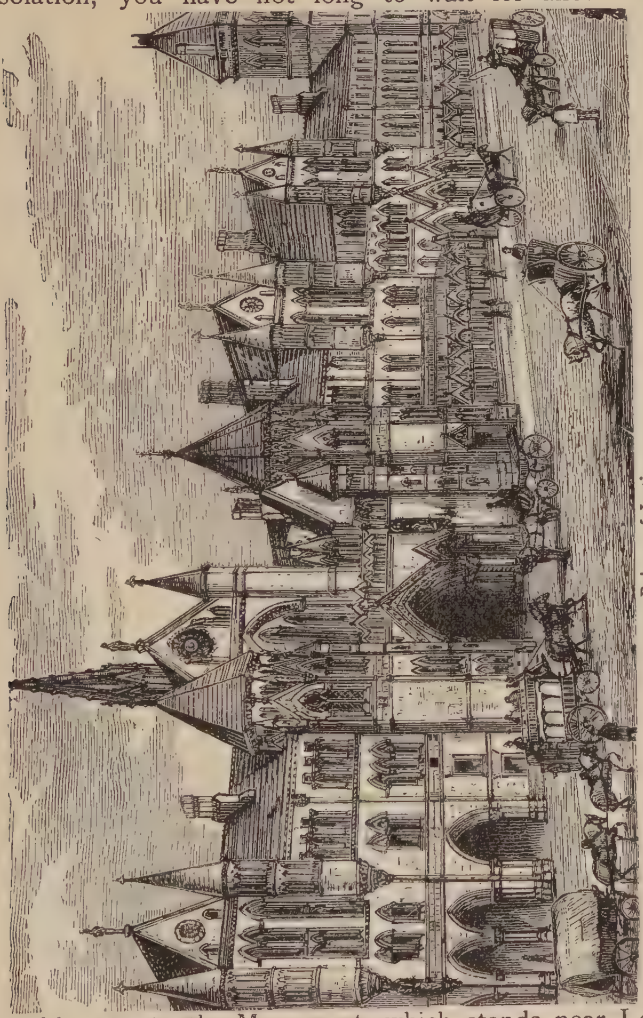
I am glad you enjoyed my last letter. In this one I shall try to give you some idea of **the underground railway** which, as you know, is one of the most remarkable things in London.

It is, in very truth, a railway under the ground. You go downstairs to reach the platform at all the stations, and on what is called the Inner Circle, you are in the dark in the train most of the time. I do not mean that there is no light at all, but only artificial light, for the most part gas. Many of the stations have daylight now, although I am told this was a rare thing a few years ago.



The most smoky stations seemed to me to be Portland Road, Baker Street and Gower Street. These really are enough to choke you! While waiting there for a train, you do not feel inclined to use your vocal powers. You learn to be very quick, I can tell you, for the train stops only just long enough to allow people to get out and others to take their seats in it. They run so frequently during the whole day that strict punctuality must be insisted upon. Accidents on the platform are guarded against by the gates at the foot of the stairs being closed as soon as the train is in, otherwise people would make a rush to get in and many deaths would occur. As it is, you only feel terribly aggravated

to find yourself obliged to stand still and say nothing while your train moves off if you come late! There is one great consolation, you have not long to wait for another. We



Palace of Justice.

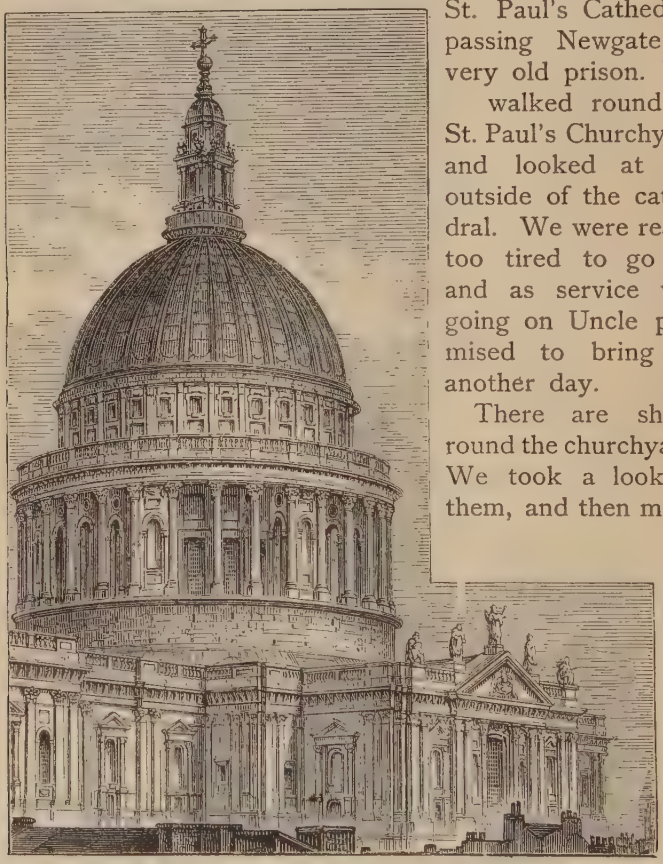
went this way to the Monument, which stands near London Bridge and is the loftiest column in the world. Its height is 202 ft. You pay 3 d. to go to the top, and you get up by means of a spiral staircase. There are 345 steps, so you

may guess what people at the bottom look like when one is that distance above them. But what a view! It is well worth the trouble of going up.

Uncle then showed us the new Law Courts, and pointed out where Temple Bar used to be.

We then walked Fleet Street and up Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's Cathedral, passing Newgate, a very old prison. We walked round St. Paul's Churchyard and looked at the outside of the cathedral. We were really too tired to go in, and as service was going on Uncle promised to bring us another day.

There are shops round the churchyard. We took a look at them, and then made our way home by omnibus.



St. Paul's Cathedral.

My next letter must tell you about the British Museum. For the present, Good-Night.

From your affectionate cousin

William Miller.

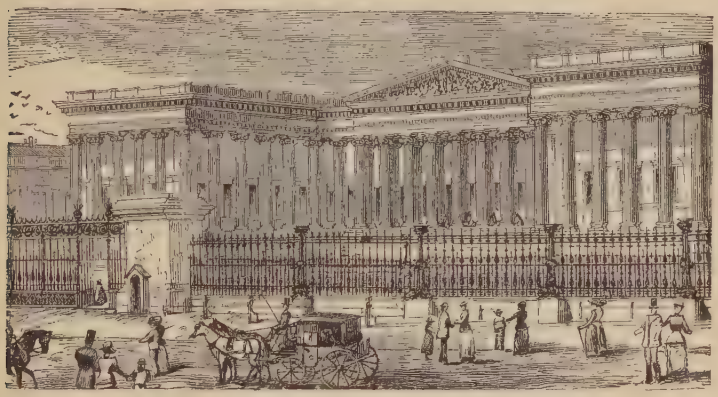
LETTER IV.

10 Fitzroy Square,
August 1st 1893.

My dear Aunt,

I promised in my last letter to tell you about the British Museum.

This Museum, which is in what is considered the first building of its kind in the Metropolis, is situated in Great Russel Street Bloomsbury.



The Museum.

The building covers an area of seven acres, and there is a great deal to be seen in it. The origin of the Museum was the purchase for £20 000 of a collection and library formed by Sir Hans Sloane, who lived at Chelsea, and is buried there in the old churchyard. He was called the Physician and Antiquary of Chelsea, and must have been a wonderful old man to have made a collection worth that amount of money.

The Libraries and Reading Room are wonderful. There is the Grenville Library and the King's Library. The latter was formed by George III. There are a million and a half printed books in the Museum, besides a wonderful collection of valuable documents and letters.

The Reading Room, which forms a perfect circle and is in the middle of the Museum, is supposed to be the best room of its kind in the world. The original Magna Charta is here, that great charter of English liberty, which the Barons forced King John to sign in 1215 A. D.

There are several rooms of Egyptian, Assyrian, Grecian, and Roman Antiquities, including a large collection of Egyptian statues. The famous Rosetta stone, a slab of black marble with three inscriptions which give the key to the deciphering of the Egyptian Hieroglyphs, is here. And there is a wonderful collection of prints, drawings, photographs, and medals. There was at one time a good show of stuffed birds and animals, also a geological, a mineral, and a botanical department; but all these have been removed to the new Natural History Museum at South Kensington, which was opened in 1881, because more room was wanted.

Uncle tells me, he remembers being much amused when a boy by looking at an enormous piece of iron about six or eight feet thick, which is said to have fallen from the moon, somewhere in America! We did not see it to-day. I must admit, I am glad the moon has given up these freaks, as one would not like such a thing to fall on the top of one's head! But remember, it was in America!

You do not pay to go into the Museum. It is open from 10. A. M. till dusk, which falls according to the time of the year.

The Reading Room is only for ticket holders; but visitors are allowed to go as far as the doorway, so you can get a good view of it.

I think museums are very tiring places; when we came out we did not feel inclined to go anywhere else that day.

We took the omnibus to Buzzard's in Oxford Street, which is noted for cakes and sweets. And after a good lunch there we walked down Regent Street looking at the shops.

We enjoyed this day very much. Regent Street is one of the principal shopping places in London, and there certainly are some good shops here, and some of them are extraordinarily pretty! Especially Liberty's, a sort of oriental Bazaar.

My first letter was longer than this, but you will understand how quickly time flies, and how busy we are sight-seeing, so that I cannot write very much. Soon we shall be home again, then I shall have much to tell. I am bringing you views of all the places we have seen, and of some we have not time to see; for it is, of course, impossible in one short visit to "do" the whole of London.

I will also bring you a book which will interest you much, as it describes most of the notable places in London.

Father and mother send their best love to you.

I remain

Your affectionate nephew

William Miller.

II. ENGLAND.

What country do the English live in? England, the southern part of the Island of Great Britain. Suppose you were a bird borne up by two strong wings at such a height that you could look down upon the whole country at a glance, you would see Great Britain, lying in the blue waters of the ocean, exactly as you see it represented in the map. You would see Scotland stretching northwards; you would see the Cheviot Hills rising between it and England. You would see the waves of the German Ocean washing the east coast of England. You would see the English Channel running up between England and France, and washing the south coast of England. You would see St. George's Channel and the Irish Sea separating England from Ireland, and washing the west coast of England.

You would see, too, that on the eastern and southern shores, the coast line is pretty straight or shaped into large smooth curves, while on the west, it is indented with deep bays and the wide mouths of rivers.

What sort of country is England? It is very great and powerful, very rich and prosperous. More than twenty million people inhabit it. London, its capital city, is the largest

and richest city in the world. Its population is more than four millions. Many other English cities and towns are very large and prosperous. They are connected with London, and with each other, by a number of railways. Each railway has many branches in all directions, so that the whole country is covered with a network of iron lines.

Is the surface of the country much varied in England? Yes, there are mountains and valleys, hills and table lands, moors and heaths, pastures and arable land. The north and west of England are hilly and in parts almost mountainous; the south and east are mostly level. The whole country is well watered. It has a great number of rivers and streams, and most of them have a slow current, so that boats and barges are constantly to be seen upon them. The soil varies in different parts of the island, but in general it is fertile, and well cultivated.

What kind of climate does England possess? A milder one than that of the countries near us. English people are apt to complain of it, as being damp and rainy; and foreigners laugh at it and say, that an English summer is made up of three fine days and a thunderstorm. No doubt the Gulf Stream, which brings a supply of hot water from the Torrid Zone to our shores, and makes our climate mild, causes it to be damp too. But there is some advantage even in this. Our fields and meadows are thus kept green and fresh all the summer, while those of France and Germany are parched and dried up. And though the Frenchman chose to say that baked apples were the only ripe fruit in England, we do generally have sunshine enough to bring our crops to perfection. And no doubt our climate is very healthy. People live longer in England than in most countries of Europe.

III. THE PRODUCTIONS OF ENGLAND.

The soil of England is on the whole good and well cultivated, so it produces excellent crops. Above half the

surface of England is pasture land, and is covered with herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. More of this pasture land is to be found in the western than in the eastern counties, for the climate towards the west suits it better. There is more rain there and more moisture in the air, and this keeps a constant supply of grass in the meadows. The dairies in Dorsetshire and Devonshire are very good, and a great deal of butter is sent from them to London.

Wheat is grown all England over, but it is most cultivated in the midland, eastern, and southern counties. In the north of England, and wherever the soil is poor and the climate cold, oats and barley are grown.

The horses and cattle of England are the finest in the world. Foreigners often buy them and take them abroad. Our sheep are also excellent, both for the mutton they supply and the quality of their wool. On the downs and open commons of our land large flocks of sheep are kept.

The hops which give the fine bitter flavour to beer are grown in Kent and Surrey. Apple orchards for cidermaking abound in Herefordshire, Somerset and Devonshire. It is a pretty sight to see these orchards in the spring, when the trees are covered with pink blossoms, and also in the autumn, when they are laden with apples red and yellow. The orchards of pear trees near Worcester are also very beautiful. When they are in blossom, the trees seem covered with a sheet of snow. Perry is made from the pears.

The riches of England are not all on the surface. Oh no! great part of her wealth is hidden underground, and can only be got at by digging deep. These hidden treasures are coal and iron, lead, copper, and tin. They are not spread equally through the land. They are for the most part confined to the north and west. Indeed if we draw a line from Whitby in Yorkshire straight down to Lyme Regis in Dorsetshire, we shall find that almost all the minerals, and the mines by which we get at them, are to the west of that line.

First come coals. Coal mines are so valuable that in the north people speak of coals as black diamonds. There are in England fourteen coal fields of various sizes. In these

men dig for coal, and bring it up sometimes from a great depth. The mines near Whitehaven in Cumberland run under the sea. The coalfields of England supply all the fires in the country as well as the blast furnaces, steam-ships, steam-engines, and factories, of which we have so many. We also send a great deal of coal abroad.

Wherever there is coal, and in other parts of the country too, there is plenty of iron ore.

There are lead mines in the north of England, also in Devon and Cornwall.

Copper and tin are chiefly found in Cornwall. There are slate quarries in Wales and in Cumberland, and good building stone is to be found in many parts of the country. Where it fails there is plenty of clay fit for making bricks.

Certainly we have no gold mines in England, nor do we find any silver worth speaking of; but other metals are so abundant, that on the whole we may reckon our country very rich in minerals.

IV. THE MANUFACTURES OF ENGLAND.

Many useful things are, as you have read, to be found in England. Her productions are excellent. But many of these productions, as well as those which we get from other lands, have to be worked up, or manufactured, before they will supply our wants. Englishmen are clever and hard-working, so they are very ready in thus working up the products of their land. The manufactures of England are the most important in the world. They are mostly carried on near the coalfields in the northern and central counties, where there is plenty of fuel at hand to supply the steam-engines.

Our cotton factories have been set up near the Lancashire and Cheshire coalfields. Many million pounds weight of cotton are brought every year from America and other countries, to Manchester and other large towns in Lancashire. There it is turned into calico, print, muslin, and other materials for clothing.

The woollen manufacture is mostly carried on in York-

shire and in the west of England. The sheep in our own green fields are shorn every year, and their fleeces find their way to the mills, where they are spun into yarn and then woven into flannel, serge, broad cloth, and other woollen goods. But our own flocks do not supply us with all the wool we want. Thousands of pounds of it are brought every year from abroad. Some is sent to Witney to be made into blankets, and some to Kidderminster and Halifax and Durham to be made into carpets.

Large quantities of raw silk are brought to us from Italy and other southern lands. It is woven into silk and satin for ladies' dresses at Spitalfields in London, as well as at Derby, Macclesfield, Congleton, and other places. At Coventry it is made into ribbons.

Most of the linen we use comes ready woven from Ireland. We do not grow flax in England, but we fetch some from the countries round the Baltic Sea, and weave it into linen in Leeds and other Yorkshire towns.

Iron ore is to be found in many parts of the country, east as well as west. In old times it used to be smelted with charcoal, or prepared wood, and then ironworks were carried on in the most woody counties of England, such as Kent and Sussex. But now coke and coal are used for the purpose, and huge blast furnaces for the smelting of iron ore are set up on or near the coalfields.

These blast furnaces are like large hollow towers with a place for a fire at the bottom. The upper part is filled with ore mixed with coke and lime; below an enormous fire is kept up and fed with blasts of hot air. The heat is intense. It melts the iron in the ore, and every morning and evening, when a door is opened, a stream of liquid metal flows out. As this cools it hardens and is called pig-iron.

Pig-iron is melted again and turned into cast-iron. Some is rolled while it is hot and turned into sheet-iron. Some is heated with charcoal and turned into steel. Iron is made into hardware, and every sort of useful thing, at Birmingham, Sheffield, and other towns. They say that you can get at Birmingham any thing made of iron from a steam-engine to a steel pen.

One of the most useful things in our houses is crockery or earthenware. How many things are made of it! Jugs and basins, cups and saucers, plates, dishes, and mugs. In old times people had to use wooden dishes and bowls, or, if they were better off and could afford it, pewter ones. But neither wood nor pewter is so pleasant to eat and drink from as earthenware.

Where is earthenware made? Chiefly at the Potteries on the north Staffordshire coalfield. It is made of flint stones, burnt and ground to powder, and mixed with clay. The coarser kinds of earthenware are made of clay only without any mixture of flint. A fine sort of earthenware called porcelain, or china, is made at Worcester.

Glass for our windows, as well as for looking-glasses, tumblers, vases, and many other useful and pretty things, is made in the north of England and also in Bristol.

Boots and shoes are made in every town and in almost every village in England. They are also made wholesale in Northampton and Staffordshire.

Lace, which is used so largely in the dress of ladies, is made in the midland counties, and also at Tiverton and other places in Devonshire.

An immense quantity of soap and candles is used in England. The greater part of these are made in London, but not all; a good deal of soap comes from Plymouth.

Straw-plaiting for hats and bonnets is done in Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire. Many thousand women are employed in this work.

Many of our clocks and watches are brought from abroad. The rest are principally made in London and in Coventry.

V. THE COMMERCE OF ENGLAND.

Do you know what commerce is? It is the exchange of goods. Hardly any country supplies its inhabitants with every thing they need. England certainly does not. We want a great deal from other countries. Very well; then we must send our ships for their productions, and we must give

in return either our own productions, or goods we have manufactured. This exchange is called commerce. The commerce of England is greater than that of any other country in the world. Our commercial towns are very prosperous. The largest of them are London, Liverpool, Bristol and Hull.

Into these ports hundreds of ships are constantly bringing from all parts of the world good things, which our own country does not produce. They bring us tea from China, coffee, sugar, and rice from the West and East Indies. They bring us loads of cotton from America. Some are laden with silk, wine, oranges, and dried fruits from the south of Europe, some with gold from Australia and California, some with silver from Mexico. If these things were not brought from abroad we should have to go without them.

But of things which our native country does produce, she does not produce near so much as her children want. There are fine flocks of sheep in England, and their wool is very good. Still we require a great deal more, and we are glad to get it from Spain, and Germany, the Cape Colony, and Australia. Our rich cornfields do not supply us with bread enough; we get more wheat from North America and Central Europe. We receive timber from the North of Europe and America, sheep and cattle from Denmark and Holland. The dairies in Germany and Holland send us a great deal of butter and cheese, and numbers of eggs are brought over from France. All these goods which we receive in England from foreign countries we call imports.

And what do we send to foreign countries in return for all the good things which we receive from them? Our own productions and manufactures.

Almost the only production which we send out of the country in a native state is coal. A great deal of our coal goes to France and other countries of Europe, some even as far as New Zealand. But we do send away large quantities of the goods we have made out of our own productions, and those of other countries. Thus we receive from America raw cotton just as it is taken from the pods of the cotton tree; we make it into calico, print, muslin, and other

cotton goods, and these we send to every part of the world. We receive a good deal of flax from Russia: this we weave into linen together with that grown in Ireland; and then we send the linen to different parts of Europe and America. We receive raw hides from India and South America: we send out saddles and boots and shoes to all our colonies. In 1862 we sent four million pair of boots and shoes to Australia. Most likely many more are sent there now.

English earthenware goes to America and Australia, English cutlery, hardware and other goods made of iron to every part of the world.

Things which we thus send to foreign countries we call our exports.

VI. THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.

It was the afternoon of a September day, and the forest leaves were already touched with the first tints of autumn, when Julius Caesar's fleet of eighty ships drew up off the shore of Kent. The natives lined the beach with horse, foot, and chariots, and stood prepared to defend their island home. The Roman soldiers, clad as they were in heavy plate-armour of brass, and afraid of being struck down before they could gain firm footing, hesitated to leap into the water.

Caesar opened on the Britons a heavy discharge of stones and darts from the engines used in sieges, which his galleys had on board. This made the enemy give back a little. Still the soldiers hesitated to leap from the ships. Then the standard-bearer of the tenth legion, crying "Leap, comrades, unless you wish to see your standard taken by the enemy!" sprang overboard, and began to carry forward the standard.

Roused by his example, the whole twelve thousand soldiers dashed at once into the sea. The Britons met them in the water. A fierce and deadly struggle took place, and much brave blood reddened the waves. Gradually the Romans fought their way to land. They formed and charged, and the terrible rush of their disciplined battalions swept the Britons before them.

This was the beginning of the Roman invasion of Britain. Nearly a century and a half passed after this, however, before they invaded Scotland. Up to the year 80 after Christ, while nearly the whole of England had been reduced to the condition of a Roman province, the Romans possessed no land north of the Solway Firth.

In that year, Agricola, governor of the province, led an army across the border, and began to hew his way into the Caledonian forests. The wary general advanced slowly, and secured his ground as he advanced, by building forts in commanding situations. The native tribes struggled bravely against the formidable invader, but having little union or combination among themselves, they were taken singly, and overcome in detail.

The Romans carried on their operations with merciless vigour. Tacitus, Agricola's son-in-law, who writes an account of his life, tells us that it was his policy to overcome the Britons by the terror of his ravages. We understand what that means.

Yonder, for example, in a forest clearing, is a native village fenced with its ditch and stockade of posts. It has children playing, cattle feeding, and patches of growing corn. The women sing the quern-song as they grind the meal for the evening repast in the quern or hand-mill. Some of the men are doing a little smith-work, or homely carpentry; others are away hunting.

Suddenly, at the edge of the forest, there is a gleam as of the sun's rays on polished metal. A body of armed men, sheathed in brass, issue from the wood, and sweep across the clearing, their burnished mail flashing as they go. The lightsome quern-song changes into shrieks of terror. The villagers close the gate of their stockade, and grasp their bows. The arrows shot through the openings of the posts rattle vainly against the strong plate-armour of the assailants. The gate goes down before the strokes of the axe; sword and torch do the rest. The cattle are driven away, and the crops destroyed.

The village hunters, alarmed by the smoke seen rising high over the forest, hasten back, and find a waste of

blackened ruin, with the women and children wailing over the slain.

Yonder, again, is a British hill-fort. It is provided with ditch and rampart, and the natives have gathered their families and most valuable effects into it for security. The Romans have come to the foot of the hill, and prepare to carry the fort by storm. They form a "tortoise" as they called it; that is to say, they advance to the attack covered with their great shields, overlapping each other like the plates in the shell of the tortoise, or as slates do on a roof.

They take their way up the hill with swift and firm tread. The shower of darts and arrows, from the rampart above, falls harmless on the roof of shields. The defenders loosen a block of stone on the hill-top, and roll it over. The mass comes thundering down, crashes through the "tortoise," and leaves behind it a ghastly and bloody lane. The stern assailants close up their cleft roof without delaying their rapid advance for a moment. They reach the ditch, push planks and ladders across it, storm over the rampart, and put the defenders to the sword to the last man.

Such, no doubt, was the style of the Roman doings. In three of these stern campaigns Agricola penetrated to the Firths of Forth and Clyde. These two arms of the sea run so far inland that the distance between them, from water to water, is less than forty miles. Across this neck of land Agricola built a chain of forts at regular intervals. This line of fortified posts was meant to defend the conquered territory against the warlike tribes of the north.

Dreading an attack from the northern tribes, Agricola resolved to strike them within their own bounds. Leaving his fortified line, and crossing the Forth at Queensferry, he advanced northward through Fife. The clans rose for the defence of their country against the fierce people whose lust of dominion had brought them so far; and they put a chief named Galgacus at their head.

What manner of man he was who has come down to us under this name, what life he lived, or what death he died, we have no means of knowing; but the man around whom these old clans gathered, to bleed and die for country

and freedom, must have had in him some of the stuff of which heroes are made.

The Romans found the Caledonian army drawn up on the moor of Ardoch, in Perthshire, at the foot of the Grampian mountains (A. D. 84). Tacitus says that they were 30000 strong — the Romans 26000. The Caledonians fought with desperate courage, but the vastly superior discipline and arms of the Romans gave them every advantage.

They fought with a large, oblong shield, and a short, heavy sword, formed either to thrust or to cut. The Caledonians fought with small, round shields, and long, heavy swords without a point. The mighty downward stroke of the Caledonian sword was received on the upper edge of the Roman shield. Pushing it up, the Roman plunged his short keen sword into the body of his adversary.

The Caledonians were defeated with great slaughter. Night alone put a stop to the carnage. Next morning 10000 dead lay on the face of the moor. Agricola led back his army to the south. Then, when the retiring host was out of sight, the natives would venture down to search for their dead on the field of slaughter. The raven beat his wings and croaked hoarsely when disturbed in his feast; and the wolf looked up and growled fiercely when the widow tried to scare him from the corpse of her husband.

Mackenzie.

VII. WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Great King William spread before him
All his stores of wealth untold,
Diamonds, emeralds, and rubies,
Heaps on heaps of minted gold.
Mournfully he gazed upon it,
As it glittered in the sun,
Sighing to himself, "Oh treasure!
Held in care with sorrow won;
Millions think me rich and happy,
But alas, before me piled,
I would give thee ten times over
For the slumbers of a child."

Great King William from his turret
Heard the martial trumpets blow,
Saw the crimson banners floating
Of a countless host below;
Saw their weapons flash in sunlight,
As the squadrons trod the sward;
And he sighed, "Oh, mighty army,
Hear thy miserable lord:
At my word thy legions gather —
At my nod thy captains bend —
But with all thy power and splendour
I would give thee for a friend!"

Great King William stood on Windsor,
Looking from its castled height,
O'er his wide-spread realm of England,
Glittering in the morning light;
Looking on the tranquil river
And the forest waving free,
And he sighed, "Oh, land of beauty,
Fondled by the circling sea,
Mine thou art, but I would yield thee,
And be happy, could I gain,
In exchange a peasant's garden
And a conscience free from stain."

VIII. DEATH OF THE CONQUEROR.

At the end of the year 1086, when he had been seated nineteen years upon the throne of England, William went over to the continent with a mighty army to wage war with Philip, king of France, for the possession of the city of Mantes. It was soon taken and consigned to the flames. As the conqueror rode up to view the ruin he had caused, his war-horse put his fore-feet on some embers, and then plunged so violently that the king was thrown upon the high pommel of the saddle, and bruised. He dismounted in great pain, and never more put foot in stirrup. Forthwith quitting the burning town, he was carried slowly in a litter to Rouen, and at once laid on his bed.

It was soon evident to all, and even to himself, that his last hour was approaching. Being troubled by the noise and bustle of Rouen, and desirous of dying in a holy place, he made his people carry him to the monastery of St. Gervais, outside the city walls. He lingered for six weeks, during which he was surrounded by doctors, priests, and monks.

On the nearer approach of death his heart softened; and though he preserved the kingly decorum, and conversed calmly on the wonderful events of his life, he is said to have felt the vanity of all human grandeur, and a keen remorse for the crimes and cruelties he had committed. He sent money to Mantes to rebuild the churches and houses of religion he had burned, and he ordered large sums to be paid to the churches and monasteries in England which he had plundered and impoverished. He released all his state prisoners, as well Saxons as others, some of whom had pined in dungeons for more than twenty years. Robert, his eldest son, who had had many violent quarrels with his father, was absent, but his two younger sons, William and Henry, who became successively kings of England, were assiduous round the death-bed, waiting impatiently for the declaration of his last will.

A day or two before his death, the Conqueror assembled some of his prelates and chief barons in his sick chamber, and raising himself in his bed, he, with a solemn and ghastly countenance declared in their presence that he bequeathed the duchy of Normandy and its other dependencies to his eldest son Robert. "As to the crown of England," said the dying monarch, "I bequeath it to no one, as I did not receive it, like the duchy of Normandy, in inheritance from my father, but acquired it by conquest and the shedding of blood with mine own good sword. The succession of that kingdom I therefore leave to the decision of God, only desiring most fervently that my son William, who hath ever been dutiful to me, may obtain it, and prosper in it."

"And what do you give unto me, oh, my father?" eagerly cried Prince Henry. "Five thousand pounds weight of silver out of my treasury." "But what can I do with five thousand pounds of silver if I have neither lands nor a

home?" Here the dying king put on the look of a prophet, and said, "Be patient, O Henry, and have trust in the Lord. Suffer thy elder brothers to precede, and thy time will come after theirs."

Henry the Beauclerc, and the craftiest and cleverest of the unloving brotherhood, went straight and drew the silver which he weighed with great care, and then furnished himself with a strong coffer to keep his treasure in. William Rufus left the king's bedside at the same time, and without waiting to see his father breathe his last, hastened over to England to seize the royal treasures in Windsor Castle, and to look after his crown.

About sunrise, on the 9th of September, the Conqueror was roused from a stupor into which he had fallen by the sound of bells. He eagerly inquired what the noise meant, and was told that they were ringing the hour of prime in the church of St. Mary. He lifted his clasped hands to heaven, and saying, "I recommend my soul to my Lady Mary, the holy mother of God," instantly expired.

His last faint sigh was the signal for a general flight and scramble. The knights, priests, and doctors, who had passed the night near him, put on their spurs, mounted their horses, and galloped off to their several homes, to have an eye to their own interests. The king's servants and some vassals of inferior rank proceeded to rifle the apartments of the arms, silver vessels, linen, and royal dresses, and then mounted and rode away like their betters. Some took one thing, some another; nothing worth carrying was left behind — no, not so much as the bed-clothes.

For about three hours, the corpse of the mighty Conqueror, abandoned by sons, friends, servants and all, lay in a state of almost perfect nakedness on the bare boards of the chamber in which he had expired. The citizens of Rouen either ran about the streets asking news and advice from every one they met, or busied themselves in concealing their money and valuables. At last the clergy and the monks thought of the duties owing to the remains of their sovereign; and, arraying themselves in their best habits, and forming in order of procession, they went with crucifix, burning tapers,

and incense, to pray over the abandoned and dishonoured body for the peace of the soul.

The Archbishop of Rouen ordained that the king should be interred at Caen, in the church of St. Stephen, which he had built and royally endowed. But even now there was no one to do the last honours: his sons, his brothers, his relations, were all absent, and of all the Conqueror's officers and rich vassals, not one was found to take charge of the obsequies. At length a poor knight, named Herluin, who lived in the neighbourhood, charged himself with the trouble and expense of the funeral "out of his natural good-nature and love of God." This poor and pious knight engaging the proper attendance and a wagon, conveyed the king's body to the banks of the Seine, and thence to the city of Caen.

IX. WORDS PRONOUNCED ALIKE.

ail, to be sick.
ale, malt liquor.

air, the atmosphere.
ere, before.
e'er, ever.
heir, an inheritor.

all, the whole.
awl, a sharp tool.

altar, for worship.
alter, to change.

ate, did eat.
eight, four and four.

aught, anything.
ought, is bound.

bale, a package.
bail, surety.

ball, a round body.
bawl, to shout.

bare, uncovered.
bear, an animal.
bear, to endure.

be, to exist.
bee, an insect.

beach, sea-coast.
beech, a tree.

bean, the seed of a plant.
been, part. of *be.*

beat, to strike.
beet, a plant.

beau, a fop.
bow, a weapon.

beer, malt liquor.
bier, a frame for bearing the dead.

berry, a small fruit.
bury, to inter.

berth, sleeping-place in a ship.
birth, coming into life.

blew, did blow.
blue, a colour.

boar, a male pig.
bore, to pierce.

bow, to bend.
bough, a branch.

boy, a male child.
buoy, a float.

brake, a thicket.
break, to shatter.

bread, food.
bred, brought up.

bridal, a wedding.
bridle, of a horse.

Britain, the country.
Briton, an inhabitant.

but, except.
butt, a target.
butt, a cask.

by, near.
buy, to purchase.
bye, in good-*bye.*

calendar, an almanac.
calender, to press cloth.

cannon, a great gun.
canon, a rule.

cask, a barrel.
casque, a helmet.

cede, to give up.
seed, part of a plant.

ceiling, of a room.
sealing, with wax.

cell, a small room.
sell, to give for money.

cent, a hundred.
scent, perfume.
sent, did send.

check, to restrain.
cheque, an order for money.

choir, of singers.
quire, of paper.

claws, of an animal.
clause, of a sentence.

climb, to ascend.
clime, climate.

coarse, not fine.
course, a running.

cord, string.
chord, in music.

core, the heart.
corps, a body of men.

council, an assembly.
counsel, to advise.

crews, sailors.
cruise, to sail about.
cruse, a small cup.

currant, a small fruit.
current, stream.

dear, costly.
deer, an animal.

desert, merit.
dessert, after dinner.

dew, moisture.
due, owed.

die, a stamp.
die, to expire.
dye, to change the colour.

doe, a female deer.
dough, paste for baking.

done, finished.
dun, a colour.

dying, expiring.
dyeing, changing the colour.

ewe, a female sheep.
yew, a tree.
you, the person addressed.

ewer, a jug.
your, of you.

fain, eager.
fane, a temple.
feign, to sham.

faint, feeble.
feint, a pretence.

fair, a market.
fair, beautiful.
fare, food.

feat, an exploit.
feet, of the body.

find, to discover.
fined, punished in money.

flew, did fly.
flue, a chimney.

flour, ground grain.
flower, a blossom.

fore, in front.
four, two and two.

forth, abroad.
fourth, after third.

foul, not clean.
fowl, a bird.

fur, of an animal.
fir, a tree.

gait, manner of walking.
gate, a door.

gilt, covered with gold.
guilt, wickedness.

grate, for fire.
great, large.

groan, a deep moan.
grown, increased.

hail, to accost.
hail, frozen rain.
hale, healthy.

hair, of the head.
hare, an animal.

hall, a large room.
haul, to pull.

hart, a deer.
heart, the seat of life.

heal, to cure.
heel, of the foot.

hear, to listen.
here, in this place.

heard, did hear.
herd, a flock.

hew, to cut down.
hue, colour.

hie, to go; hasten.
high, lofty.

him, a person referred to.
hymn, a sacred song.

hire, wages.
higher, loftier.

hole, an opening.
whole, entire.

holy, pure; sacred.
wholly, altogether.

I, the person speaking.
eye, the organ of vision.

in, into.
inn, a tavern.

isle, an island.
aisle, wing of a church.

key, for a lock.
quay, a wharf.

kill, to slay.
kiln, for burning lime.

knead, to work dough.
need, to require.

lain, reclined.
lane, an alley.

lea, a meadow.
lee, the sheltered side.

leak, a hole in a ship.
leek, a plant.

led, did lead.
lead, a metal.

lessen, to make less.
lesson, instruction.

liar, one who tells lies.
lyre, a musical instrument.

links, of a chain.
lynx, an animal.

lo! look.
low, not high.

loan, something lent.
lone, solitary.

made, did make.
maid, a young woman.

mail, a bag of letters.
mail, armour.
male, a he-animal.

main, chief.
main, the ocean.
mane, of an animal.

manner, method.
manor, domain.

mantel, a chimney-piece.
mantle, a cloak.

marshal, to arrange.
martial, warlike.

mean, low.
mean, to intend.

meat, food.
meet, to encounter.
mete, to measure.

medal, a coin.
meddle, to interfere.

meter, a measure.
metre, verse.

might, power.
mite, an insect.

miner, one who mines.
minor, junior; smaller.

moan, a deep sigh.
mown, cut down.

mote, a particle.
moat, a ditch.

muscle, of the body.
mussel, a shell-fish.

muse, to meditate.
mews, stables.
mews, cries as a cat.

nave, of a wheel.
nave, of a church.
knave, a rogue.

neigh, as a horse.
nay, no.

new, not old.
knew, did know.

night, time of darkness.
knight, a title of rank.

no, negative.
know, to understand.

none, no one.
nun, a female monk.

nose, of the face.
knows, does know.

not, negative.
knot, a tie.

oar, for a boat.
ore, metal.
o'er, over.

ode, a short poem.
owed, did owe.

oh! exclamation.
owe, to be indebted.

one, a number.
won, gained.

our, of us.
hour, sixty minutes.

pail, for milk.
pale, white.

pain, suffering.
pane, of glass.

pair, a couple.
pare, to cut.
pear, a fruit.

pause, a stop.
paws, of an animal.

peace, quietness.
piece, a part.

peak, the top
pique, ill-will.

peal, a loud sound.
peel, to pare.

peas, in number.
pease, in quantity.

peer, a nobleman.
pier, of a bridge.

phrase, mode of speech.
frays, quarrels.

plain, level ground.
plane, a joiner's tool.

plait, to fold.
plate, a dish.

please, to delight.
pleas, excuses.

plum, a fruit.
plumb, a leaden weight.

pole, a measure.
pole, a piece of wood.
poll, the head.

pore, an opening.
pore, to study closely.
pour, to empty out.

practice, a custom.
practise, to do habitually.

praise, renown.
prays, entreats.
preys, plunders.

pray, to entreat.
prey, plunder.

pries, looks into closely.
prize, a reward

principal, chief.
principle, rule.

profit, gain.
prophet, one who foretells.

rain, water from the clouds.
reign, to rule.
rein, of a horse.

raise, to lift up.
rays, of the sun.
raze, to overthrow.

rap, to knock.
wrap, to infold.

read, to peruse.
reed, a plant.

reck, to care.
wreck, ruin.

red, a colour.
read, did read.

right, not wrong.
rite, a ceremony.
write, with a pen.
wright, a workman.

rime, hoar-frost.
rhyme, in verse.

ring, a circle.
ring, to sound a bell.
wring, to twist.

road, a way.
rode, did ride.
rowed, did row.

root, of a plant.
route, line of march.

rose, a flower.
rose, did rise.
rows, does row.

rote, memory.
wrote, did write.

rough, uneven.
ruff, for the neck.

row, a line.
row, to row a boat.
roe, a female deer.

rye, a grain.
wry, crooked.

sale, the act of selling.
sail, of a ship.

scene, a view.
seen, beheld.

sea, the ocean.
see, domain of a bishop.
see, to behold.

seams, joinings.
seems, appears.

sear, to burn.
seer, a prophet.
sere, faded.

sees, beholds.
seize, to take hold of.

sew, to make a seam.
sow, to scatter seed.
so, thus.

site, situation.
sight, vision.

size, bulk.
sighs, moans.

sloe, a berry.
slow, not fast.

soar, to mount.
sore, painful.

soared, did soar.
sword, a weapon.

sold, did sell.
soled, my boot is soled.

some, a portion.
sum, amount.

son, a male child.
sun, that shines.

soul, spirit.
sole, of the foot.

stair, a flight of steps.
stare, to gaze.

stake, a post.
steak, a slice of beef.

stationary, fixed.
stationery, materials for writing.

steal, to take by theft.
steel, metal.

stile, a step in a fence.
style, manner of writing.

straight, not crooked.
strait, narrow.

tale, a story.
tail, of an animal.

tare, a weed.
tear, to rend.

tax, a charge.
tacks, small nails.

team, of horses.
teem, to be full of.

tear, from the eye.
tier, a row.

tease, to annoy.
teas, kinds of tea.

their, of them.
there, in that place.

threw, did throw.
through, from side to side.

throne, a royal seat.
thrown, cast.

tide, a current.
tied, made fast.

time, season.
thyme, a plant.

to, unto.
too, also.
two, one and one.

toe, of the foot.
tow, coarse flax.

told, narrated.
tolled, rang.

trait, feature.
tray, vessel.

use, to employ.
ewes, female sheep.

vain, conceited.
vein, a blood-vessel.
vane, a weather-cock.

vale, valley.
veil, for the face.

wade, to walk in water.
weighed, did weigh.

waist, of the body.
waste, to destroy.

wait, to stay.
weight, heaviness.

ware, goods.
wear, to put on.

weather, state of the air.
wether, a sheep.

week, seven days.
weak, feeble.

weigh, to find the weight of.
way, a road.

wood, a forest.
would, past of *will*.

yoke, a chain.
yolk, of an egg.

DICTATION EXERCISES.

Let the teacher frame short sentences, introducing the words prescribed for each day's lesson — either a separate sentence for each word, or two words in the same sentence. Thus:

red . . . . . The officer wore a *red* cloak.
read . . . . . I have *read* the book three times.
principal . . The *principal* cause of his failure has been his want
principle . . . of *principle*.

X. DIRECTIONS AND MODELS FOR SHORT NOTES.

I. APPLICATION FOR A SITUATION.

6 Essex Street, W.,
May 30th, 1874.

Sir,

I beg to offer myself as a Candidate for the situation of (Clerk, Junior Clerk, Book-keeper, *or whatever it may be*), in your House, advertised in the Times of to-day.

I have been six years at . . . . School, and have also been two years with Mr. A. B., to whom I am allowed to refer. I have had a thorough training in arithmetic, as regards both accuracy and speed; and this letter will inform you as to my handwriting. I am also well acquainted with book-keeping, both by single and double entry.

Should you wish to see me before you fill up the situation, I shall be happy to wait on you at any time you may appoint.

And I am,

Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

A. Newland, Esquire. *Edward Lyttelton.*

II. TO A TRADESMAN.

3 Norfolk Terrace, S.W.,
April the Twelfth, 1872.

Sir,

The parcel mentioned in your note has not arrived. Will you be good enough to make inquiries, as we cannot wait any longer for the articles we want.

Yours truly,

Mr. Hopkins. *F. Wilson.*

III. ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF MONEY.

6 Suffolk Street, London, N.W.,
June 30th, 1873.

Gentlemen,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your cheque for £ 10 : 4 : 6, and to enclose a receipt, with our best thanks.

Respectfully yours,

Pope & Waller.
Per *F. R.*

Messrs Allman Brothers.

Receipt Enclosed.

6 Suffolk Street,
June 30th, 1873.

Received of Mssrs Allman Brothers the sum of Ten Pounds, four shillings, and sixpence.

£ 10 : 4 *Pope & Waller.*

Stamp

N. B. All receipts for sums of two pounds and upwards require to have a receipt stamp affixed to them, across which is to be written the name or initials of the person receiving the money. The penalty for avoiding this law is £ 50.

IV. FORMAL INVITATION.

Mr. and Mrs. Allwright [present their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Trench, and]*) request the pleasure of their company at dinner, on Tuesday, the Seventh**) of May, at Seven o'clock.

27 New Street, W.,
April 21st, 1873.

V. FORMAL ACCEPTANCE.

Mr. and Mrs. Trench [present their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Allwright and]*) will be glad to accept their invitation for the Seventh of May, at Seven***) o'clock.

90 Tavistock Square,
April 22d, 1873.

VI. INVITATION FORMALLY DECLINED.

Mr. and Mrs. Trench present their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Allwright, and are sorry that a previous engagement will prevent their having the pleasure of accepting Mrs. Allwright's kind invitation.

90 Tavistock Square,
April 22d, 1873.

VII. POSTPONEMENT OF INVITATION.

Mr. and Mrs. Allwright present their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Trench, and are sorry that, in consequence of the serious illness of a near relative, the dinner-party for the Seventh of May must be postponed.

27 New Street, W.,
April 30th, 1873.

VIII. TO AN IRONMONGER.

Sir,

Please forward to me at your earliest convenience, the following articles: — One dozen knives and forks, with

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*) These words may be omitted, and the names inserted before the word *company*.

**) This kind of date should always be *written*, and not in figures.

***) It is well to repeat this, to avoid mistake on both sides.

balance handles, the steel to be of the best quality, and the handles to be finished in the best manner; one carving knife and fork; a garden roller, weighing not above five hundredweight; a bottle jack, and six dish covers of the best white metal. All these must be delivered not later than Thursday evening next, either by the carrier that passes our gate, or by the Parcel Delivery Company.

Yours faithfully,

Mr. Bailey. *E. Blackburn.*

IX. TO A SCHOOLMASTER.

10 Windmill Street, E. C.,
14th May 1872.

Dear Sir,

I should be exceedingly obliged if you could find room in your school for my eldest son, Thomas, who was fourteen last birthday. He seems to have but a meagre acquaintance with Latin and Greek; his native tongue he can neither speak grammatically nor write properly. Mathematics he seems to have a turn for; he takes great delight in Algebra, and his master informs me he is fairly advanced in it. But as I intend him for a business life, I should wish him to have as much practice as possible in English composition, so that he may be able in a year or two to express himself in his mother tongue with perfect clearness and precision.

Faithfully yours,

Richard Arkwright.

T. C. Dunne, Esq., M. A.,
The Beeches, Burnham.

XI. PROVERBS.

All is well that ends well.
All is not gold that glitters.
A young man idle, an old man needy
A good servant makes a good master.
A bad workman quarrels with his tools.
Be slow to promise but quick to perform.
Better to slip with the foot than with the tongue.

Better face a danger than always be in fear.
Better to be alone than in bad company.
Command (master) your temper, lest it command (master) you.
Do what you ought, come what may.
Debt is the worst kind of poverty.
Deeds are fruits; words are but leaves.
Empty vessels make most sound.
Friends are plenty when the purse is full.
First catch your hare, then cook him.
He is idle who might be better employed.
He who grasps too much holds little.
He that feasts till he is sick, must fast till he is well.
It takes two to make a quarrel.
It is never too late to learn.
Idle people have the most labour.
If you wish to have the fruit, you must learn to climb the toll.
Look before you leap.
Lost time is never found again.
Little wealth, little care.
Many hands make light work.
Most men are slaves because they cannot say "No".
Poor indeed is he who thinks he never has enough.
Sloth is the mother of poverty.
The greatest conqueror is he who conquers himself.
The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

XII. THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God save our gracious Queen,
God save our noble Queen,
    God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
    God save the Queen!

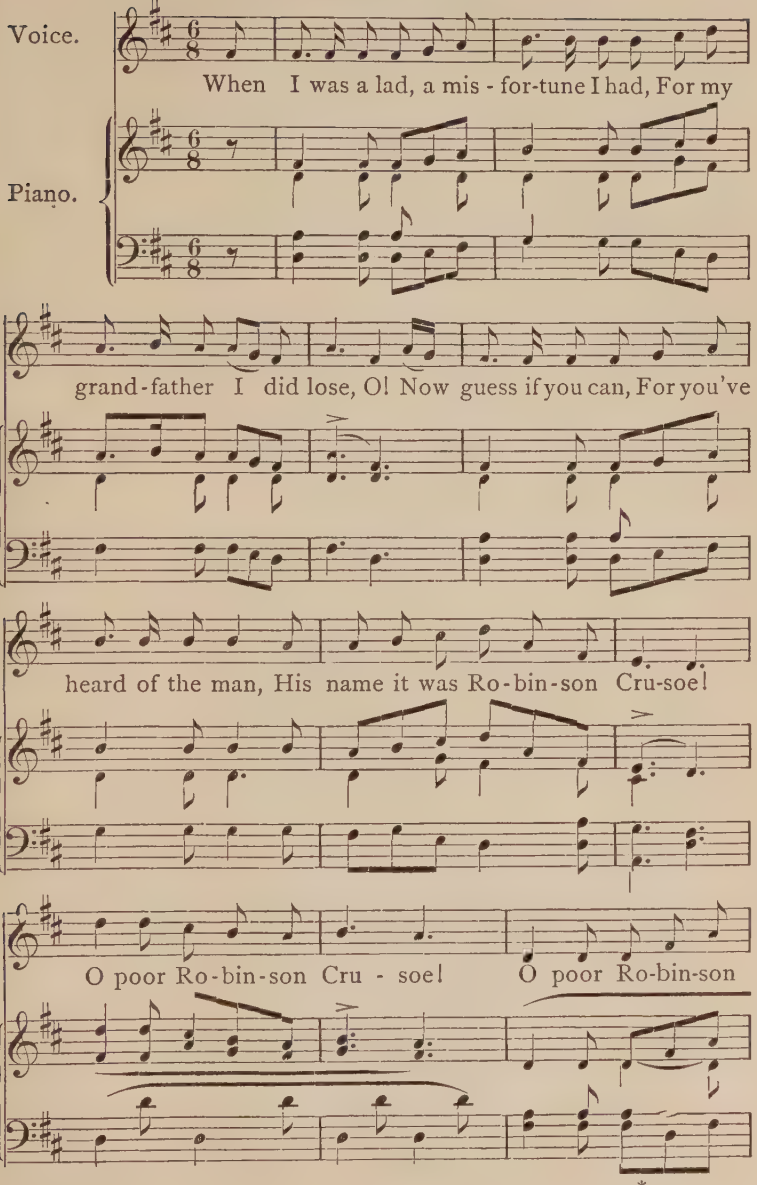
O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
    And make them fall!

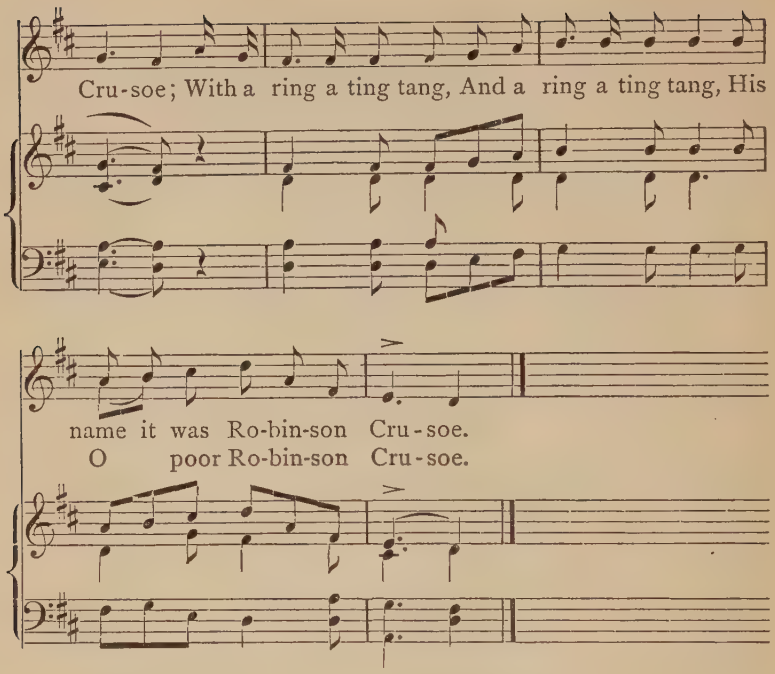
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On her our hope we fix,
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign;
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

O grant her long to see
Friendship and amity
Always increase!
May she her scepter sway,
All loyal souls obey,
Join heart and voice: Huzza!
God save the Queen!

1. Robinson Crusoe.


Voice.
Piano.
When I was a lad, a mis - for-tune I had, For my
grand-father I did lose, O! Now guess if you can, For you've
heard of the man, His name it was Ro-bin-son Cru-soe!
O poor Ro-bin-son Cru - soe! O poor Ro-bin-son



P'raps you've read in a book
Of a voyage he took,
And how the raging wind blew so,
That the ship with a shock,
Drove plump on a rock,
Nearly drowning poor Robinson Crusoe.
O poor Robinson Crusoe, &c.

Poor soul none but he,
Remained in the sea,
Ah, cruel fate, how could you do so?
Till ashore he was thrown
On an island unknown,
O poor Robinson Crusoe!
O poor Robinson Crusoe, &c.

Wanting something to eat,
He then sought for some meat,
But the cattle away from him flew so,

That but for his gun
He'd been surely undone,
O poor Robinson Crusoe!
O poor Robinson Crusoe, &c.

He got all the wood,
That ever he could,
And stuck it together with glue, so
That he made him a hut,
And in it he put
The body of Robinson Crusoe.
O poor Robinson Crusoe, &c.

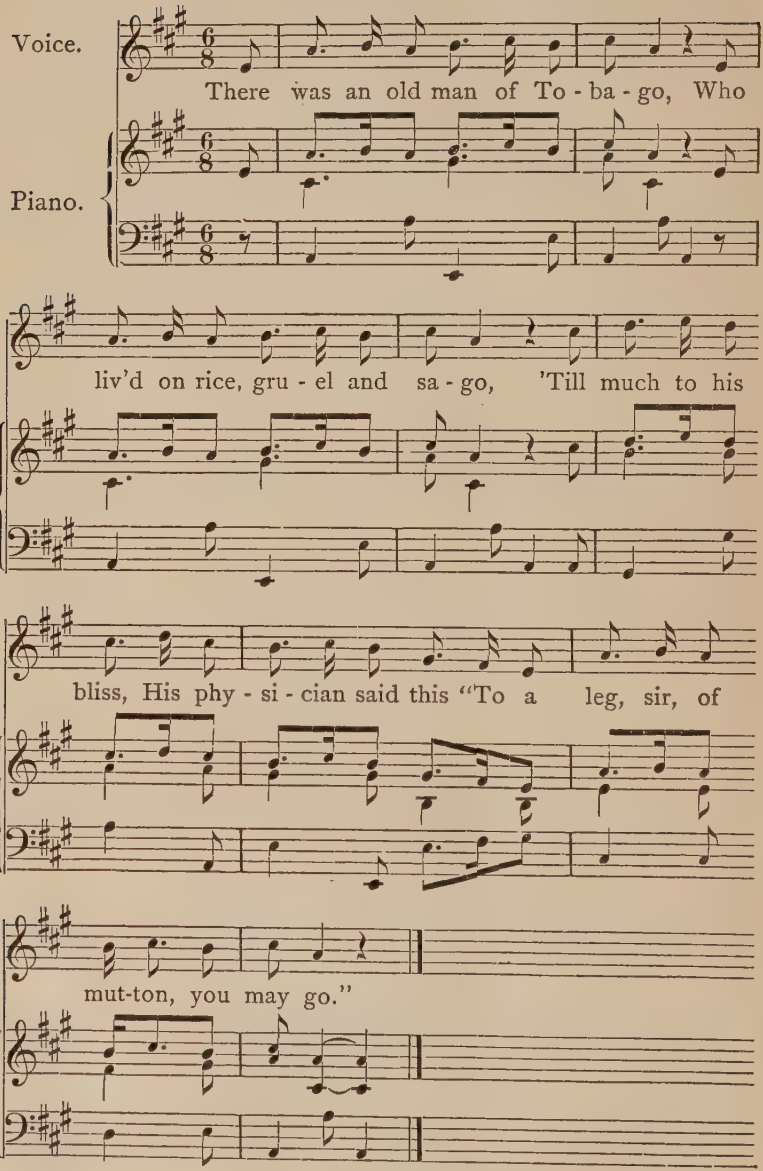
He wore a high cap,
With a thick furry nap,
I wonder how he could do so,
And made him a coat
From an old nanny goat,
So clever was Robinson Crusoe.
O poor Robinson Crusoe, &c.

And he happened to save,
From the merciless wave,
A poll-parrot I assure you 'tis true, so
That when he came home
From a wearisome roam,
She'd cry out, "Poor Robinson Crusoe!"
O poor Robinson Crusoe &c.

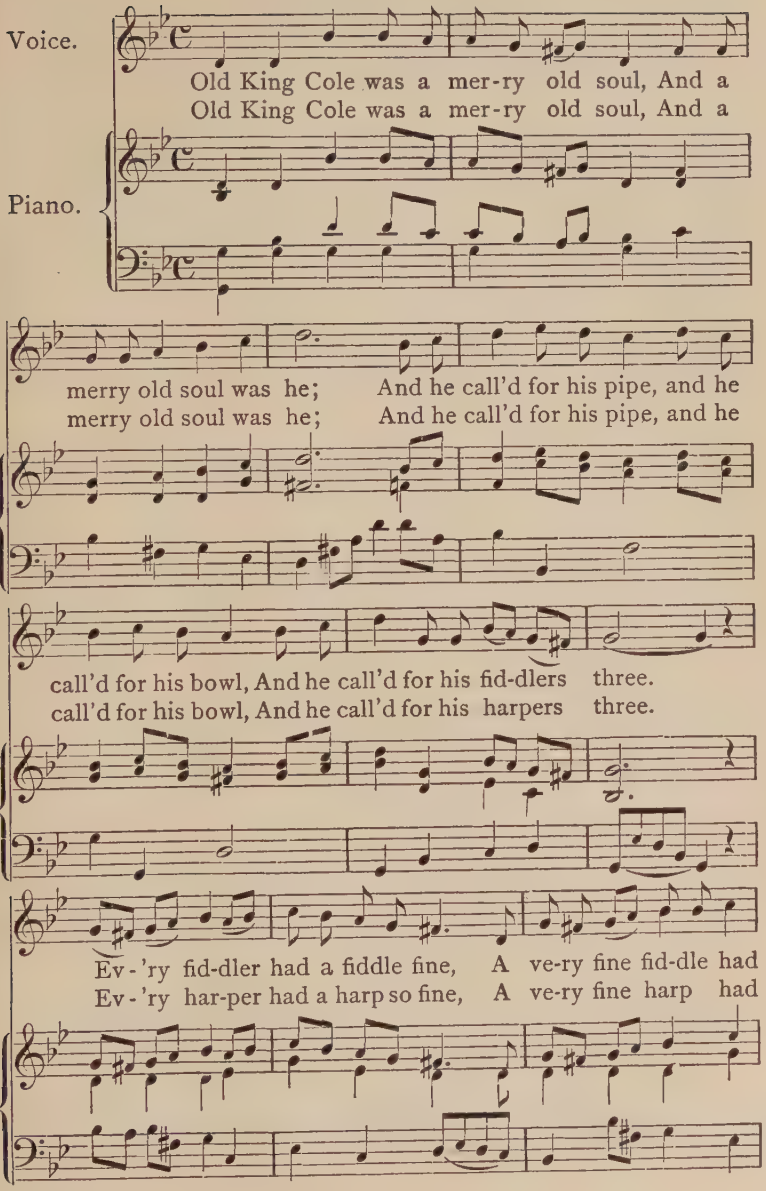
He had a man "Friday",
To keep his hut tidy,
Of course 'twas his duty to do so.
They lived friendly together,
Less like servant than brother
Was Friday to Robinson Crusoe.
O poor Robinson Crusoe &c.

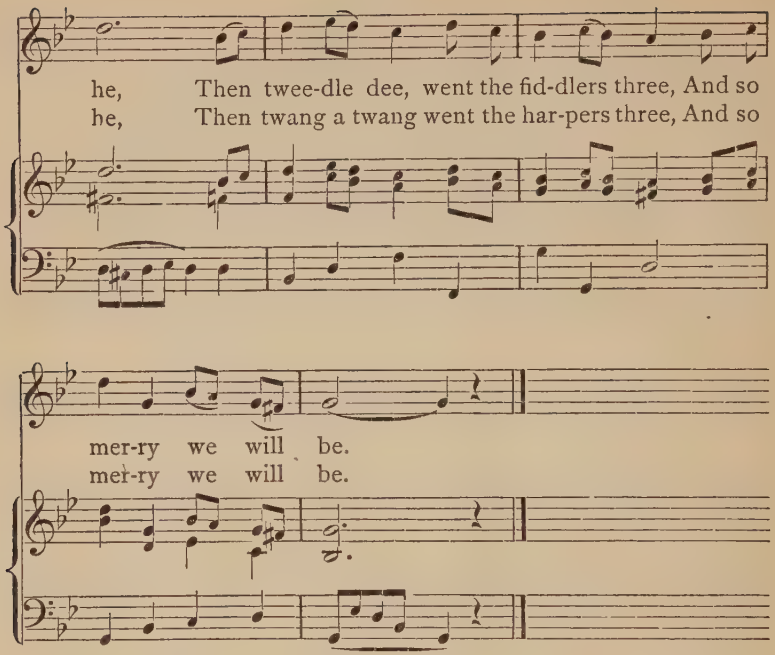
Once a fine English sail
Came near within hail,
Then he took to his little canoe, so
When on reaching the ship,
Captain gave him a trip
To the country of Robinson Crusoe.
O poor Robinson Crusoe &c.

2. The old man of Tobago.


Voice.
Piano.
There was an old man of To - ba - go, Who
liv'd on rice, gru - el and sa - go, 'Till much to his
bliss, His phy - si - cian said this "To a leg, sir, of
mut-ton, you may go."

3. King Cole.


Voice.
Piano.
Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, And a
Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, And a
merry old soul was he; And he call'd for his pipe, and he
merry old soul was he; And he call'd for his pipe, and he
call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fid-dlers three.
call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his harpers three.
Ev-'ry fid-dler had a fiddle fine, A ve-ry fine fid-dle had
Ev-'ry har-per had a harp so fine, A ve-ry fine harp had

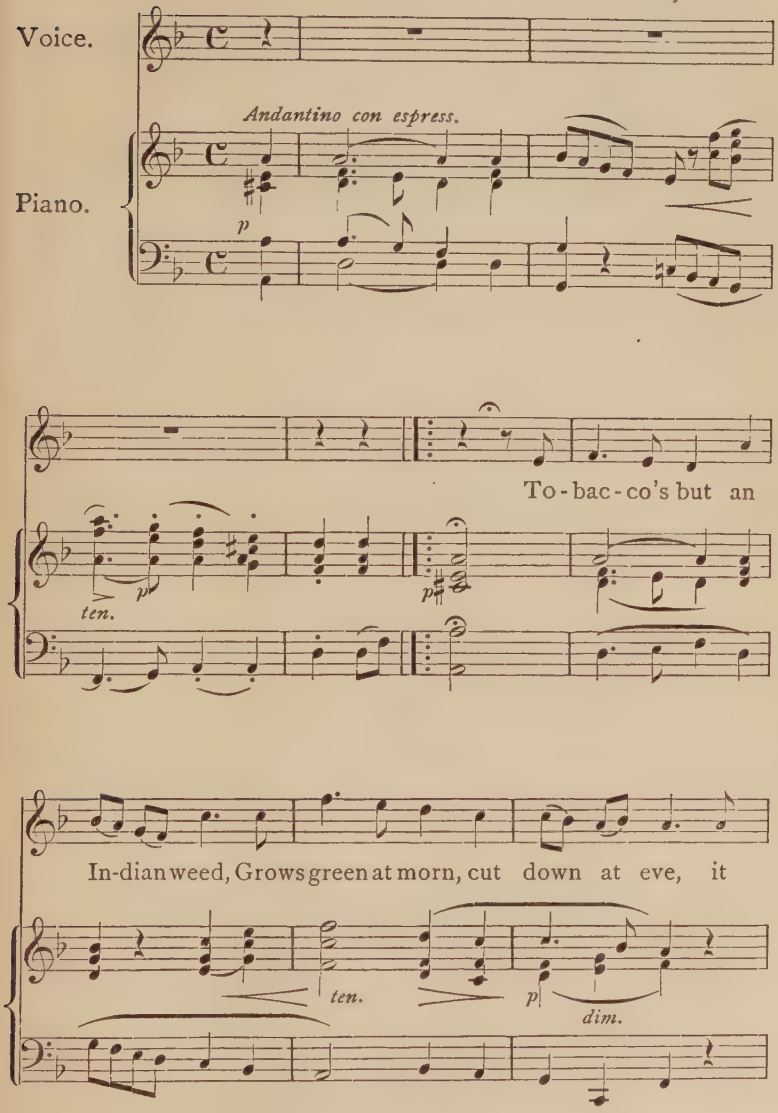

he, Then twee-dle dee, went the fid-dlers three, And so
he, Then twang a twang went the har-pers three, And so
mer-ry we will be.
mer-ry we will be.

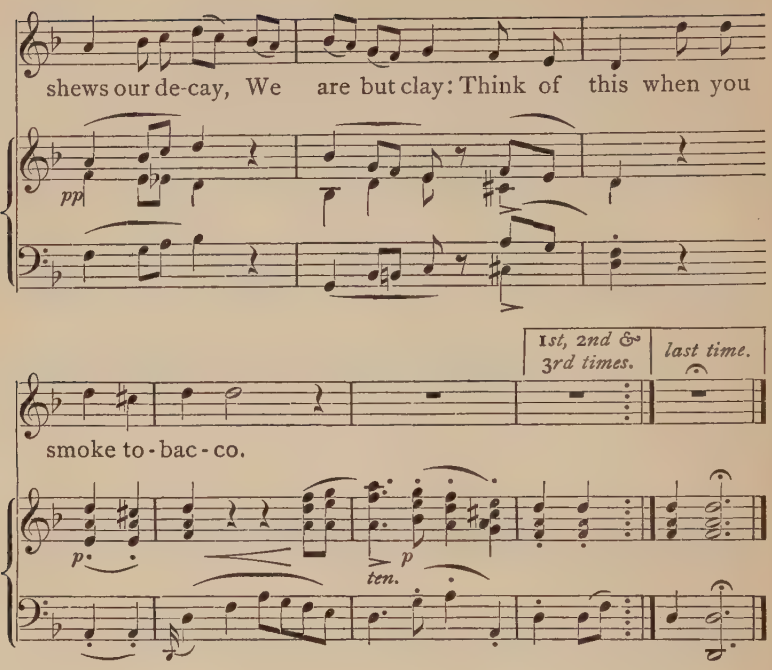
Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
And he call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl,
And he call'd for his pipers three.
Ev'ry piper had a pipe so fine,
A very fine pipe had he,
Then too-tle too went the pipers three,
And so merry we will be.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul.
And a merry old soul was he;
And he call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl,
And he call'd for his drummers three.
Ev'ry drummer had a drum so fine,
A very fine drum had he,
Then rub-a-dub went the drummers three,
And so merry we will be.

4. Tobacco is an Indian weed.

Very old.





The pipe, that is so lily white,
Wherein so many take delight,
  Is broke with a touch —
  Man's life is such:
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind,
Do serve to put us all in mind,
  That unto dust,
  Return we must:
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

The smoke that does so high ascend,
Shews us man's life must have an end,
  The vapour's gone —
  Man's life is done:
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

5. I saw Three Ships come sailing in.

Ancient Carol.

And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas-day in the morning?

Our Saviour Christ and His ladie,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
Our Saviour Christ and His ladie,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
&c.

O they sailed into Bethlehem,
&c.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
&c.

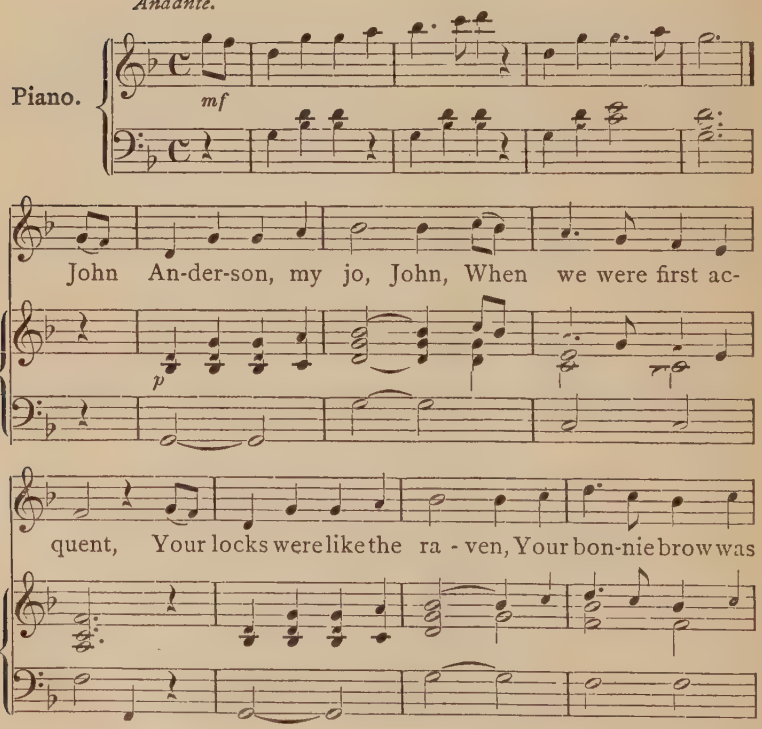
And all the Angels in Heaven shall sing,
&c.

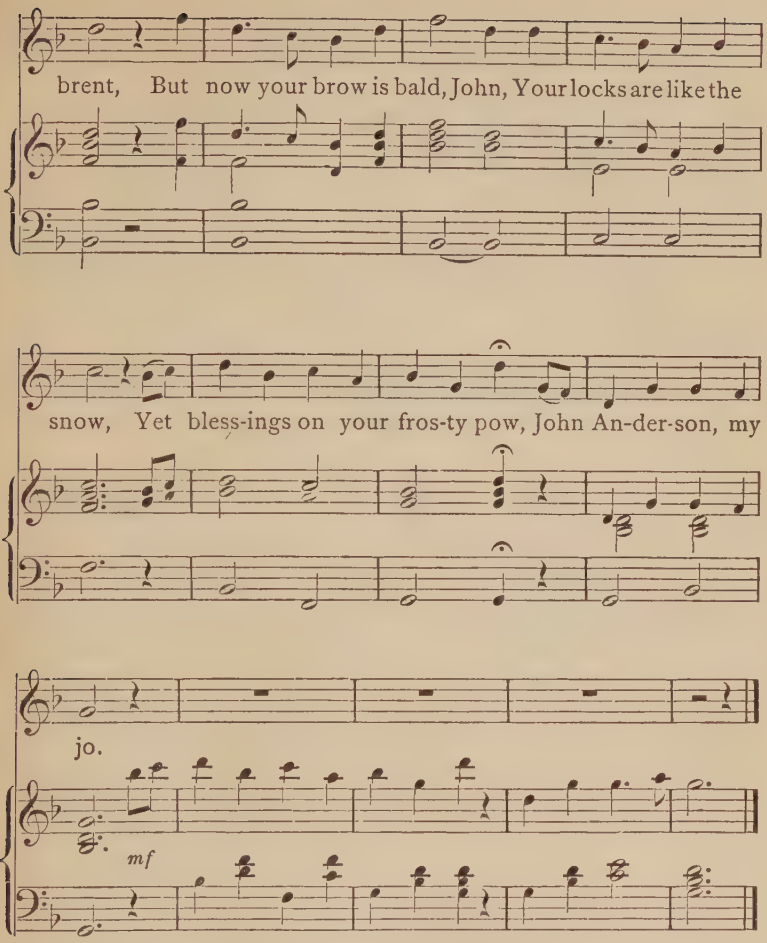
And all the Souls on earth shall sing,
&c.

Then let us all rejoice amain,
&c.

6. John Anderson, my jo.

Andante.

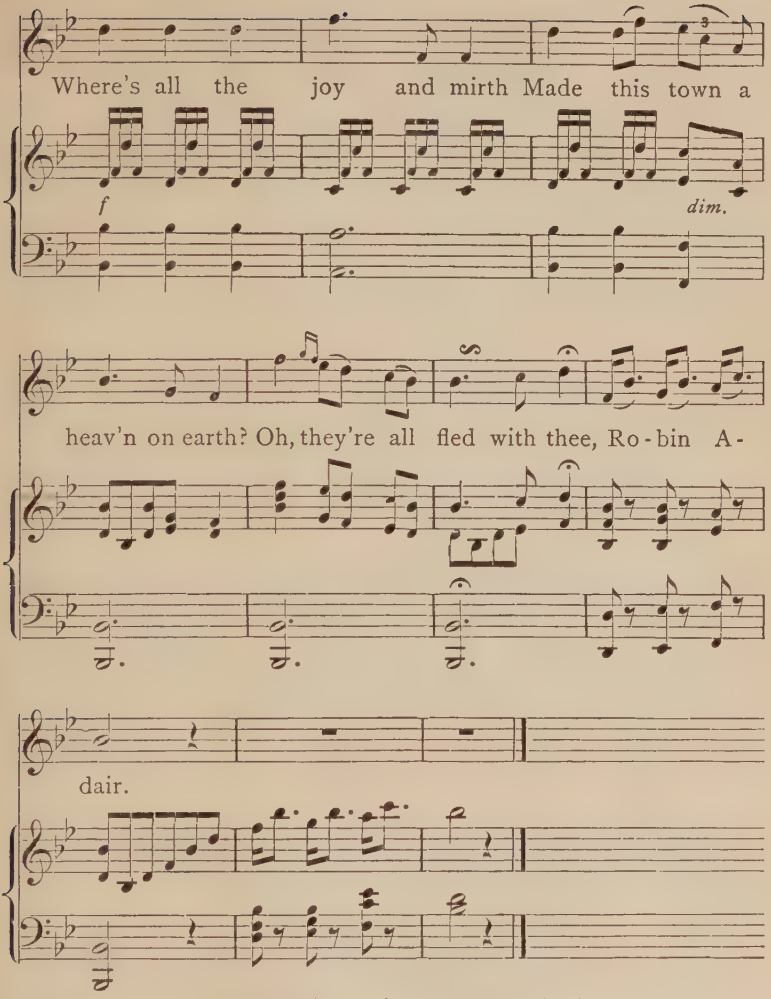




John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot
John Anderson, my jo. Burns.

7. Robin Adair.

Burns. English form of Melody.

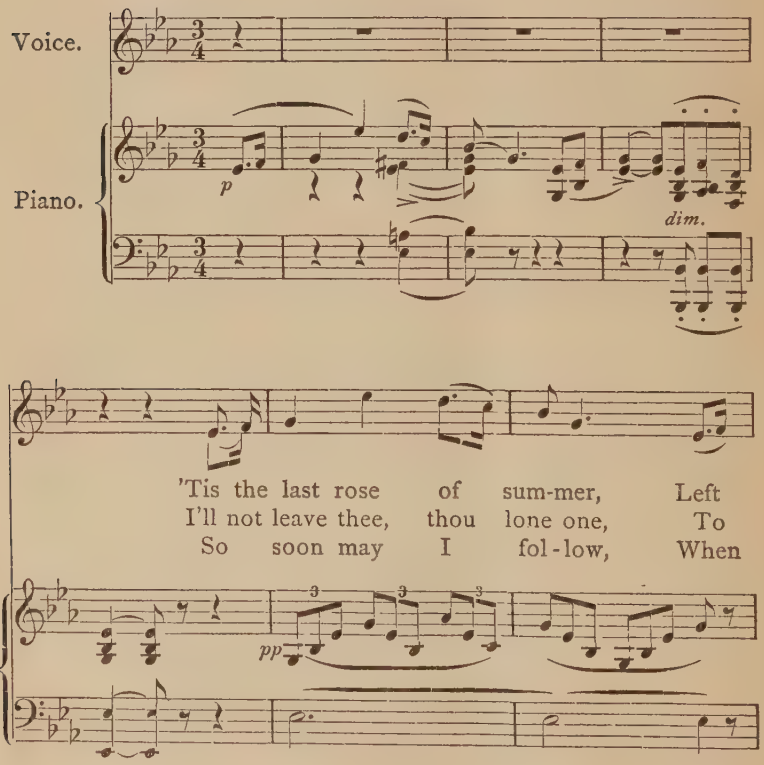


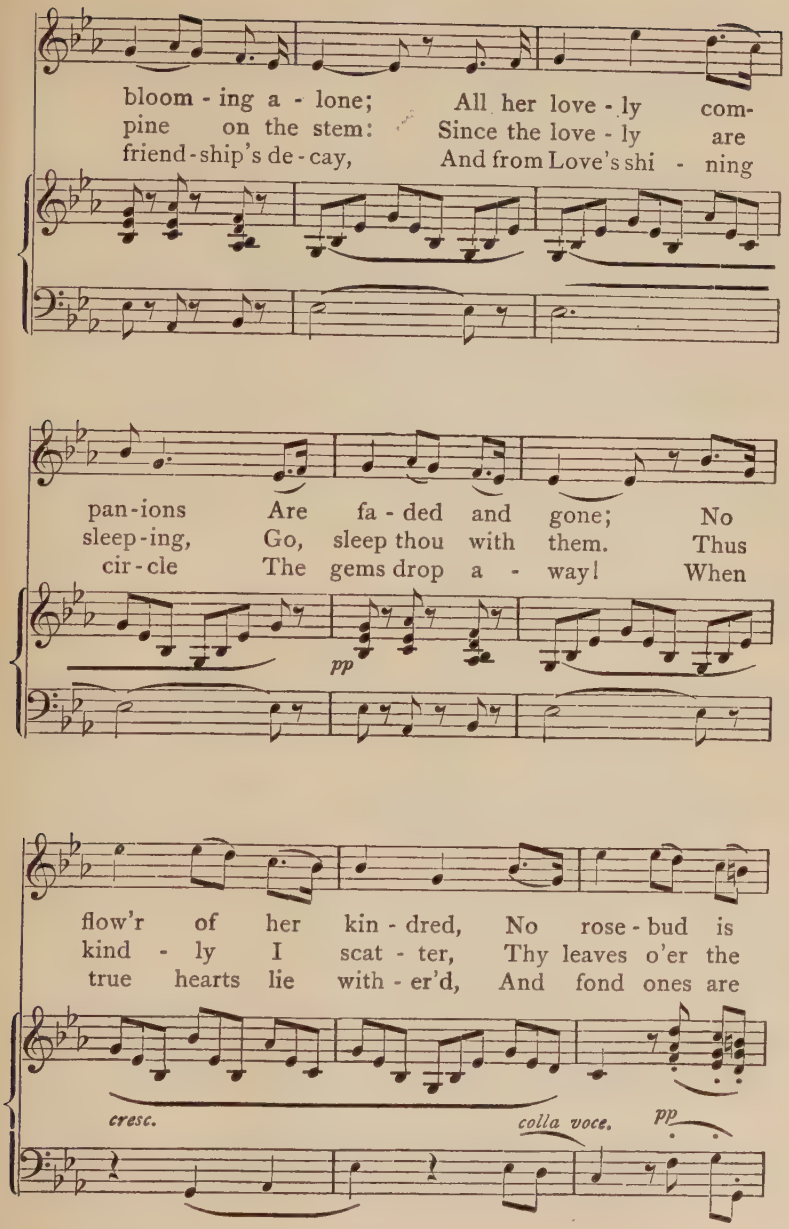
What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there.
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh, it was parting with
Robin Adair.

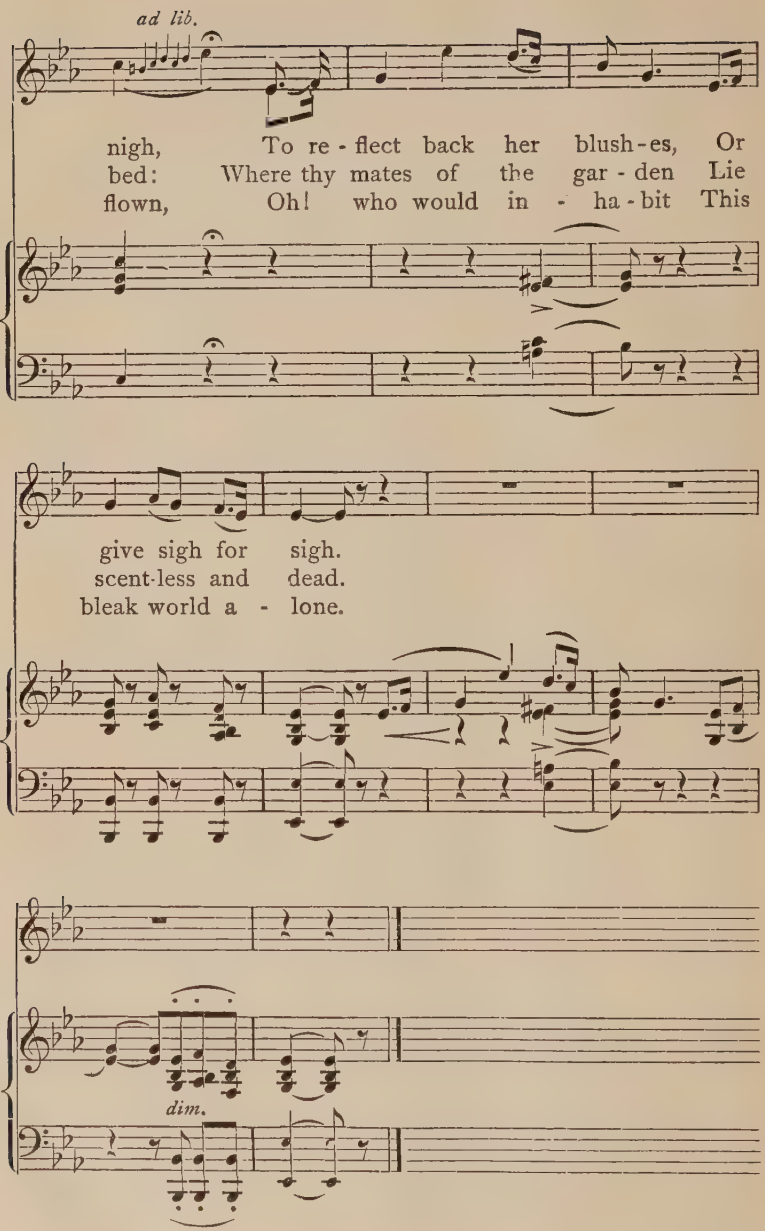
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair,
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair,
Yet he I lov'd so well
Still in my heart shall dwell;
Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

8. The last Rose of Summer.

Andante con espress. Words by Thomas Moore.



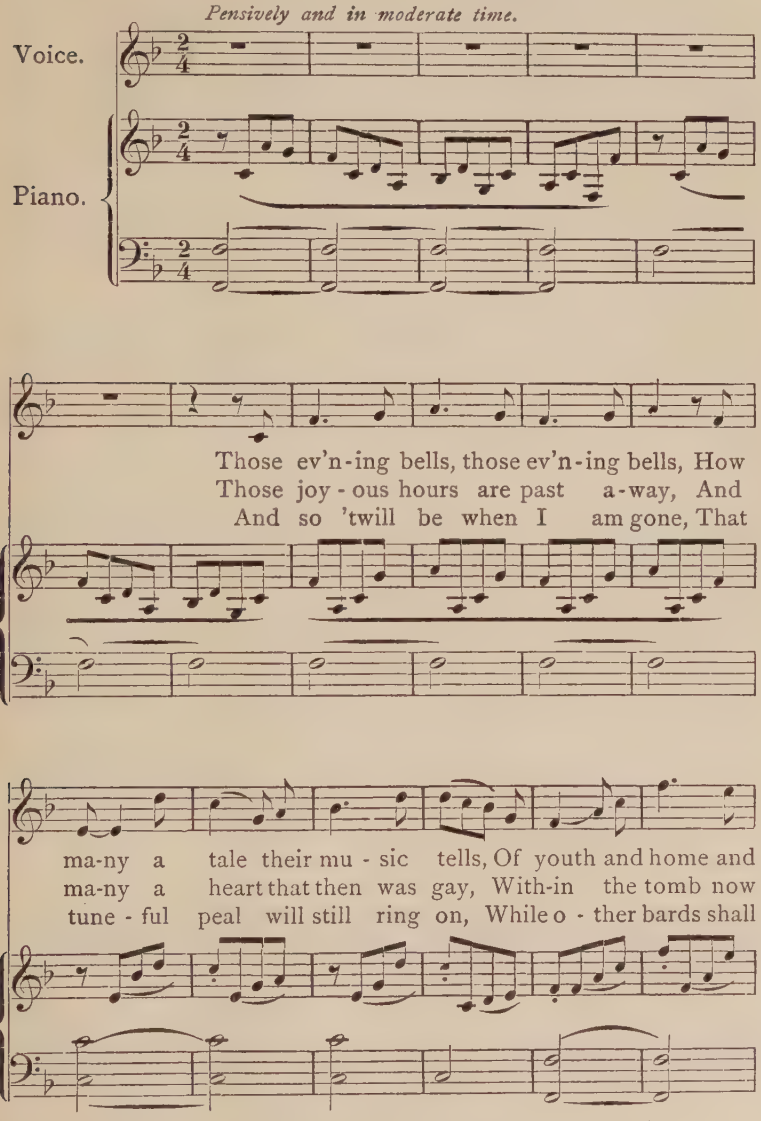

bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com-
pine on the stem: Since the love - ly are
friend - ship's de - cay, And from Love's shi - ning
pan - ions Are fa - ded and gone; No
sleep - ing, Go, sleep thou with them. Thus
cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When
pp
flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is
kind - ly I scat - ter, Thy leaves o'er the
true hearts lie with - er'd, And fond ones are
cresc.
colla voce.
pp

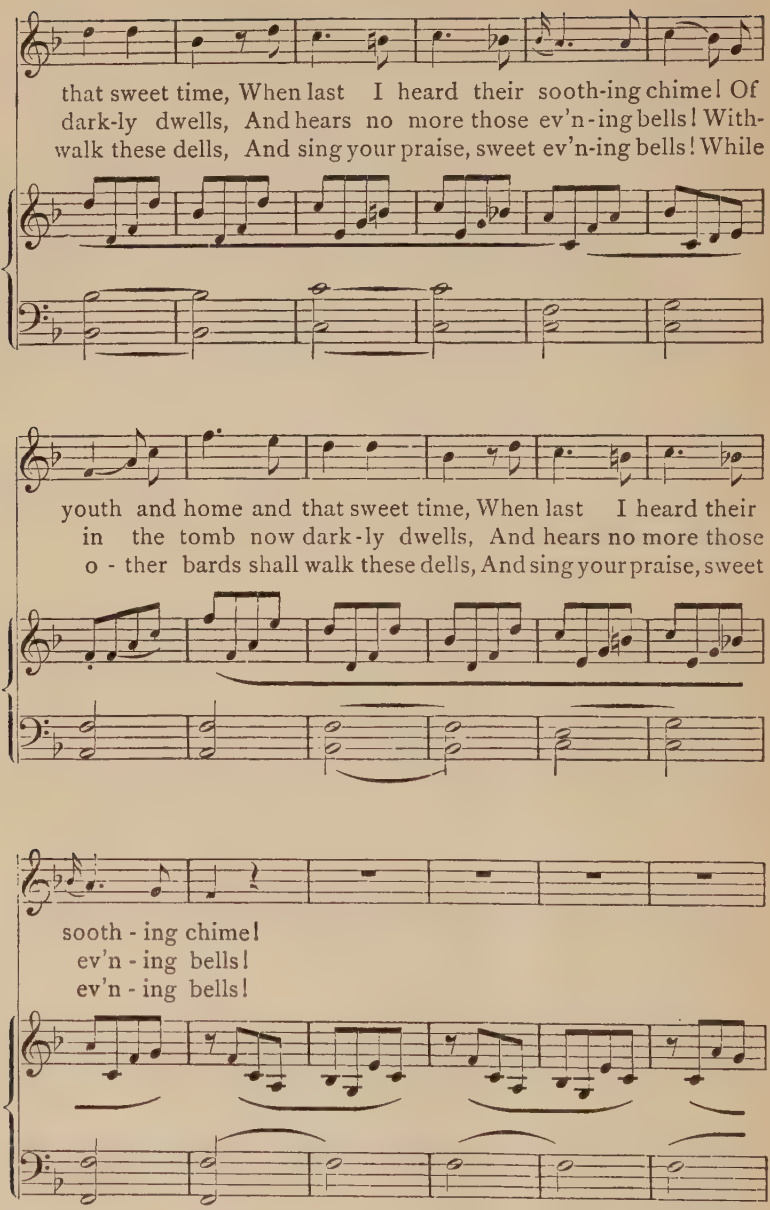

ad lib.
nigh, To re - flect back her blush - es, Or
bed: Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie
flown, Oh! who would in - ha - bit This
give sigh for sigh.
scent-less and dead.
bleak world a - lone.
dim.

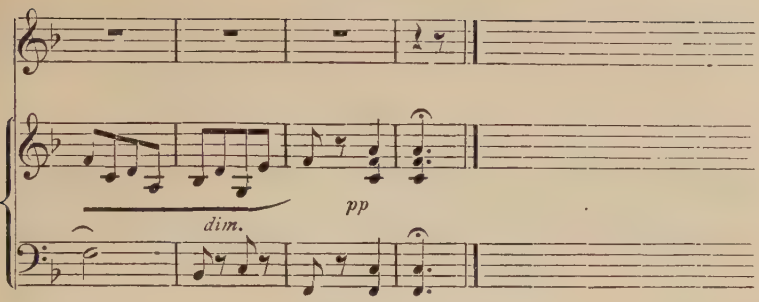
9. Those evening bells.

Words by Thomas Moore. Music attributed to Beethoven.

Pensively and in moderate time.

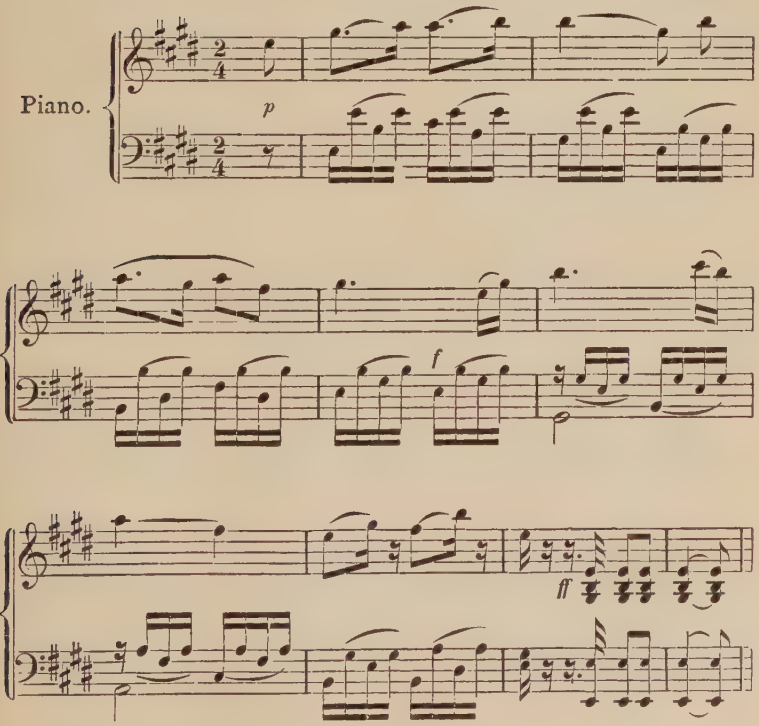

Voice.
Piano.
Those ev'n-ing bells, those ev'n-ing bells, How
Those joy-ous hours are past a-way, And
And so 'twill be when I am gone, That
ma-ny a tale their mu-sic tells, Of youth and home and
ma-ny a heart that then was gay, With-in the tomb now
tune-ful peal will still ring on, While o-ther bards shall


that sweet time, When last I heard their sooth-ing chime! Of
dark-ly dwells, And hears no more those ev'n-ing bells! With-
walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet ev'n-ing bells! While
youth and home and that sweet time, When last I heard their
in the tomb now dark-ly dwells, And hears no more those
o - ther bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet
sooth - ing chime!
ev'n - ing bells!
ev'n - ing bells!

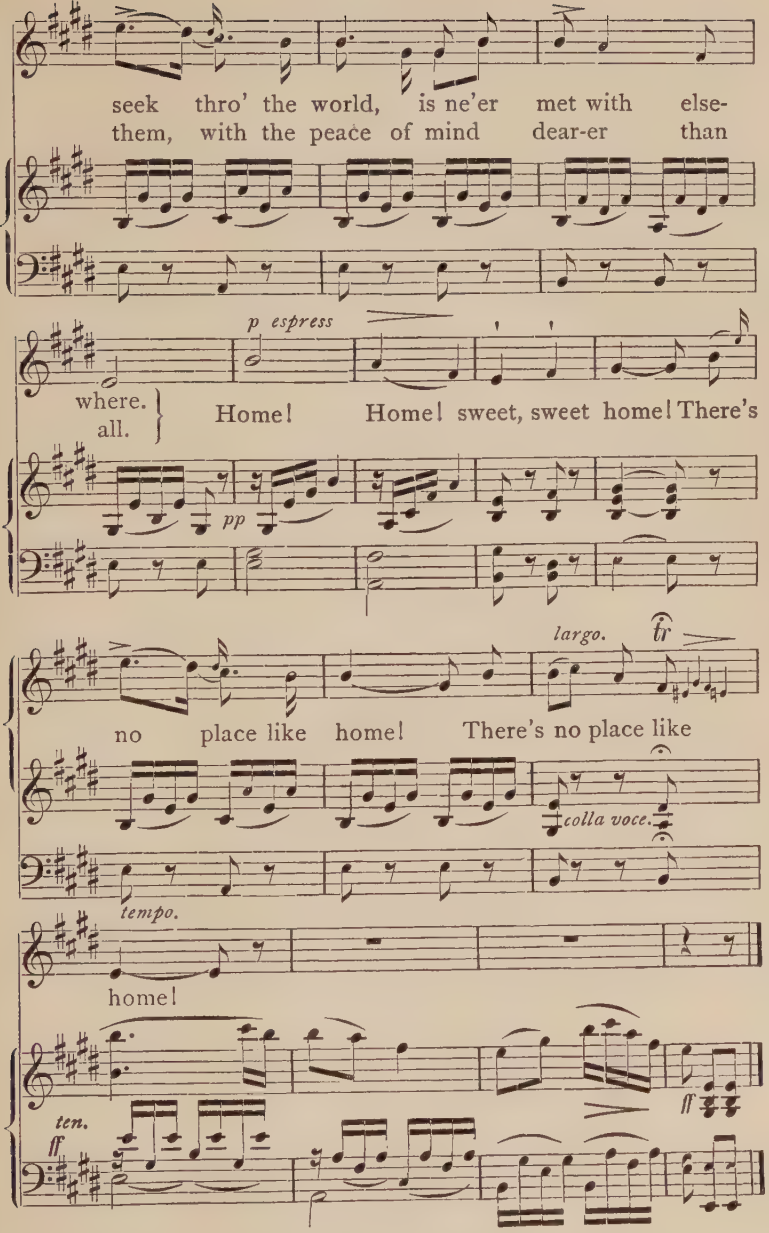


10 Home, sweet Home.

Andante Larghetto. Music by Sir H. R. Bishop.



'Mid plea - sures and pa - laces though we may
An ex - ile from home, splendour daz - zles in
p
roam, Be it e - ver so hum - ble, there's
vain; Oh! give me my low - ly thatch'd
no place like home! A charm from the
cot - tage a - gain! The birds sing - ing
skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
gai - ly that came at my call, Give me


seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-
them, with the peace of mind dear-er than
p espress
where.
all.
Home! Home! sweet, sweet home! There's
pp
largo.
tr
no place like home! There's no place like
colla voce.
tempo.
home!
ten.
ff
ff

GRAMMATIK.

A. Lautlehre.

§ 1.

I. Vokale.

i.

1. lang und diphthongisch: *be, been, bee, bean, see, seen, sea, key, people.*
2. kurz und sehr offen: *sit, pin, lid, spin.*

e.

1. lang: *care, hare, fair, where, there, bear.*
2. kurz oder halblang: *net, wet, bed, red, hen.*

æ.

1. lang: *cab, bad, had, mad.*
2. kurz: *cap, bat, hat, mat.*

a.

1. lang: *father, rather, bath, glass, grass, far.*
2. kurz: *nut, hut, cut, shut, but, sun, son.*

ɔ.

1. lang: *all, fall, call, ball, August, autumn, awful.*
2. kurz oder halblang und etwas offener: *not, pot, pod, hot, ox, box, October.*

ə.

1. lang: *girl, bird, first, thirst, early, fur.*
2. kurz: *sec***o***nd,* ***the*** *horse,* ***a*** *house, better,* ***leather.***

u.

1. lang: *school, shoe, spoon, moon, through, true, do.*
2. kurz: *put, stood, look, would, should, could, bush.*

§ 2.

II. Diphthonge.

ai.

I, child, mild, mind, kind, time, rhyme.

au.

house, mouse, out, spout, trout, shout.

ou.

bone, tone, alone, stone, boat, coat, toe, roe.

oi.

boy, toy, oil, boil, soil, spoil.

ei.

day, may, hay, slate, spade, made, fate.

§ 3.

III. Halbvokalische oder halbkonsonantische Vorschlagslaute.

j.

new (nju), *dew, few, hew.*

u.

water (uɔtə), *wall, we, wine, win.*

§ 4.

IV. Konsonanten und Mittellaute.

	Stimmlos.	Stimmhaft.
	p	b
1.	*pear*	*bear*
	pull	*bull*
	pea	*bee*
	cap	*cab*
	cup	*cub*
	hop	*hob.*
	t	d
2.	*town*	*down*
	tame	*dame*
	ten	*den*

	Stimmlos.	Stimmhaft.
	bat	*bad*
	bet	*bed*
	sat	*sad*
	mat	*mad*
	pot	*pod.*
	k	g
3.	*came*	*game*
	curl	*girl*
	cold	*gold*
	cave	*gave*
	back	*bag*
	rack	*rag*
	frock	*frog*
	lock	*log.*
	f	v
4.	*fine*	*vine*
	ferry	*very*
	fault	*vault*
	staff	*staves*
	knife	*knives*
	thief	*thieves.*
	þ	ð
5.	*thin*	*this*
	thick	*there*
	smith	*with*
	cloth	*clothe.*
	s	z
6.	*seal*	*zeal*
	sink	*zinc*
	use (Subst.)	*use* (Verb).
	s̆	z̆
7.	*shine*	*pleasure*
	shoe	*measure*
	shield	*treasure*
	church	*bridge*
	rich	*ridge*
	salvation	*occasion.*

r

8. *ring* *wring*
right *wrong*
rough *road.*

Für das *r* am Ende tritt, aufser wenn es zur Bindung dient, der Laut *ə* ein.

So entstehen die Diphthonge:

iə (ear) *uə* (poor)
eə (care) *ɔə* (more).

§ 5.

Lautliche Änderungen bei der Flexion.

I. bei der Deklination: Bildung des Plurals und des Genitivs.
II. bei der Komparation: Bildung des Komparativs und Superlativs.
III. bei der Konjugation: a. Bezeichnung der 3. Person Sing. Präsens.
b. Bildung des Präteritums der Verba.

1. Bildung des Plurals.

Der Plural wird gebildet:

a. durch Anfügung von *s* nach stimmlosen Konsonanten.

cap, caps
book, books
net, nets

b. von *z* nach Vokalen und stimmhaften Konsonanten, *(b, g, d, l, m, n, r).*

boy, boys
pen, pens
cub, cubs
bag, bags

c. von *iz* nach Zischlauten,

horse, horses
house, houses (hauziz)
church, churches
bridge, bridges.

d. durch Umlaut,

man, men
foot, feet
goose, geese
mouse, mice.

Anmerkungen:

1. Bei den auf *th* ausgehenden Wörtern wird im Plural þ in ð verwandelt und *z* angefügt, z. B. *mouth* (mauþ, mauðz).
2. Bei vielen Wörtern auf *f* und *fe* wird *f* in *v* verwandelt und *z* angefügt, z. B. *leaf, leaves, knife, knives, life, lives, wife, wives, wolf, wolves, calf, calves, half, halves, loaf, loaves, thief, thieves.*
   Aber: *chiefs, dwarfs, gulfs, roofs, reefs, wharfs* oder *wharves.*

2. Bildung des Genitivs.

a. Durch *s* nach stimmlosen, *z* nach stimmhaften Konsonanten, *iz* nach Zischlauten:

Frederick's, man's, George's; men's, geese's.

b. Bei einem mit dem Buchstaben *s* endigenden Plural wird der Genitiv blofs durch die Schrift, nämlich den Apostroph bezeichnet, z. B. *boys'*, *kings'*.

II. Komparation.

Der Komparativ wird durch *ə* (geschr. *er*), der Superlativ durch *ist* (geschr. *est*) bezeichnet: *large, larger, largest.*

III. Konjugation.

a. Bezeichnung der 3. Person Sing. Präsens:

Durch *s* nach stimmlosen Konsonanten, z. B. *he, she, it looks;*

durch *z* nach stimmhaften, z. B. *he, she, it gives;*
durch *iz* nach Zischlauten, z. B. *he she, it, fetches.*

b. Bildung des Präteritums der Verba.

1. der regelmäfsigen schwachen
   durch *t* nach stimmlosen Konsonanten (aufser *t*): *looked,*
   durch *d* nach stimmhaften (aufser *d*): *gained,*
   durch *id* nach *t* und *d*: *ended, handed, patted.*
2. Der unregelmäfsigen schwachen und der starken
   a. durch Ablaut, z. B. *sing, sang, sung;*

b. durch andre lautliche Veränderungen, z. B. *read, read; sleep, slept.*

§ 6.

Die Namen der Buchstaben des englischen Alphabets.

A a	(ei)	*G g*	(dži)	*M em*	(em)	*S es*	(es)
B b	(bī)	*H h*	(eitš)	*N en*	(en)	*T te*	(tī)
C c	(sī)	*I i*	(ai)	*O o*	(ou)	*U u*	(ju)
D d	(dī)	*J j*	(džei)	*P pe*	(pī)	*V ve*	(vī)
E e	(ī)	*K ka*	(kei)	*Q ku*	(kju)	*W double u*	(dablju)
F ef	(ef)	*L el*	(el)	*R ar*	(ā)	*X ex*	(eks)
				Y wy	(uai)		
				Z zed	(zed).		

§ 7.

Orthographische Regeln.

1. Stummes *e* fällt aus vor den Endungen mit *e (ed, er, es, est)* und der Endung *ing;* nach *u,* vor *ly.*

live,
liv — ed
true — truly
due — duly.

Zu merken aufserdem: *whole — wholly.*

2. Statt *ie* wird vor *ing y* geschrieben, z. B. *lie, lying, die, dying.*

3. Statt *y* bei vorangehendem Konsonanten wird geschrieben
   ie vor *s,* z. B. *fly, flies* (Verbum und Substantivum), *lady, ladies,*
   i vor den Endungen mit *e* und vor der Endung *ly* in mehrsilbigen Wörtern,
   z. B. *try, tried; happy, happier, happiest, happily.*

4. Statt *o* wird vor *s oe* geschrieben, z. B. *hero, heroes; negro, negroes; he goes; he does.*
(Ausgenommen: *folios, grottos, mottos, solos, tobaccos.*)

5. Ein einfacher Endkonsonant wird nach einem betonten kurzen Vokale verdoppelt vor den Endungen mit *e (ed, er, est)* und *ing*,
   z. B. *stop, stopped, stopping.*
   l wird auch nach unbetontem kurzen Vokale verdoppelt,
   z. B. *travel, travelling, travelled, traveller;*
   label, labelling, labelled.
6. Statt *ll* wird vor *ly* nur *l* geschrieben
   full — fully.
7. *ic* wird vor *ed* und *ing* in *ick* verwandelt, z. B. *mimic, mimicked, mimicking.*

Die Gründe dieser orthographischen Regeln liegen sehr nahe.

B. Formenlehre.

§ 8.

I. Artikel.

1. unbestimmt: *a* und *an: **a** book, **an** hour, **an** hotel.*
2. bestimmt: *the: the house, the wall.*

II. Substantiv.

A. Bildung des Plurals.

1. Durch Anfügung von *s.*
   book, books
   boy, boys
   window, windows
   pen, pens.
2. Durch Anfügung von *es.*
   glass, glasses
   box, boxes
   fox, foxes.
3. Durch Umlaut.
   foot — feet
   goose — geese
   man — men, woman — women
   mouse — mice. s. § 5, I, d.
4. Durch *en.*
   ox — oxen
   child — children
   brother — brethren Mitbrüder (*brothers* = leibliche Brüder).

Über Wörter mit *th* und *f, fe* s. § 5, I, d, Anm. 1 und 2.

Anmerkungen:

1. In einigen Wörtern bleibt der Plural unbezeichnet, z. B. bei *fish, sheep, deer, swine.*

2. Doppelter Plural. Mehrere Substantive haben einen doppelten Plural mit verschiedener Bedeutung.

Singular	Plural	Plural
brother	*brothers (by birth)*	*brethren (of a community)*
cloth	*cloths (kinds of cloth)*	*clothes (garments)*
die	*dies* (Münzstempel)	*dice* (Spielwürfel)
penny	*pennies* (Pennystücke)	*pence* (als Wertbezeichnung).

3. *alms* Almosen und *riches* Reichtum sind ihrer Herkunft nach Singulare, werden aber als Plurale gebraucht.
4. Umgekehrt werden die Plurale *news* Neuigkeit und *means* Mittel und einige andere auch als Singulare angesehen.
5. Stoffnamen können im Plural gebraucht werden, um verschiedene Sorten zu bezeichnen, z. B. *teas, coffees, wines, sugars* (Thee-, Kaffee-, Wein- und Zuckersorten).
6. Bei Zusammensetzungen wird der Plural wie im Deutschen am Grundworte bezeichnet, z. B. *pocket-knife — pocket-knives.*

   Ist kein substantivisches Grundwort vorhanden, so tritt das Zeichen des Plurals ans Ende, z. B. *forget-me-not, forget-me-nots.*

§ 9.

B. Bezeichnung der Kasus.

Nominativ:	*man*	*men*	*brother*	*brothers*
Genitiv:	*man's*	*men's*	*brother's*	*brothers'*
Objektiv:	*man*	*men*	*brother*	*brothers*

Bemerkungen:

1. Der Genitiv des Singulars wird bezeichnet durch *'s*, der eines mit dem Buchstaben *s* endigenden Plurals durch *'*; endigt der Plural auf einen Vokal, so tritt auch hier *'s* ein. S. § 5, II.
2. Zusammensetzungen bezeichnen den Genitiv am Ende, z. B. *father-in-law's.* Ebenso auch: *the queen of England's.*
3. Statt des Genitivs tritt bei nicht possessivem Verhältnis eine Umschreibung mit *of* und dem Objektiv ein, die auch häufig für den possessiven Genitiv steht. Vgl.: *the love of the father; the father's love.*
4. Der Objektiv vertritt den deutschen Dativ und Akkusativ. Das Dativverhältnis wird häufig durch Umschreibung mit *to* und dem Objektiv ausgedrückt. Vgl.: *I give the boy a book; I give a book to the boy. (the boy* unbetont; *to the boy* betont.)

III. Adjektiv.

§ 10.

Die Form der Adjektive wird nur bei der Komparation verändert.

I. Regelmäfsige Komparation.

high — higher — highest
great — greater — greatest
large — larger — largest
happy — happier — happiest
big — bigger — biggest.

Der Komparativ wird durch Anfügung von *er*, der Superlativ durch Anfügung von *est* an den Positiv gebildet, wobei die in § 7 gegebenen orthographischen Regeln zu beachten sind.

II. Unregelmäfsige Komparation.

bad, *evil*, *ill*	schlecht schlimm,	*worse* — *worst*	
far weit	*farther*	*farthest*	
	further	*furthest*	
good, *well*	gut	*better*	*best*
		—	
little klein,	wenig	*less*	*least*
much viel, *many* viele		*more*	*most*
late spät	*later* später		*latest* spätest
	latter letzterer		*last* letzt
near nahe	*nearer*		*nearest* nächst
			next nächstfolgend. Vgl. *the nearest way, the next way*
old alt	*older*		
	elder		*eldest.*

Bemerkung: *my elder (eldest) brother is four years older than I.* *elder* und *eldest* können nur attributiv gebraucht werden.

III. Umschreibung der Komparationsformen durch *more* und *most*.

practical — more practical — most practical.

Vgl. das Französische.

Bemerkung: Superlative auf *most* werden auch von Adverbien und Substantiven gebildet, z. B. *inmost* innerst, *outmost* äußerst, *foremost* vorderst, *hindmost* hinterst, *topmost* oberst, *bottommost* unterst.

Anmerkung:

1. Durch die Endungen *er* und *est* werden gesteigert:
   1. alle einsilbigen Adjektive: *high, higher, highest; large, larger, largest.*
   2. alle zweisilbigen, die entweder den Ton auf der letzten Silbe haben, wie *polite,* oder auf *y* oder *er* und *le* mit vorhergehendem Konsonanten endigen, wie *happy, happier, happiest; clever, cleverer, cleverest; gentle, gentler, gentlest; able, abler, ablest* und andere, z. B. *pleasant, pleasanter, pleasantest; narrow, narrower, narrowest.*
2. Bei der Komparation sind die orthographischen Regeln § 7, 1, 3, 5 zu beachten.

IV. Das Pronomen.

§ 11.

1. Das persönliche Pronomen.

	Singular	Plural
	1. Person.	
Nom.	*I*	*we*
O.	*me*	*us*
	2. Person.	
Nom.	*you**)	*you*
O.	*you*	*you*
	3. Person.	
Nom.	*he, she, it*	*they*
O.	*him, her, it*	*them*

2. Das Possessivpronomen.

a. adjektivisch	b. substantivisch
1. Person.	
Sing.	Plur.
my — our	*mine — ours*
2. Person.	
your — your	*yours — yours*
3. Person.	
his, her, its	*his, hers*
their	*theirs.*

3. Das Demonstrativpronomen.

Sing., Nom. und Obj. *this, that*

Plur. *these, those.*

Bemerkung: Substantivisch gebraucht sind *this* und *that* Neutra: dies, das.

4. Das Interrogativpronomen.

1. Nom. *who*
   Gen. *whose*
   Obj. *whom.*

Der Objektiv bezeichnet hier nur den Akkusativ, der Dativ wird stets umschrieben: ***to*** *whom.*

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*) Anmerkung: Die zweite Person Sing. Nom. *thou,* Obj. *thee* und die entsprechenden possessiven Pronomina *thy, thine* werden nur noch in der gehobenen Sprache der Bibel, der Dichter und bei der Sekte der Quäker gebraucht. In Verbindung mit *thou* kommt auch die 2. Pers. Sing. des Verbums vor.

2. *what* substantivisch: was	*what lies on the table?*
adjektivisch: was für ein	*what book lies on the table?*
which welcher, substantivisch und adjektivisch	*which book do you want? Here are two books, which is yours?*

5. Das Relativpronomen.

I. Nom. *who*
Gen. *whose*
Obj. *whom.*

Der Objektiv bezeichnet wie beim Interrogativpronomen nur den Akkusativ, der Dativ wird auch hier umschrieben: ***to*** *whom.*

2. *what* das, was; was für ein, welcher.
3. *which* welcher.
4. *that.*

Bemerkungen:

1. ***who*** bezieht sich nur auf Personen (oder personifizierte Tiere und Dinge), *which* nur auf Sachen und Tiere, *that* auf Personen, Tiere und Sachen.
2. *which* entspricht auch dem deutschen „was" in Bezug auf einen ganzen Satz.
3. *what* bedeutet als Relativpronomen immer „das, was", *that which* z. B. *I have done what I could.*
4. Das Determinativpronomen derjenige, welcher wird mit dem persönlichen und demonstrativen Pronomen gebildet

	Singular	Plural
Substantivisch	*he who* *she who* *that which*	*those who* oder *which*
Adjektivisch	*that house which* *that man who*	*those houses which* *those men who.*

6. Das reflexive Pronomen.

I wash ***myself***	*we wash* ***ourselves***
you wash ***yourself***	*you wash* ***yourselves***
he washes ***himself***	*they wash* ***themselves***
she washes ***herself***	
it washes ***itself***	

One washes one's self oder *oneself.*

Das Reflexivpronomen dient auch zur Verstärkung, z. B. *I saw it myself; the king commanded the army himself.*

7. Das indefinite Pronomen.

1. Substantivisch.
   one einer, man
   everybody, every one jeder
   everything alles
   somebody, some one / *anybody, any one* } jemand, irgend jemand
   nobody, no one, none niemand, keiner
   something / *anything* } etwas, irgend etwas
   nothing nichts.

2. Adjektivisch.
   every jeder
   no kein

3. Substantivisch und adjektivisch.
   all alle, alles, ganz
   any / *some* } etwas, irgend ein, einige, irgend welch
   each jeder
   much viel
   many viele
   little wenig, *few* wenige, *a few* einige, ein paar. (Gegensatz zu *few* ist *many*, zu *a few*, *none*.)
   both beide
   either einer von beiden, jeder von beiden
   neither keiner von beiden
   other ander, *another* ein andrer, noch einer, *others* andere
   each other, one another einander *(with each other, after one another, against one another, for each other)*
   several mehrere, verschiedene.

Anmerkungen: 1. *one* vertritt nach einem attributiven Adjektiv ein Substantiv, z. B. *I have a French book and an English* **one**, *the little ones,* die

Kleinen; *a rich man* ein Reicher, *the rich* die Reichen, *a poor man, woman, the poor.*

2. *any* und die mit *any* zusammengesetzten Pronomen und Adverbien werden in fragenden, bedingenden und verneinenden Sätzen angewendet.

V. Verbum.

§ 12.

Die Flexion des englischen Verbums besteht nur noch

1. in der Bezeichnung der 3. Pers. Sing. Präs. Ind. *he, she, it, sees, hears,* etc.
2. in der Bezeichnung des Präteritums,
3. „ „ „ des Partizip Präsens, Prät. und des in der Form mit dem Part. Präs. übereinstimmenden Verbalsubstantivs oder Gerundiums.

§ 13.

Starke und schwache Verba.

Nach der Art und Weise, wie sie das Präteritum bilden, teilt man die englischen Verba in starke und schwache ein.

1. Die starken bilden ihr Präteritum nur durch Veränderung ihres Stammvokals: *sing, sang, sung; find, found, found; give, gave, given.*
2. Die schwachen bilden das Präteritum durch Anfügung einer Endung: *end, ended, ended.*

§ 14.

Regelmäfsige und unregelmäfsige Verba.

Die schwachen Verba sind regelmäfsig, wenn sie die Endung *ed* annehmen, z. B. *end, ended; learn, learned; look, looked,* oder sie sind unregelmäfsig, wenn die Endung nicht in dieser Form vorhanden ist oder sich aufser der Endung noch sonstige Änderungen finden, z. B. *sleep, slept; bleed, bled; send, sent.* Bei Verben wie *bleed, send, sent* ist Endung und Stammauslaut verschmolzen.

§ 15.

Unvollständige Verba.

Einige Verba haben nur das Präsens und das Präteritum, aber weder Partizipien noch Infinitiv; diese sind folgende:

Präs. *I shall, I must, I can, I may, I will*
Prät. *I should, I must, I could, I might, I would.*

Diese Verba nehmen in der 3. Pers. Sing. Präs. keine Endung an, z. B. *I can*
you can
he, she, it can,
da sie der Form nach Präterita, nur der Bedeutung nach Präsentia sind.

Zu denselben kann man noch zählen: *I ought* ich sollte, *I dare* ich wage und *I need* ich brauche; z. B. *he ought to come, he dare not come, he need not come.*

Vgl. das deutsche: Ich soll, ich mufs, ich kann, ich will, ich darf, ich mag und ich weifs, die auch der Form nach Präterita sind.

Die fehlenden Formen (die mit dem Infinitiv und Partizip Perfekt gebildeten) der unvollständigen Verba werden durch andere Ausdrucksweisen ersetzt.

Präs.	*I can*	*I must*
Prät.	*I could*	***I was obliged*** (*I must* ist als Prät. nicht gebräuchlich)
Perf.	***I have been able***	***I have been obliged***
Plusqu.	***I had been able***	u. s. w.
Futur I	*I shall be able*	
„ II	*I shall have been able*	
Conditional I	*I should be able*	
„ II	*I should have been able*	

Anmerkung: Zu beachten sind die verneinten Formen: ***shan't, can't, won't.***

§ 16.

Das reflexive Verbum

wird gebildet, indem man zu dem transitiven Verbum das reflexive Pronomen setzt. S. § 11, 6.

§ 17.

Indikativ und Konjunktiv.

1. Der Konjunktiv ist gleich dem Indikativ, nur nimmt die 3. Pers. Sing. Präs. keine Endung an,

also Indikativ	*I open*	Konj. *I open*
	you open	*you open*
	he, she, it opens,	*he, she, it open.*

2. Das Hilfszeitwort *to be* bildet den Konj. Präsens durch *be* *I, you, he, she, it / we, you, they* } *be,*
den Konj. des Präteritums durch *were: I, you, he, she, it / we, you, they* } *were.*

3. Das Hilfszeitwort *to have* hat in der 3. Pers. des Konj. Präsens die Form *have.*

§ 18.

Verneinung.

Ist das Verneinungswort ***not,*** so gebraucht man im Präsens und Präteritum das Hilfszeitwort *to do:*

I open, I ***do not*** *open*
I opened, I ***did not*** *open.*

Bei den Hilfszeitwörtern *to have, to be* und *I shall, I must, I can, I will, I may, I ought, I need, I dare* sowie bei den mit den Hilfszeitwörtern gebildeten Zeiten der übrigen Verba wird *to do* nicht gebraucht.

§ 19.

Frage.

1. Bei den Hilfszeitwörtern und bei den mit Hilfszeitwörtern gebildeten Zeiten des Verbums wird die Frage durch einfache Umstellung (Inversion) gebildet: *I have; have I? you have; have you? he can; can he? have you seen? will you see?*

2. Im Präsens und Präteritum der Verba wird *to do* gebraucht: *I open; do I open? he opened; did he open?*

3. Wenn ein Fragewort Subjekt oder Attribut des Subjekts ist, wird *to do* in der nicht verneinten Frage nicht angewendet, z. B. *Who comes? Which man works in the garden? How many persons work in the garden?* Aber: *Who* ***does not*** *see that?*

§ 20.

Das Hilfszeitwort *to have.*

Präsens	Ind.	Konj.
I have	*we have*	*I have*
you have	*you have*	—
he, she, it has	*they have*	*he* ***have***
		u. s. w.

Präteritum.
Ind. und Konj.
I, you, he, she, it, we, you, they ***had.***

Perfekt.
I have had u. s. w.

Plusquamperfekt.
I had had u. s. w.

Futur I
I ***shall*** *have we* ***shall*** *have*
you ***will*** *have you* ***will*** *have*
he, she, it ***will*** *they* ***will*** *have.*
have

Futur II
I ***shall*** *have had*
you ***will*** *have had* u. s. w.

Conditional I
I ***should*** *have*
you ***would*** *have*
he, she, it ***would*** *have*
we ***should*** *have*
you ***would*** *have*
they ***would*** *have.*

Conditional II
I ***should*** *have had*

Imperativ: *have* habe, habet, haben Sie
let us have laſst uns haben
Infinitiv: *to have*
Partizip Präsens: *having*
„ Präter. *had*
Gerundium *having* das Haben.

Bemerkung: Zu beachten ist der Gebrauch von *shall* und *will, should* und *would* in Futur und Conditional in Behauptungs- und Fragesätzen, z. B. ***Shall*** *you go to the theatre?* Aber: *You will go to the theatre,* ***won't*** *you?*

§ 21.

Das Hilfszeitwort *to be.*

Präsens.		Konj.	Präteritum.		Konj.
I am	*we are*	*I be*	*I was*	*we were*	*I were*
you are	*you are*	u. s. w.	*you were*	*you were*	u. s. w.
he, she, it is	*they are*		*he, she, it was*	*they were*	

Perfekt.
I have been
you have been u. s. w.
Plusquamperfekt.
I had been u. s. w.
Futur I *I shall be* u. s. w.
„ II *I shall have been* u. s. w.
Conditional I *I should be* u. s. w.
„ II *I should have been* u. s. w.

Imperativ: *be,* sei, seid, seien Sie
let us be laſst uns sein
Infinitiv *to be*
Partizip Präs.: *being*
Partizip Prät.: *been*
Gerundium: *being* das Sein.

§ 22.

Das Hilfszeitwort *to do.*

Präsens.

I do	*we do*
you do	*you do*
he, she, it does	*they do*

Präteritum.
I did
you did u. s. w.
Perfekt.
I have done u. s. w.
Plusquamperfekt.
I had done u. s. w.

Futur I *I shall do* etc.
„ II *I shall have done* etc.
Conditional I *I should do* etc.
„ II *I should have done* etc.
Imperativ: *do* tue, tuet, tun Sie
Infinitiv: *to do*
Partizip Präs.: *doing*
„ Prät.: *done*
Gerundium: *doing* das Tun.

§ 23.

Konjugationsbeispiele eines regelmäſsigen schwachen und eines starken Verbums.

a. *to end.* b. *to give.*

Präsens

I end	*we*		*I give*	*we*	
you end	*you*	*end*	*you give*	*you*	*give*
he, she, it ends	*they*		*he, she, it gives*	*they*	

Präteritum

I, you, he, she, it, we, you, they **ended** — *I, you, he, she, it, we, you they,* **gave**

Perfekt	
I have ***ended*** etc.	*I have* ***given*** etc.
Plusquamperfect	
I had ended etc.	*I had given* etc.
Futur I	
I shall end etc.	*I shall give*
Futur II	
I shall have ended etc.	*I shall* ***have given***
Conditional I	
I should end etc.	*I should give*
Conditional II	
I should have ended etc.	*I should* ***have given***
Imperativ: *end*	*give*
Infinitiv: *to end*	*to give*
Partizip Präs. *ending*	*giving*
Partizip Prät. *ended*	*given*
Gerundium: *ending*	*giving.*

§ 24.

To be writing.

Um die Dauer einer Handlung hervorzuheben, bedient man sich einer Umschreibung mit *to be* und dem Partizip Präsens.

Präs. *I write* ich schreibe, *I am writing* ich bin am Schreiben.

Prät. *I wrote* ich schrieb, *I was writing* ich war am Schreiben.

Perfekt. *I have written* ich habe geschrieben, *I have been writing* ich bin am Schreiben gewesen.

Plusquamperfekt *I had written* ich hatte geschrieben, *I had been writing* ich war am Schreiben gewesen.

Futur I *I shall write* ich werde schreiben, *I shall be writing* ich werde am Schreiben sein.

Futur II *I shall have written* ich werde geschrieben haben, *I shall have been writing* ich werde am Schreiben gewesen sein.

Conditional I *I should write* ich würde schreiben, *I should be writing* ich würde am Schreiben sein.

Conditional II *I should have written* ich würde geschrieben haben, *I should have been writing* ich würde am Schreiben gewesen sein.

§ 25.

Bemerkungen über die Tempora.

1. **Bestimmte** und **unbestimmte** Tempora. *He writes a letter* bedarf einer näheren Bestimmung, z. B. *every day,* oder *now and then; he is writing a letter* bedeutet: er schreibt eben, in diesem Augenblick, einen Brief; das einfache Tempus ist das **unbestimmte,** das umschriebene das **bestimmte.** Im Präteritum ist das unbestimmte Tempus absolut, z. B. *I wrote a letter yesterday;* das bestimmte Tempus dagegen ist relativ, denn der Satz *I was writing a letter yesterday* bedarf einer Ergänzung, z. B. *when my friend came to see me.*

2. Das Perfekt. Der Gebrauch des Perfekts im Englischen im Unterschied vom Deutschen ergibt sich aus folgenden Sätzen:

1. *Columbus* ***has discovered*** *America.*
   Columbus ***discovered*** *America in 1492.*
2. *How long* ***have you lived*** *in London?* (Der Gefragte wohnt noch dort.)
   How long ***did you live*** *in London?* (Der Gefragte wohnt jetzt wo anders.)
3. *How long* ***have*** *you* ***worn*** *this coat?*
   How long ***did*** *you* ***wear*** *this coat?*

§ 26.

Das Passiv.

Das Passiv wird gebildet mit *to be* und dem Part. Prät., z. B.:

Präs.	*I am called*
Prät.	*I was called*
Perfekt	*I have been called*
Plusquamperfekt	*I had been called*
Futur I	*I shall be called*
Futur II	*I shall have been called*
Conditional I	*I should be called*
„ II	*I should have been called*
Imperativ:	*be called*
Infinitiv:	*to be called*
Partizip Präs.:	*being called*
Partizip Prät.:	*having been called*
Gerundium:	*being called.*

Bemerkungen: Zur Hervorhebung der Dauer bildet man die Umschreibung *I* ***am being*** *called, I* ***was being*** *called* u. s. w.

In einzelnen Fällen tritt dann das Part. Präs. des Aktivs ein, z. B. *the house is building, the book is printing, corn is selling (the house is built* heifst meistens: das Haus ist gebaut).

§ 27.

Verzeichnis der starken und unregelmäßigen schwachen Verba.

R bedeutet: auch regelmäßig.

Präsens.	Präteritum.	Partizip des Präteritums.
abide bleiben	*abode*	*abode*
arise aufstehen, entstehen	*arose*	*arisen*
awake erwachen, wecken	*awoke*	*awoke*
	awaked	*awaked* nur transitiv
be sein	*was*	*been*
bear gebären	*bore*	*born*
bear tragen	*bore*	*borne*
beat schlagen	*beat*	*beaten*
become	*became*	*become* werden

Präsens.	Präteritum.	Partizip des Präteritums.
begin beginnen	*began*	*begun*
behold erblicken	*beheld*	*beheld*
bend biegen, beugen	*bent*	*bent*
bereave berauben	*bereft* (R)	*bereft* (R)
beseech anflehen	*besought*	*besought*
bespeak bestellen	*bespoke*	*bespoken*
bid heifsen, befehlen	*bade, bid*	*bidden, bid*
bind binden	*bound*	*bound*
bite beifsen	*bit*	*bitten, bit*
bleed bluten	*bled*	*bled*
blow blasen	*blew*	*blown*
break brechen	*broke*	*broken*
breed erzeugen, aufziehen	*bred*	*bred*
bring bringen	*brought*	*brought*
build bauen	*built*	*built*
burn brennen, verbrennen	*burnt* (R)	*burnt* (R)
burst bersten	*burst*	*burst*
buy kaufen	*bought*	*bought*
can kann	*could*	
cast werfen	*cast*	*cast*
catch fangen	*caught*	*caught*
choose wählen	*chose*	*chosen*
cleave spalten	*cleft, clove*	*cleft, cloven*
cling haften, sich schlingen, sich hängen an	*clung*	*clung*
clothe kleiden	*clad* (R)	*clad* (R)
come kommen	*came*	*come*
cost kosten	*cost*	*cost*
creep kriechen	*crept*	*crept*
crow krähen	*crew* (R)	***crowed***
cut schneiden	*cut*	*cut*
dare wagen	*durst* (R)	*dared*
deal urteilen, handeln mit	*dealt*	*dealt*

Präsens.	Präteritum.	Partizip des Präteritums.
dig graben	*dug* (R)	*dug* (R)
do tun.	*did*	*done*
draw ziehen	*drew*	*drawn*
dream träumen	*dreamt* (R)	*dreamt* (R)
drink trinken	*drank*	*drunk*
drive treiben, fahren	*drove*	*driven*
dwell wohnen	*dwelt* (R)	*dwelt* (R)
eat essen	*ate, eat*	*eaten*
fall fallen	*fell*	*fallen*
feed füttern, fressen	*fed*	*fed*
feel fühlen, sich fühlen	*felt*	*felt*
fight fechten, kämpfen	*fought*	*fought*
find finden	*found*	*found*
flee fliehen	*fled*	*fled*
fling schleudern	*flung*	*flung*
fly fliegen	*flew*	*flown*
forbear ertragen	*forbore*	*forborne*
forbid verbieten	*forbade*	*forbidden*
forget vergessen	*forgot*	*forgotten*
forsake verlassen	*forsook*	*forsaken*
freeze frieren	*froze*	*frozen*
get bekommen, werden	*got*	*got*
gild vergolden	*gilt* (R)	*gilt* (R)
gird gürten	*girt* (R)	*girt* (R)
give geben	*gave*	*given*
go gehen	*went* (v. *wend*)	*gone*
grave eingraben, schnitzen	*graved*	*graven* (nur Adjektiv)
grind mahlen	*ground*	*ground*
grow wachsen, werden	*grew*	*grown*
hang hangen, hängen	*hung* *hanged* henkte	*hung* *hanged* gehenkt

Präsens.	Präteritum.	Partizip des Präteritums.
have haben	*had*	*had*
hear hören	*heard*	*heard*
hew hauen		*hewn*
	hewed	*hewed*
hide verbergen	*hid*	*hidden*
hit treffen	*hit*	*hit*
hold halten	*held*	*held*
hurt verletzen	*hurt*	*hurt*
keep halten	*kept*	*kept*
kneel knieen	*knelt* (R)	*knelt* (R)
knit stricken	*knit* (R)	*knit* (R)
know wissen, kennen	*knew*	*known*
lade laden		*laden*
	laded	*laded*
lead leiten, führen	*led*	*led*
lean lehnen	*leant* (R)	*leant* (R)
leap springen, hüpfen	*leapt* (R)	*leapt* (R)
learn lernen	*learnt* (R)	*learnt* (R)
leave lassen	*left*	*left*
lend leihen	*lent*	*lent*
let lassen, vermieten	*let*	*let*
lie liegen	***lay***	***lain***
lay legen	***laid***	***laid***
light erleuchten, anzünden	*lit* (R)	*lit* (R)
lose verlieren	*lost*	*lost* (*lorn* Adj. *forlorn* verlassen)
make machen	*made*	*made*
may mag	*might*	
mean meinen	*meant*	*meant*
meet treffen, begegnen	*met*	*met*
melt schmelzen		*molten* (Adj.)
	melted	*melted*
mow mähen		*mown*
	mowed	*mowed*

Präsens.	Präteritum.	Partizip des Präteritums.
must muſs	(*must* zu ersetzen durch *I was obliged* § 15)	
pen einpferchen	*pent* (R)	*pent* (R)
put setzen	*put*	*put*
read lesen	*read*	*read*
rend zerreiſsen	*rent*	*rent*
rid befreien	*rid*	*rid*
ride reiten, fahren	*rode*	*ridden*
ring läuten	*rang*	*rung*
rise aufstehen, aufgehen	*rose*	*risen*
rive spalten		*riven*
	rived	*rived*
run laufen	*ran*	*run*
saw sägen	*sawed*	*sawn*
say sagen	*said*	*said*
see sehen	*saw*	*seen*
seek suchen	*sought*	*sought*
seethe sieden		*sodden* (Adj.)
	seethed	*seethed*
sell verkaufen	*sold*	*sold*
send senden	*sent*	*sent*
set setzen	*set*	*set*
shake schütteln, erschüttern, zittern	*shook*	*shaken*
shave schaben, scheren	*shaved*	*shaven* (Adj.) *shaved*
shear scheren		*shorn*
	sheared	*sheared*
shed vergieſsen	*shed*	*shed*
shine scheinen, glänzen	*shone*	*shone*
shoe beschlagen (e. Pferd)	*shod*	*shod*

Präsens.	Präteritum.	Partizip des Präteritums.
shoot schiefsen	*shot*	*shot*
show, shew zeigen	*showed*	*shown, shewn*
shrink einschrumpfen	*shrank, shrunk*	*shrunk*
shut schliefsen	*shut*	*shut*
sing singen	*sang*	*sung*
sink sinken	*sank*	*sunk*
sit sitzen, sich setzen	*sat*	*sat*
slay erschlagen	*slew*	*slain*
sleep schlafen	*slept*	*slept*
slide gleiten	*slid*	*slid, slidden*
sling schleudern	*slung*	*slung*
slink schleichen	*slunk*	*slunk*
slit schleifsen, schlitzen	*slit*	*slit*
smell riechen	*smelt* (R)	*smelt* (R)
smite schmeifsen	*smote*	*smitten*
sow säen		*sown*
	sowed	*sowed*
speak sprechen	*spoke*	*spoken*
speed eilen	*sped*	*sped*
spell buchstabieren	*spelt* (R)	*spelt* (R)
spend ausgeben, zubringen (Zeit)	*spent*	*spent*
spill verschütten	*spilt* (R)	*spilt* (R)
spin spinnen	*span, spun*	*spun*
spit speien	*spat*	*spat*
	spit	*spit*
split spalten	*split*	*split*
spread ausbreiten	*spread*	*spread*
spring springen	*sprang*	*sprung*
stand stehen	*stood*	*stood*
steal stehlen	*stole*	*stolen*
stick stecken, haften	*stuck*	*stuck*
sting stechen	*stung*	*stung*
stride schreiten	*strode*	*stridden*

Präsens.	Präteritum.	Partizip des Präteritums.
strike schlagen	*struck*	*struck*
strive streben	*strove*	*striven*
swear schwören, fluchen	*swore*	*sworn*
sweat schwitzen	*sweat* (R)	*sweat* (R)
sweep fegen	*swept*	*swept*
swell schwellen		*swollen*
	swelled	*swelled*
swim schwimmen	*swam*	*swum*
swing schwingen	*swung*	*swung*
take nehmen	*took*	*taken*
teach lehren	*taught*	*taught*
tear zerreifsen, zerren	*tore*	*torn*
tell erzählen, sagen	*told*	*told*
think denken	*thought*	*thought*
thrive gedeihen	*throve*	*thriven*
throw werfen	*threw*	*thrown*
thrust stofsen	*thrust*	*thrust*
tread treten	*trod*	*trod, trodden*
wake wachen, wecken	*woke*	
	waked	*waked*
wear tragen	*wore*	*worn*
weave weben	*wove*	*woven*
weep weinen	*wept*	*wept*
wet netzen	*wet* (R)	*wet* (R)
whet wetzen	*whet* (R)	*whet* (R)
will will	*would*	
win gewinnen	*won*	*won*
wind winden	*wound*	*wound*
work wirken, arbeiten	*wrought* (R)	*wrought* (R)
wring ausringen	*wrung*	*wrung*
write schreiben	*wrote*	*written.*

§ 28.

VI. Adverbium.

A.

1. Ursprüngliche Adverbien.
   a. des Ortes: *here, there, above, down, where, anywhere, whence, whither.*
   b. der Zeit: *now, then, when.*
   c. der Art und Weise: *well, ill, evil, how, anyhow.*
   d. des Grundes: *why, therefore.*
2. Abgeleitete Adverbien:
   *deep — deep**ly**, beautiful, beautiful**ly**.*
   *happy — happi**ly**.*

Bemerkung: Adjektive auf *ly* gestatten nicht mehr die Anfügung von *ly;* hier hilft man sich durch Umschreibung, z. B. für *friendly: in a friendly manner.*

Die sich auf die Zeit beziehenden Adjektive auf *ly,* z. B. *hourly, daily, weekly, monthly, yearly, early* und andere *(to work hard, to play high)* werden unverändert als Adverbien gebraucht.

B. Komparation der Adverbien.

Die Adverbien mit *ly* werden durch *more* und *most* gesteigert, z. B. *beautifully, more beautifully, most beautifully.*

Unregelmäfsige Komparation.

far — *farther*	— *farthest*	
further	*furthest*	
ill — *worse*	— *worst*	
little — *less*	— *least*	
late — *latter*	— *last* (*later, latest* später, spätest)	
much — *more*	— *most*	
well — *better*	— *best.*	

§ 29.

VII. Konjunktionen.

1. Koordinierende Konjunktionen
   and, but, or, nor, for; either — or, neither — nor.

2. Subordinierende Konjunktionen

der Zeit	des Grundes und der Absicht, der Folge	der Bedingung	des Zugeständnisses
when	*because*	*if*	*although*
after, since	*as*	*unless*	*though*
before	*since*	der Vergleichung	
till, until	*that*	*than, as*	
while	*lest*	*the (the sooner the better).*	

§ 30.

VIII. Numerale.

Kardinal- oder Grundzahlen:	Ordinal- oder Ordnungszahlen:
1 *one*	1st *first*
2 *two*	2nd *second*
3 *three*	3rd *third*
4 *four*	4th *fourth*
5 *five*	5th *fifth*
6 *six*	6th *sixth*
7 *seven*	7th *seventh*
8 *eight*	8th *eighth*
9 *nine*	9th *ninth*
10 *ten*	10th *tenth*
11 *eleven*	11th *eleventh*
12 *twelve*	12th *twelfth*
13 *thirteen*	13th *thirteenth*
14 *fourteen*	14th *fourteenth*
15 *fifteen*	15th *fifteenth*
16 *sixteen*	16th *sixteenth*
17 *seventeen*	17th *seventeenth*
18 *eighteen*	18th *eighteenth*
19 *nineteen*	19th *nineteenth*
20 *twenty*	20th *twentieth*
21 *twenty-one*	21st *twenty-first*
22 *twenty-two*	22nd *twenty-second*
etc.	etc.
30 *thirty*	30th *thirtieth*
40 *forty*	40th *fortieth*

50 *fifty*	50th *fiftieth*
60 *sixty*	60th *sixtieth*
70 *seventy*	70th *seventieth*
80 *eighty*	80th *eightieth*
90 *ninety*	90th *ninetieth*
100 ***a*** *(one) hundred*	100th *hundredth*
101 *a hundred* ***and*** *one*	101st *hundred* ***and*** *first*
etc.	etc.
200 *two hundred*	200th *two hundredth*
etc.	etc.
1000 ***a*** *(one) thousand*	1000th *thousandth*
1066 *a thousand* ***and*** *sixty-six*	1066th *thousand and sixty-sixth*
2000 *two thousand*	2000th *two thousandth*
etc.	etc.
100 000 *a (one) hundred thousand*	100000th *hundred thousandth*
1 000 000 *a (one) million*	1 000 000th *millionth.*

Anmerkungen:

1. Statt *twenty-one* u. s. w. steht zuweilen *one-and-twenty.*
2. Bei Jahreszahlen sagt man statt *one thousand* gewöhnlich *ten hundred,* ebenso auch 1245 *twelve hundred and forty-five.*
3. Werden die Zahlwörter als Substantive gebraucht, so erhalten sie auch das Zeichen des Plurals, z. B. *hundreds and thousands.*
4. Brüche werden folgendermafsen gebildet: $^1/_2$ = *one half,* $^1/_3$ = *one third,* $^2/_3$ = *two thirds,* $^3/_4$ = *three quarters* oder *three fourths* etc.
5. Addition. How many are one and one? How many are three and five? 1 + 1 = 2 one and one are two; 3 + 5 = 8 three and five are eight.

   Subtraction. How many does two from six leave? How many does four from seven leave? 6 — 2 = 4 two from six leaves four; 7 — 4 = 3 four from seven leaves three.

   Multiplication. How many are five times four? How many are seven times nine? 5 × 4 = 20 five times four are twenty; 7 × 9 = 63 seven times nine are sixty three.

   Division. How many times does four go into eight? How many times does nine go into eighty-one? 8 : 4 = 2 four goes twice into eight; 81 : 9 = 9 nine goes nine times into eighty-one.

§ 31.

IX. Die Präpositionen.

Die **Präpositionen** regieren den Objektiv, der nur bei einigen Pronomen eine besondere Form hat; z. B. *with* ***thee,*** *of* ***me,*** *after* ***us,*** *to* ***whom.***

§ 32.

Einige syntaktische Bemerkungen.

1. Übereinstimmung des Prädikates mit dem Subjekt.
   a. Kollektivbegriffe können das Verb im Singular oder Plural haben, je nachdem mehr an das Ganze oder an die einzelnen Teile desselben gedacht wird.
   A great number of persons ***have (has)*** *assembled.*
   b. Mehrere Subjekte verlangen das Prädikat im Plural.
   His father and mother ***are*** *dead.*
   Merke aber: *Either he* ***or*** *she* ***is*** *in fault.*
2. Substantivierung eines Adjektivs.
   A rich man (woman), the rich die Reichen.
   a poor man, the poor die Armen.
3. Adjektivischer Gebrauch der Substantive.
   You wouldn't think these two children were exactly ***the same age.***
   What colour *shall I paint your door?*
   It's ***no use*** *knocking.*
4. Elliptischer Gebrauch des Genitivs, wo der Begriff *house, shop, church* zu ergänzen ist.
   I saw him at my uncle's (house).
   I met him at the shoemaker's (shop).
   One of the largest churches is Saint Paul's (church) in London.
5. Geschlecht der Substantive.
   Das grammatische Geschlecht ist fast nur durch die Pronomina *(he, his, she, her)* kenntlich gemacht.
   Maskulina sind diejenigen Substantive, die männliche,
   Feminina, diejenigen, welche weibliche Wesen bezeichnen, die Bezeichnungen aller andern Dinge sind Neutra.
   Child wird meistens als Neutrum gebraucht.

Wird bei Tiernamen das Geschlecht nicht bezeichnet, so behandelt man sie als Neutra, oder auch wie *elephant, horse, dog, fish* als Maskulina und wie *cat, hare, parrot* als Feminina. *Horse* kann demnach als Maskulinum gebraucht werden, ohne dafs ein Hengst, *hare* als Femininum, ohne dafs eine Häsin gemeint ist. (Beachte folgende Zusammensetzungen: *he-goat, she-goat, he-wolf, she-wolf.*)

Manche Sachnamen werden personifiziert. So werden *ship, boat, engine* meistens als Feminina gebraucht. *Sun* wird häufig als Maskulinum, *moon* als Femininum angesehen.

§ 33.

Die Interpunktion.

Der Gebrauch der Interpunktionszeichen (. = *full stop;* , = *comma;* : = *colon;* ; = *semicolon;* ? = *point of interrogation;* ! = *mark of exclamation;* — = *dash;* " " = *inverted commas or quotation marks*) ist im Englischen im allgemeinen derselbe wie im Deutschen.

Nur in der Anwendung des Kommas finden sich stärkere Abweichungen.

I. im einfachen Satze.

1. Ist das Subjekt lang oder besteht es aus mehreren Teilen, so wird es von dem Prädikat durch ein Komma getrennt.

   Time, money, and friends, were needed to carry on the work.

2. Drei oder mehr gleichartige Satzteile werden durch Komma getrennt, das auch vor *and* und *or* steht.

   Time, money, ***and*** *friends, were needed to carry on the work.*

   Sometimes "Nobody" left the gate open, sometimes blotted the copy-books, tore the spelling-cards, marked the slates, ***or*** *made a litter with faded flowers.*

   Beasts, birds, and other animals have not the power of speech.

   The wife cooks, manages the house, and spins or weaves.

3. Adverbiale Bestimmungen, die den Satz beginnen, oder den Gang des Satzes unterbrechen, was namentlich bei den Adverbialien der Aussage der Fall ist, werden durch Komma abgesondert.

Before night, they felt sure that it was land.

After leaving the coast of Ireland, a succession of severe gales separated the ships from each other. They, however, met off the foggy headland of Cape Desolation in Greenland etc.

II. im zusammengesetzten Satze.

1. Vor einschränkenden Attributivsätzen steht kein Komma.

Knives which we use at our meals are table-knives.

Die Relative, welche einschränkende Sätze einleiten, können, wenn sie im Akkusativ stehen, ausgelassen werden z. B. *Knives we use at our meals are table-knives.*

2. Erläuternde und erweiternde Attributivsätze werden durch Komma eingeschlossen.

Only a few articles were saved, which they contrived to stow in the boat.

(Hier könnte es auch heifsen: *and they contrived to stow these in the boat.*)

3. Objektivsätze werden nicht durch Komma getrennt.

Before night, they felt sure ***that it was land.***

III. in verkürzten Sätzen.

Satzkürzungen mit Partizip oder Gerundium werden im Anfange des Satzes durch Komma getrennt und im Innern des Satzes in Komma eingeschlossen.

Crossing Melville Bay, the ships entered Smith's Channel.

By speaking, we can tell of all the things that we have heard from our fathers.

§ 34.

Silbentrennung.

Zeichen der Silbentrennung -.

1. Einsilbige Wörter können nicht abgebrochen werden. Beispiele: *house, place, Thames.*

2. Vokale, die verschiedenen Silben angehören, werden getrennt.

   Beispiele: *po-et, tri-al.*

3. Ein einfacher konsonantischer Laut, mag er durch einen oder mehrere Buchstaben *(th, ph, sh, ch)* bezeichnet sein, gehört zur folgenden Silbe.

   Beispiele: *a-ni-mals; bro-ther, phi-lo-so-pher, bi-shop, ma-chine.*

   Anmerkung: *x* gehört zur vorhergehenden Silbe: *ex-amine.*

4. Von Doppelkonsonanten gehört der erste zur vorhergehenden, der zweite zur folgenden Silbe.

   Beispiele: *man-ner, rob-ber, shil-ling.*

5. Von zwei oder mehreren Konsonanten wird der erste zur vorhergehenden, die übrigen zur folgenden Silbe gezogen. Nur *p-*, *k-* und *t*-Laute werden mit *r* zur folgenden Silbe gezogen.

   Beispiele: *an-swer, pub-lic, neg-lect, sig-nal,* aber *a-pron, se-cret, hun-dred.*

   Anmerkung: *ck* ist untrennbar und gehört zur ersten Silbe. Beispiele: *pock-et, tick-et.*

Die erwähnten Regeln gelten weder für die zusammengesetzten noch für die mit Ableitungs- und Flexionssilben versehenen Wörter.

Für diese gelten folgende Regeln:

6. Die zusammengesetzten Wörter werden nach ihrer Zusammensetzung getrennt.

   Beispiele: *be-tween, an-other, re-spect.*

7. Ableitungsendungen werden vom Stamme getrennt.

   Beispiele: *morn-ing, fish-er, teach-er, writ-er, gold-en, drunk-ard, pun-ish, roy-al, mu-sic-al.*

8. Flexionsendungen ebenso:

   speak-ing, fall-ing, harrow-ed, cook-ed.

Anmerkung 1: Fällt ein stummes *e* aus, so wird nach Regel 1—5 geteilt.

Anmerkung 2: Wird der Endkonsonant verdoppelt, so teilt man nach 4. *stop-ping, stop-ped, travel-ling, travel-led.*

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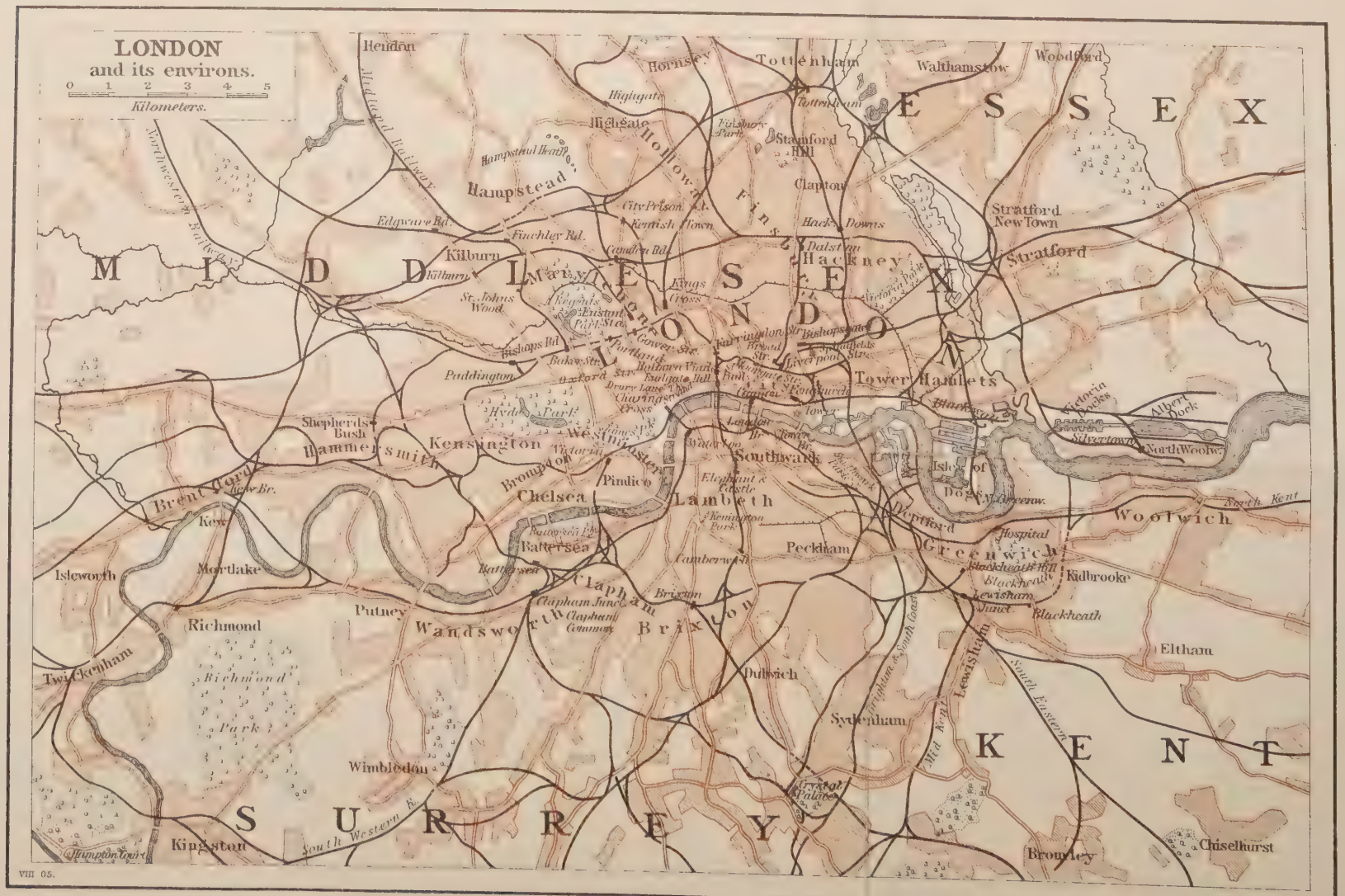

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